MARCH

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THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN HOME.

VI. THE FIRST SPANK.

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XVIII. MARCH, 1908. No. 3.

The Lamb Rampant

By LIEUT. HUGH JOHNSON, U.S.A.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—"Commissions for the army are going begging . . . On November 3, 1907, there were 381 vacancies in the grade of second lieutenant, the shortage being 37.87 per cent. . . . At Fort Leavenworth recently only fourteen enlisted men were competing for 203 vacancies in the grade of second lieutenant. . . . An heroic attempt was made recently to obtain second lieutenants for the coast artillery. . . . The presidents of 125 colleges and technical schools were informed that the War Department would welcome applications by the graduates. . . . At the end of four months not an application had been received direct from the institutions canvassed." (New York Sun, January 11, 1908.)

"'The mobilizing of the United States army, under present conditions, would produce very poor results,'" says Lieutenant-Colonel Le Juge, a retired officer of the German army, in a pamphlet just issued on the American land forces. 'No preparation for war is made in peace; no organization of the units into armies with their requisite staffs has been drawn up, and no provision is made for supply.'" (Berlin correspondence of New York World, January 13, 1908.)

The foregoing are only random examples of constantly appearing news items and editorials. The country receives them with indifference. It refuses to remember that the most devastating international conflict of modern times—the Franco-Prussian war—began and ended before France, proud, rich, but unprepared, had time to concentrate her resources. Within a few weeks she lay bleeding and humiliated before a nation at that time potentially no stronger than herself. Unprepared as she was, the defenses of France in 1870 far surpassed those of the United States to-day. There is no doubt of our prosperity; we can raise more money in less time than any nation on earth. We have unparalleled aptitude and inventiveness; within twenty-four hours we could have a million men clamoring to march against an invader. But we are unprepared. It takes eighteen months to make a 12-inch coast defense gun; from two to three years to erect a plant to make these guns; four months to put a field-gun together after the parts have been made; and, worst of all, it takes a year to turn a citizen into a soldier. Of none of these—guns nor soldiers—have we sufficient to begin a war. Meantime, there are nations whose money, brains, and men are practically always in the field. Are we so drunk with dollars and pride that we are careless of the day of reckoning? As we stand to-day, our assertion of the Monroe doctrine is a monumental bluff, backed by nothing but noise and luck. This Magazine is not preaching militarism nor conscription; we are not advocating huge military establishments, but we are placing before you the plea of an army officer, backed by the majority of his fellows, and in this plea we earnestly concur. The result is with you, and you, and you. What are you going to do about it?

EARLY in May, rumors that the hundreds of thousands of Germans who have for years been swarming into South America had joined in a tremendous pro-fatherland movement, flitted up the coast, flared into sensational black type, and then flickered out before a murder scandal.

In June, positive news came that a congress representing the five hundred thousand German colonists in South Brazil had adopted articles of federation as an Imperial German province, and had appointed a commission to convey to the Kaiser the homage of the colony and its earnest desire to be received into membership in the empire.

This news caused tremendous excitement

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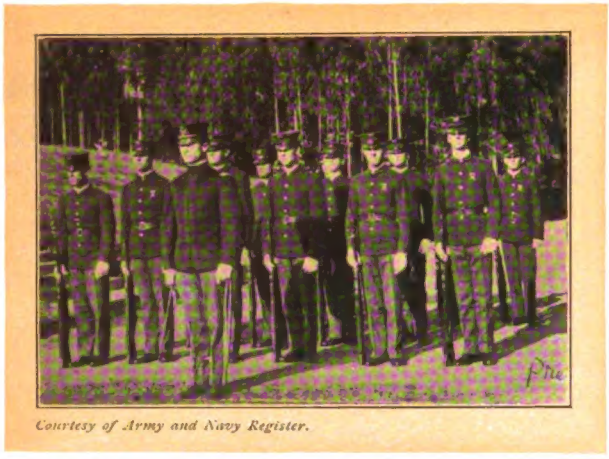


Courtesy of Army and Navy Register.

158TH COMPANY, COAST ARTILLERY, AT THE PRESIDIO, SAN FRANCISCO.

This picture shows the command at Saturday morning inspection. There should be 109 enlisted men and 3 officers.

from one end of the United States to the other. There rose an overwhelming, deep-toned chorus, first asserting the essential righteousness of the Monroe doctrine, and second making a fierce avowal that even though the policy were wrong, no insolent disregard of it by another nation would be tolerated.

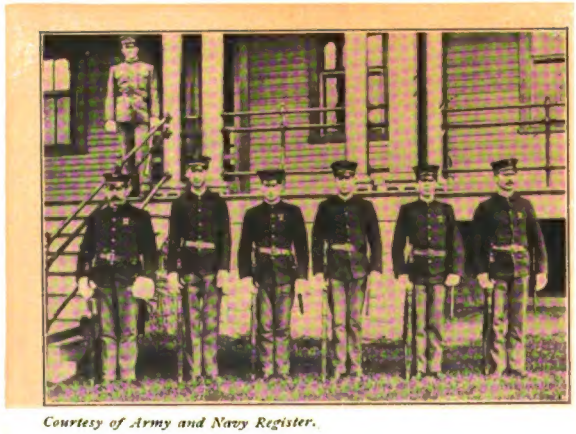
Official inquiries from this side met with a response from Germany to the effect that the matter was of such grave importance that it could not be dismissed hurriedly. News despatches from Germany reflected no popular excitement on the subject, though, to be sure, it was known that a rigid censorship over outgoing news had been established in Germany on June 6th. But the public in Germany seemed to be absorbed in admiration of the land and naval maneuvers of the forces of the empire, which included an ostensibly experimental gathering of all the merchant marine fit for transport service.

On June 12th, the Ambassador from Berlin announced to the President that it was the intention of the Imperial German Government to accept the territory and the allegiance of the citizens of the new state.

The answer was a sharp, unmistakable note, reciting the language of President Monroe's letter, with an emphatic reassertion of the policy therein contained. It was of such sort as to obviate the possibility of any protracted diplomatic negotiations, and was construed in Germany as a declaration of war. There was an ominous silence of a few days, and then there issued from Berlin a manifesto announcing that a state of war had existed between the United States and the German Empire since June 14th.

Germany's war preparations had been going on since that date—possibly since June 6th. On June 19th, the day after Germany's declaration, the United States War Department issued orders for the immediate concentration near Washington and Philadelphia of all regular troops in the United States. The States were called upon to send to one or other of these camps as much of their militia as was fit for immediate service. The Navy Department recalled the battle-ship fleet, which was in the Pacific.

Late on the evening of June 20th, heavy signal firing was heard off the coast of lower Jersey. At midnight, the life-saving stations reported a great fleet of battle-ships, cruisers, and torpedo-boats, convoying an enormous



Courtesy of Army and Navy Register.

140TH COMPANY, COAST ARTILLERY.

The officer is First Lieutenant A. Langhorst, Coast Artillery Corps. (Captain of company absent on tug as range officer for 40th Company sub-caliber practise.) The enlisted men from the military right are: 1, quartermaster sergeant; 2, company mechanic; 3, private; 4, private; 5, corporal (company clerk); 6, corporal. The first sergeant took photograph. This small number is not unusual—it is the company normally present for parade and drill (infantry) when furnishing guard and fatigue details. There should be 109 enlisted men and 3 officers.

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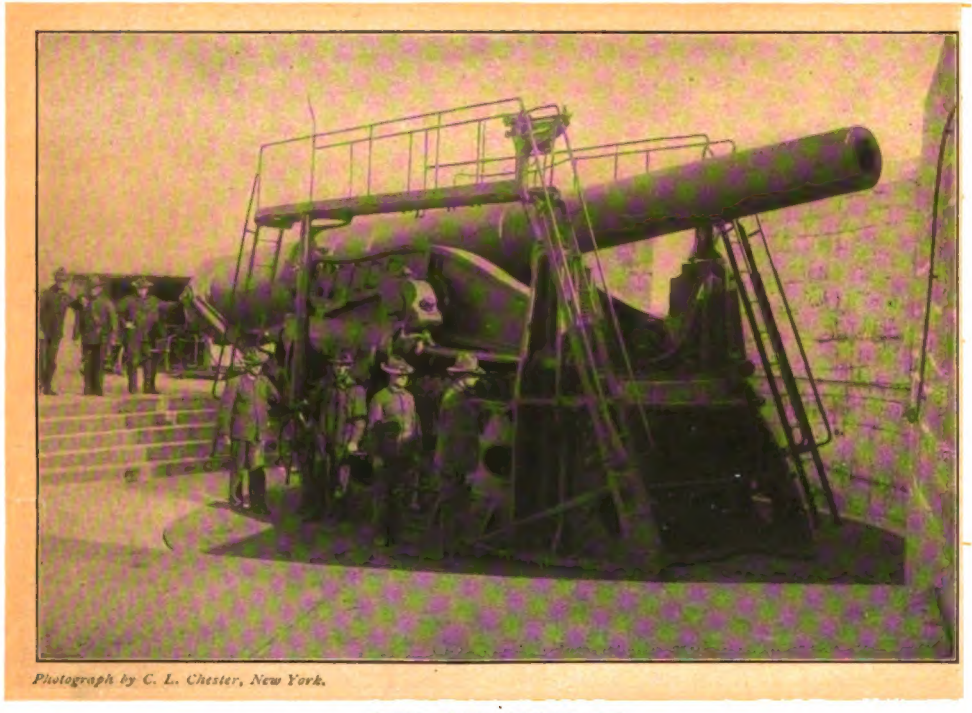
flotilla of big merchant ships. The news, once it got abroad in New York, stirred the city into a crazy panic. Before daylight, militia that had not yet boarded its trains for Philadelphia was recalled to the armories. Regular troops in progress toward Philadelphia were stopped and ordered to New York to join the forces being assembled to protect the rear of the harbor coast defenses—Forts Wadsworth, Hamilton, and Sandy Hook.



Photograph by C. L. Chester, New York.

12-INCH COAST DEFENSE GUN.

To erect a plant for the manufacture of this most necessary gun would take from two to three years. To make the gun takes eighteen months. To erect a plant for making the gun carriage would take one year. To make the carriage takes about eight months. With present facilities from eight to twelve guns could be made in a year. We have to-day between seventy-five and a hundred of these guns mounted.

These forts are provided only with great guns that point rigidly out to sea. It had been the theory that these guns might be relied upon to prevent any hostile fleet from entering the harbor, and that great bodies of troops would protect the rear of the forts from an enemy's force landed at remote points and coming up to the forts on the land side. But it was found that only 5,000 men, regulars and volunteers, would be available before June 22nd.

Yet dawn of June 21st disclosed another heavily guarded flotilla of German transports disembarking men and horses by thousands at Rockaway Beach. Some of the boat-loads of landing soldiers were towed away by launches toward Barren Island and Canarsie. Then it was realized that the country was witnessing the actual occurrence of the thing that had always been regarded as axiomatically impossible—a foreign invasion of the United States. Yet how simple it was! There was not the slightest hesitation on the part of the invaders: every step they took had been studied out and mapped out in their war colleges for years, as had similar campaigns against every other power.

But on shore there was a very different feeling. New York was dazed with surprise and fright. The officers of the army, who had studied the defense problem, knew the futility of any effort to resist the attack, but disposed such troops as they had—on the first day perhaps 3,000—for the defense of Fort Hamilton. Those who proceeded across Brooklyn by the subway and the elevated railroads were not in time to intercept a flying column of 15,000 or more superb German troops who marched swiftly on Fort Hamilton and smothered its little garrison under

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sheer weight of numbers. The guns of Wadsworth and Sandy Hook across the bay were not able to help without hurting friends more than foes. When the capture of Fort Hamilton had been completed and its guns were in the hands of the Germans, the enemy's column forts, followed by another and another. Meanacing specters in the early mist, they took station across the bay, with the precision of beads on a string. Watchers gathered in great black crowds on the docks, wondering, fearing they knew not what. On

Courtesy of Army and Navy Register.

DEPLETED BATTERY OF HORSE ARTILLERY.

Every officer and man available is present. This shows the maximum personnel under the present abnormal conditions, including guard and other details. For daily drill and garrison these latter would not be available, so that not over one-half the above, or about one section, would turn out. The personnel shown consists of 2 officers, 9 non-commissioned officers, 1 trumpeter, 1 guidon, 10 cannoneers, 12 artillery drivers, 2 wagon drivers; total, 2 officers and 35 enlisted men. The material shown consists of 2 guns, 2 caissons, 2 kit wagons, and 55 horses. There should be four guns and 190 men.

landed at Long Branch during the night, and swept up to a rear attack on both remaining forts, which were subjected to fire from Fort Hamilton as well as to the crushing rear attack of field artillery, cavalry, and infantry. Despite the most heroic defense, neither fort lasted more than a few hours.

The landing force at Rockaway Beach formed columns as fast as it landed, and marched quickly through Springfield and Jamaica, and then, wheeling on Jamaica as a pivot, swung its left wing to Fort Hamilton and held a line across Long Island—placing Brooklyn at its mercy.

All night long, half-equipped, demoralized militia and portions of depleted regular regiments straggled into the city. By four o'clock on the morning of June 22nd, about four thousand American troops and a variously armed mob of as many more lined up across the outskirts of Brooklyn, throwing up street barricades to stand off the oncoming of the Jamaica-Fort Hamilton line of the enemy. But the enemy regarded these preparations with utter indifference, not to say complacency. Their silence was disconcerting; but its meaning began to be clear when at sunrise a great gray battle-ship steamed grimly past the silent the stroke of seven, a round, white, compact cloud jumped out over the water; the windowpanes of three cities rattled, and a shrieking cloud of steel destruction hit lower Broadway like a blight.

In the ensuing days gloom engulfed the nation. A superb array of 200,000 seasoned Germans held the financial and commercial heart of the country so securely that hope of its recapture seemed futile. Of the 47,000 American regular troops then actually in service, 10,000 were in the Philippines, 4,000 in Cuba, 15,000 with the guns of the coast defense, 2,000 in Alaska, Porto Rico, and Hawaii, and 3,000 had been taken or destroyed in the capture of New York; 13,000 men, in depleted regiments, were scattered in small garrisons all over the United States.

Of the paper strength of 125,000 militia, 60,000 were found effective; and these, half-trained, ill-equipped, varying in efficiency from troops little below the regulars to companies in name only, were dispersed in some forty totally distinct armies in miniature, from Oregon to Florida. The armed force of the United States, at the most optimistic estimate, could not exceed 80,000 men, and their incorporation into an army was a recog-

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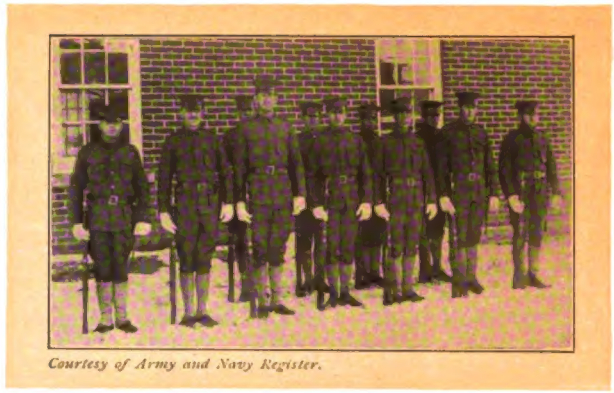
nized impossibility. While the country lay in this shocked condition, strong raiding parties destroyed the Springfield and Watervliet arsenals; this was a second staggering blow, only less vital than the first, for it became apparent that neither arms nor equipment for the contemplated 400,000 volunteers were at hand, nor were there facilities for their manufacture. We have no arsenals at Pittsburg, Bethlehem, nor Gary, steel cities in the heart of the nation. German troops were arriving on the seaboard daily, and the government frankly admitted its inability to hold Washington, Philadelphia, or the naval stations of the Atlantic, as well as the fact that an indefinite time—at least a year—must elapse before it could attempt any offensive warfare whatever. Even the returning fleet, deprived of coaling and supply stations, as it inevitably must be, found itself in the position of an enemy attacking a hostile coast-line that had long been considered impregnable, and with its own base of supplies four times as far away as its rivals. The naval situation was impossible.



Courtesy of Army and Navy Register.

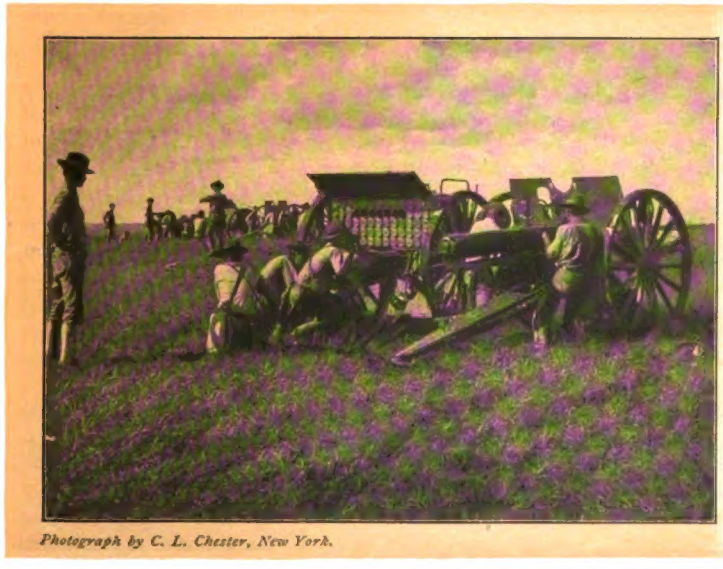
3D BATTALION, ELEVENTH INFANTRY.

There were 7 privates and 4 non-commissioned staff-officers in this "battalion" at Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming, when the command was inspected recently by the chief of staff of the army. There should be 512 enlisted men and 15 officers.

Now all these things are the things that would happen, approximately, if our very good friends, the Germans, were to fall out with us, as God grant, for the sake of the kinship of nations, they never may. They will not happen in our time, because our administration and the rulers of Germany have worked long and faithfully to avoid the possibility of such a clash between the nations. But that they will not happen is not because, in the event of a sufficient quarrel, we are in the least prepared to resist a foreign invasion. This statement of the complete possibility of such a capture of New York City, with no reasonable fear of failure, is from a man who is almost certainly the highest possible authority on this department of military art in the United States—one of the highest in the world.

If one cares for such elementary problems in war and international policy, there is a much simpler one in the Pacific.

Suppose the navy normally disposed in a certain spring.



Photograph by C. L. Chester, New York.

FIELD ARTILLERY IN ACTION.

We have about 200 of these guns, about one-sixth of the number that we had during the Civil War. Six of these batteries complete were bought abroad at a comparatively recent date. Now they can be made at Bethlehem, and other steel works, and assembled by the Government. The assembling requires four months for each gun, and we could, after the first four months, turn out seventeen a month.

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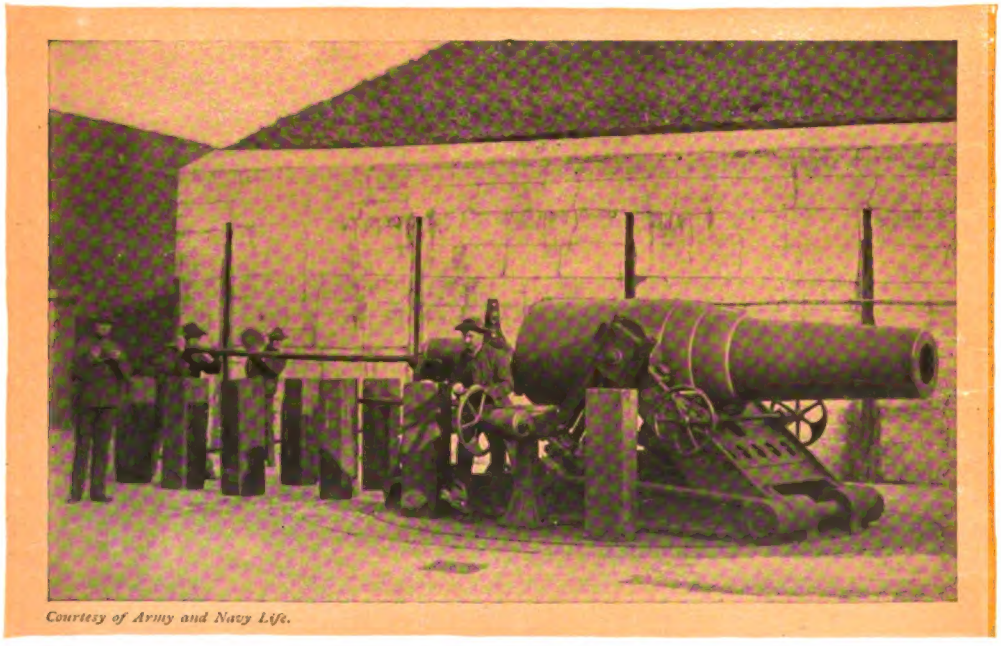
Beginning with the San Francisco school affair, Japan had busied herself in compiling a series of international episodes, the termination of each of which left the United States in the light of a nation not punctilious regarding her treaty obligations. By a clever move Japan had cornered almost the entire torpedo output of the world (she has already actually done so, if it is of interest). "Fifty thousand men had long been employed night and day in her arsenals, similar energy being expressed in the steel-gun foundries and shot works at Nagasaki and Tokio, the output of these factories being 500 guns daily" (this was reported by an officer of the Austrian Staff in an article published in America in July, 1907). Such activity could, of course, point only to intended invasion, and since Japan had nothing to gain by an Asiatic move, and since the conquest of the Philippines would require no preparation by her whatever, her only possible strategic point for definite results could be the Pacific coast of the United States. All this excited no general comment, nor did the material increase of Japan's peace establishment after a long and costly war. (Whatever may be the peace-sunned significance of these facts, here they are.)

As a culmination to this series of international events, there came, like a bolt from the blue, the firing of an American cruiser upon a Japanese gunboat off the Aleutian Islands on March 1st. This fact was reported to the State Department through the Japanese Ambassador, for no word had been received from the American ship.

On March 15th, the conciliatory attitude of Japan vanished. Presenting a long list of wrongs, footed by this last incident, she demanded a humiliating and abject action on the part of the United States, reciting that the Japanese flag should be saluted in all ports, that a heavy and unitemized indemnity should be paid, and that certain hitherto enforced immigration restrictions should be at once removed.

On March 18th, the State Department, in a note expressing indignation and surprise, refused to accede to any or all of these demands. On the same day, the Pacific cables ceased to work, save unsatisfactorily and intermittently—until March 24th, when the last message crossing over them told that the



Courtesy of Army and Navy Life.

COAST GUARD GUN.

When one of the companies of the Coast Artillery Corps turned out for service practise on November 13, 1907, one detachment for a 12-inch mortar reported only twenty-eight per cent. of authorized strength. Wooden blocks in the above photograph show places made vacant by men discharged during the year, who declined to reenlist, and whose places could not be filled by recruiting. We now have of these guns about 250 mounted.

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Japanese Government declared that a state of war had existed between the United States and Japan since March 18th. No news got out of Japan by the European cables.

For two days no news could be procured of the small Asiatic or Philippine squadrons of the United States. On March 26th, the Chinese embassy informed our government that both had been crushed by the overwhelming fleets of Japan between March 19th and 23rd.

On March 24th, orders were issued for the concentration of all effective regular troops on the Pacific coast;

ONLY 15,000 WERE AVAILABLE

on account of the frightened demands of the East, which was suffering from delusions that an Atlantic coast attack of Japanese threatened. The Atlantic fleet was ordered made ready to hurry on the back track of the Oregon; the militia were called out, and 35,000 of them were ordered to proceed to the west coast; a call was issued for 500,000 volunteers.

The concentration of the regulars at San Francisco was complete by April 4th, though but 10,000 militia had arrived. None of these troops, militia or regulars, had as much as sixty per cent. of their war quota. Though applications for enlistments for the entire 500,000 volunteers had been received instantly, the muster of no more than 50,000 had been completed, and this at widely divergent points, when on April 12th scoutships and lookouts of the Pacific Squadron reported an advance fleet of Japanese war-ships, which, as afterward became apparent, must have left Japan as early at March 16th. Four days later, a battle was fought off Monterey Bay, to the complete destruction of the Pacific Squadron, saving one unprotected cruiser and one gunboat, then in San Francisco harbor. And the Atlantic battle-ships were somewhere below Panama.

By this time there were on the Pacific coast 40,000 armed and equipped American soldiers, poorly organized and trained, and with no hope of material reenforcement in less than three months other than through the recruiting of their own ranks. It was apparent that after the arming and equipping of men to fill the entire regular and militia establishments to their full quota, the military stores of the United States would be exhausted.

To the horrified surprise of the general public, the Japanese landed four considerable armies almost simultaneously on the coast (and all but one without opposition)—one at Bodega Bay, one at Gray's Harbor, one at Monterey Bay, and one above the guns at San Diego. A novice's glance at the map will explain the statement that this stroke gave the Japanese control of the four fortified harbors of the Pacific, deprived the oncoming fleet of a naval base, and gave the brown men possession of Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, San Francisco, and Los Angeles, and probably with them, the control of the ultimate destiny of the Pacific. For no serious opposition could be offered them in the three coast states, and they had ample opportunity to seize and fortify every pass into the interior, with a year of grace in which to establish themselves in their holding. . . .

Neither, of course, did this happen, but there is no impossibility, nor even any especial military difficulty, in any of the suppositions.

WE HAVE NO ARMY,

but what is worse, we have absolutely no *system* of defense. All of the great foreign powers exist simply and solely on their ability to mobilize great armies of four or five hundred thousand men in a week; that is the patent of their existence. It is incontrovertibly true that we could not mobilize such an army in one whole year. Popular and constitutional inhibitions will forever prevent the maintenance by this country of a large standing army, and none is necessary. Even the most military of nations does not *maintain* the enormous force that it can move in a week; the simple potentiality of assembling such a force keeps the world's peace. **But the powers have admirable systems for utilizing the resource of their population, and we have not the glimmer of such a system.** You see, the material is "*resource*" in time of peace only; if that resource can quickly be converted into "*power*," the nation is strong in a military sense, but if the resource is an inert lump, a part from the potentiality of its presence, it is useless. And right here is the sluggish heart of our national blunder. We utterly fail to discriminate between

RESOURCE AND POWER.

In crude, inert, uncut resource we are fabulously rich; in actual, efficient, brilliant military power, we are as poor as Job. It is

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the contemplation of the resource that explains the neglect of our true condition, for at a last resort there are 13,000,000 men in the United States eligible for military service, with the fertile land behind them for their sustenance. No other nation has half that resource. But, if in a year only one-twenty-sixth of this number can be used to fight other nations that are fifty times as *powerful*, of what use are they save to suffer shame? For time is a commodity of terrible significance in war. If we are ever attacked, it will be by a nation whose existence depends upon its power of rapid mobilization. War will come swiftly or not at all, for as the first army to use efficient artillery fought with a new force, so did the first army that realized the value of swift initial strokes—it was Prussia's—fight with a new force; and as artillery was generally adopted so has the swift initial striking been generally adopted.

Germany can mobilize a million men in a month, France as many, Japan at least eight hundred thousand—we, with good fortune, a million in two years.

In the Franco-Prussian War, the Germans placed an initial army of 578,000 men, 159,000 horses, and 1,284 guns in the field within *five* days after the declaration of war, and effected the most complete conquest of a powerful nation known in history. Simple system was the secret of German effectiveness, and on the fifth day the great German machine of destruction, composed of men who but a week before had been clerks, artisans, and mechanics, began to move, alert, fit, efficient, and equipped to the last shoe-lace. Advancing with lightning rapidity and perfect control, it gained contact with the French before the completion of the French concentration, and without respite annihilated army after army until within six weeks the flower of the French establishment had fallen.

Contrast with this the mobilization of our forces for the Spanish-American War. Congress began to issue calls for an army of 216,000 men four days *after* the declaration. In four months the required number had been enlisted, but the men were, in large part, half organized, half drilled, and half equipped. In two of their great camps *more men died of disease than were killed in the entire war*, and even at the end of four months they were not able to compare with the German levies in point of efficiency.

Germany—five days, an *army* of 518,000 men, marching.

The United States—four months, a *body* of 216,000, learning.

It is a fair statement of the *power* of the two nations.

It is difficult to say just what Japan can or cannot do. In her recent war she mobilized 1,200,000 men just as fast as she could possibly need them, and she is supposed to be able to put in the field twenty-one perfect divisions of veterans in one month.

Now a battle-worthy fighting line for the United States could be promised in not less than one year.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN IN THAT YEAR,

once Germany or Japan had established bases on our shores, is appalling, and impossible of sensible conjecture. In the East, Germany could fortify and defend New York almost beyond hope of recapture. Washington, Philadelphia, and the coast defenses would certainly fall, leaving the navy without a base and helpless. Whether she would cross the Appalachians would depend on whether she had any object in doing so.

On the Pacific, the problem is simpler. The three coast states constitute one of the richest sections in the world, a new and better Japan. Between it and the interior stretches an almost unbroken line of mountains, flanked by great desert regions impassable to marching armies; taken together, these constitute the most formidable military outworks in the world. Once lodged behind that natural redoubt, with their own country and the island chain behind them, the dislodgment of the Japanese would be as abstruse a military problem as ever confronted the mind of a genius with a Xerxesian host at his command.

In one of our supposititious cases the navy has been placed on the other side of the world. Although this condition is actually now about to exist, the navy must ordinarily be considered by a hostile power, and it has not been considered here simply to show how our landward defenses fail. We have a respectable navy, but the task of policing a territorial grand division, maintaining an arbitrary policy against the world, giving timbre to the predominant voice of the East, and preserving our national integrity, is a fairly large one for so small a weapon. Larger still is that task when we admit that our present fabric of defense is simply our wager (and on it we stake our national existence) that neither Japan nor

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Germany can destroy our fleet, for once destroyed, the conquest of the land is a conclusion almost foregone. With the fleet in the Pacific, Germany is one-fourth as far from New York as the fleet is; in the Atlantic, Japan is less than half as far from San Francisco, and with the enemy in possession of either coast, the navy would be helpless on that coast. The fighting chance of the navy is impossible of determination, and its discussion is no part of the purpose of this paper and deserves the exploitation of an expert.

There are well-defined reasons why we have no system of defense, but they do not excuse the lack of it. For the chiefest of them are the same that explain why people live on the slope of Vesuvius: apathy, near-sightedness, ignorance of conditions, all headed and overtopped by the rut evil.

We are in the much-worn rut of having no national defense because the precedent prescribed none. When the precedent was established, we needed none, because of three assets, which are now fallen quite away. The first of these assets was a great natural and geographical rampart, consisting, primarily, of 8,000 miles of sea.

Now, every hour clipped from the transoceanic records brings us closer by that hour to the enormous armaments of Europe and Japan. We know that the record has been cut in twelfths, but mere speed is not the only force at work. Formerly the transfer of a division required a fleet; the building of such ships as the Lusitania, the Mauretania, and the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse has rendered the movement of armies simple. The Deutschland could easily carry a complete brigade, and Germany could place it aboard in two hours; to assemble a completely equipped brigade of American troops in New York would require a week—*they could arrive more quickly from Kiel.* Germany has her entire merchant marine on a war-conversion list, and the Japanese system is perhaps even better.

But the water alone did not constitute at that time the only barrier, nor even the greatest one.

Back of the beach howled

MILES OF BARREN WILDERNESS.

Armies move on their stomachs; they must be supplied from home or live on the country. The ocean formerly prevented a resort to the first method of supply for foreign troops, and the land denied the alternative, for it was sparsely settled and productive of comparatively little. The wild terrain inland offered successions of natural defensive positions, and the roads were mere trails—roads are the *sine qua non* of all military operations. Earnest Fate could not have changed this condition more completely. Rich towns now dot the coast country, nets of railroads invite invasion, while fertile fields promise ample support to a marching army. All this is no military secret; every foreign war office recognizes it. German journals have discussed quite freely the plans of the Imperial Staff, worked out as a war problem, to land 250,000 men on these coasts in twenty days, *considering the navy in the Atlantic.*

The second lost asset vanished with

THE PASSING OF THE INHERENT DEFENSIVE QUALITY.

When Congress launched the Ship of State without a gun-deck, America was one vast frontier. Savagery stalked at the back door, and fathers bequeathed to sons the greatest battle of all,—the struggle with the untamed wilderness. But the pioneer who was his own soldier is gone. Long Tom no longer hangs above the farmhouse fireplace, and a replica of the "embattled farmers of Lexington" is incongruous with modern settings. Plainsmen, woodsmen, trappers, cowboys, squirrel-rifle men, and scouts—they have all stalked or ridden with the free grace of the open straight into the fascinating pages of romantic history.

We have become an urban people, a nation of city dwellers. The average modern youth cannot live under the hardships of the open march, ride, or rustle, and he has no use for firearms. Place him, raw from the streets, in the wilderness from which his grandfather wrested a home, and he is irrevocably lost; march him three days forced going and he is literally walking on boils; mount him in the cavalry on a hot dusty day, and night will find him unable to ride, his horse withersore and ruined. Forty per cent. of cavalry recruits tremblingly admit at their first bareback drill that they have never been astride a horse in all their lives.

Moreover, even in that rougher day, though we had scouts, skirmishers, and open-fighting men in every home, we had (oh, mention it gently!) but few good *soldiers.* Never forget

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Washington's heartbroken letters about his incorrigible minute-men, who fought when they felt inclined and went home when they didn't, nor the picture of the frail Jackson bullying his disaffected lines with a horse-pistol, and swearing, by the Eternal, that he would shoot the first man who stirred. Discipline still sits heavy on your American lad. Even in the flush of his ardor, he enlists "to fight," but not, "by the nine gods of war," to police company streets. It is the "desperate charge" that appeals to him. But this same cleaning of camp streets is the only thing that keeps ravaging disease at bay, that keeps him alive to know about the desperate charges—of which there are precious few. The street-cleaning is an essential part of the soldier business. But though the American youth may burn to do battle, he has no desire to become a soldier.

NO, WE ARE NOT NATURAL SOLDIERS.

We must spend a year in making troopers of men picked raw from the streets, and while our rivals drill every man on their tax rolls, we have one trained soldier for every 1,400 souls in our domain, and continue to delude ourselves with the hardy traditions of a past people of the great frontier.

Further, war has become the most abstruse of sciences, and John must now worry his eyes to glasses over logarithmic tables to meet the great guns that kill at seven miles, and a host of lesser shrapnel. While national hardihood has vanished in one direction, war has gone glimmering in another, and the old common meeting-ground of civilian and soldier is a great gulf. With the widening of it passed the third original asset. We may now consider our loss of military equality with other nations.

We came into being before the Napoleonic wars. Our system now was Europe's system then; that is, the maintenance of a small, rigid standing army. To keep his conquests conquered, Napoleon decreed that Prussia's army should never exceed 40,000 men, knowing that the feet of his marching hosts could outdistance the raising of rebellious levies in point of time. He reckoned without the flash of genius that illuminated the brain of one Scharnhorst, who said, "If I change my 40,000 every year, five years will give me 200,000." Do not smile at this simple arithmetic. From it, in forced and necessary evolution, appeared the terrible armaments of Europe; it is the basic principle of "The Nation in Arms," and it sent Bonaparte to Elba. System, like clockwork, exists for the incorporation of all the civilian body of the foreign nations into armies, and their establishments cost less than our pension list. While we who, to accord with our non-military traditions and yet to live, should have the most elastic and facile military system in the world, have the most inert, unwieldy, and rigid.

We have talked much of military system and we should know more of what it means. If in this country every civilian were a trained soldier, even then we could not present a fighting front in months.

We have no arms and equipment.

We have no plans nor facilities for feeding and supplying.

We have no experts to lead the volunteers.

We have no provision for their handling.

An army is not an armed mob nor a gang of laborers nor a horde of fighting men; an army is a system whereby its own units can be controlled from a central intelligence, as the members of a body are controlled from its brain. Any business organizer can realize that without the very perfection of system, 100,000 men cannot be fed, fought, nor furnished, and frankly, there is no system with us so much as to muster them.

In *time*, an army could be rolled and jumbled, stumble, blunder, and miss, into shape, but time, we know, is a commodity of the most terrible significance in war.

Do we then absolutely ignore the lurid fact of war? Have we then no glimmer of an idea of our part in an international crisis? Of course not. We have a lick-and-a-promise war-time plan. There is a vague general idea that in the event of war:

1. The ranks of the regulars will fill from fifty per cent. peace strength to 100 per cent. war quota.

2. Volunteers will spring up like blades of grass.

3. Somehow, from somewhere, arms and equipment for them will be forthcoming.

4. The new recruits will be trained by experienced soldiers and there will be plenty of teachers.

1. Will the regular ranks fill so? No, the plan fails there. With the alternative of the romantic volunteers, no man will enlist in the austere regulars. The enlistments are so fall-

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ing off at this moment that regular companies all over the states are slowly descending to bed-rock. And if the ranks *were* so recruited, the happy fact would invalidate them for weeks. The addition of twenty recruits to a company demoralizes it in peace time—in war an influx of more than its original number in raw material would place it with the non-effectives.

2. Will volunteers spring up like blades of grass? Yes, luxuriantly; because, with no one to take care of them, they would better not, for they will also die like grass; and further because,

3. Arms and equipment will not be forthcoming. Equipment for even one-fifth enough infantry does not exist. Rifles, hardtack, guns, shrapnel, saddles, uniforms, tents, clothing, haversacks, belts, bayonets, sabers, all the jumbled circumstance of war will have to be manufactured, *after* the outbreak of hostilities. We have some 150 field-guns; Japan has ten times as many, and guns are wonderfully made. Their manufacture requires trained men, special material and machinery, and weeks of painstaking care. Guns also mean caissons and limbers, shell, shot and shrapnel, trained men to serve them, trained horses to draw them, and experts to direct them. The ordinary rifle cannot be used in war. If the other fellow kills at 2,300 yards and you at 1,000, he will slaughter you unscathed with 1,300 yards margin of safety. Military rifles are made with craft. All these things must be produced in war-time panic, by machines not yet constructed, by specialists not yet taught, in factories not yet built, from material still in the bowels of the earth or growing on its fertile hills.

4. If the volunteers were mustered, would there be instructors to make soldiers of them? Absolutely no. The regular army is so denuded of company officers by present peace-time demands from the army itself, that there are not one and a half officers to an organization; there should be three. The increased demands of war will reduce this number to less than one to the company.

THE BLIND WILL LEAD THE BLIND

and men little better fitted than you who read these words must whip a volunteer army into shape to fight men led by military experts. Can you clothe, discipline, maneuver, fight, and feed 100 raw recruits? Can you command a regiment, maneuver a battery, direct a sap, make a map, report a position, lead a cavalry charge, estimate a range, select a camp, organize a train, plan a battle, defend a mountain, or take a squadron across the unbridged Hudson? Neither can the men who must officer the volunteers.

Two seasons make a marksman, one year a trooper, three a subaltern. Men who can feed and clothe 100,000 hungry men are made by experience; never born equipped.

Yet there is something that counteracts the danger of our position—something that swings the balance even. But it is a very delicate balance, and its quivering beam is unsafe national footing. The fact that has prevented a trial of arms in recent times is this: *We are the only nation that could support two years of modern war and not perish from poverty.*

THE LAMB RAMPANT.

War is neither imminent nor probable, but nothing in the world could invite war as does our present defenseless state. Moreover, the greater a nation grows in commerce, power, pride, and aggression, the more does she offend, and we like to think that we are greatest in all of these. Through our commercial interests alone we tug at many a purse-string, and we declare an intention to dominate the commerce of the world and to control the Pacific, where our richest land, cut off from the citadel of our strength by almost impassable barriers, faces a new force in the world—an aggressive, wonderful people, to whom our avowed aspirations must be an ever-present flaunt. Weak, even in the possession of a boundless wealth, we rashly dare the nations of jealous and overcrowded Europe. We do not need to look deep to see Europe's internal boundaries preserved by the most enormous armaments that time has ever known. Like an assembly of beasts, Continental nations are gathered in a dangerous congress, where they keep their integrity by the overt expression of their prowess and the fear that it instils into the hearts of their rivals. Into this perilous gathering we have come, bleating our dicta, making the fiercest flaunts, and venturing at large our opinions, our desires, and our demands—a lamb rampant in a congress of lions.

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A Night in New Arabia

By O. HENRY

Author of "The Four Million," "Heart of the West," etc.

Illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele

THE great city of Bagdad-on-the-Subway is caliph-ridden. Its palaces, bazaars, khans, and byways are thronged with Al-Raschids in divers disguises, seeking diversion and victims for their unbridled generosity. You can scarcely find a poor beggar whom they are willing to let enjoy his spoils unsuccored, nor a wrecked unfortunate upon whom they will not reshower the means of fresh misfortune. You will hardly find anywhere a hungry one who has not had the opportunity to tighten his belt in gift libraries, nor a poor pundit who has not blushed at the holiday basket of celery-crowned turkey forced resoundingly through his door by the eleemosynary press.

So then, fearfully through the Haroun-haunted streets creep the one-eyed calenders, the Little Hunchback and the Barber's Sixth Brother, hoping to escape the ministrations of the roving horde of caliphoid sultans.

JACOB WAS A BREAKER BOY.

Entertainment for many Arabian nights might be had from the histories of those who have escaped the largess of the army of Commanders of the Faithful. Until dawn you might sit on the enchanted rug and listen to such stories as are told of the powerful genie Roc-Ef-El-Er who sent the Forty Thieves to soak up the oil plant of Ali Baba; of the good Caliph Kar-Neg-Ghe, who gave away palaces; of the Seven Voyages of Sailbad, the Sinner, who frequented wooden excursion steamers among the islands; of the Fisherman and the Bottle; of the Barmecides' Boarding-house; of Aladdin's rise to wealth by means of his Wonderful Gas-meter.

But now, there being ten sultans to one Scheherezade, she is held too valuable to be in fear of the bowstring. In consequence the art of narrative languishes. And, as the lesser caliphs are hunting the happy poor and the resigned unfortunate from cover to cover in order to heap upon them strange mercies and mysterious benefits, too often comes the report from Arabian headquarters that the captive "refused to talk."

This reticence, then, in the actors who perform the sad comedies of their philanthropy-scourged world, must, in a degree, account for the shortcomings of this painfully gleaned tale, which shall be called

JACOB BUILT A PALACE.

The Story of the Caliph who Alleviated his Conscience

Old Jacob Spraggins mixed for himself some

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Scotch and lithia water at his $1,200 oak sideboard. Inspiration must have resulted from its imbibition, for immediately afterward he struck the quartered oak soundly with his fist and shouted to the empty dining-room:

"By the coke ovens of hell, it must be that ten thousand dollars! If I can get that squared it'll do the trick."

JACOB TOOK HIS DEGREE.

Thus, by the commonest artifice of the trade, having gained your interest, the action of the story will now be suspended, leaving you grumpily to consider a sort of dull biography beginning fifteen years before.

When old Jacob was young Jacob he was a breaker boy in a Pennsylvania coal mine. I don't know what a breaker boy is; but his occupation seems to be standing by a coal dump with a wan look and a dinner-pail to have his picture taken for magazine articles. Anyhow, Jacob was one. But, instead of dying of overwork at nine, and leaving his helpless parents and brothers at the mercy of the union strikers' reserve fund, he hitched up his galluses, put a dollar or two in a side proposition now and then, and at forty-five was worth $20,000,000.

There now! it's over. Hardly had time to yawn, did you? I've seen biographies that—but let us dissemble.

I want you to consider Jacob Spraggins, Esq., after he had arrived at the seventh stage of his career. The stages meant are, first, humble origin; second, deserved promotion; third, stockholder; fourth, capitalist; fifth, trust magnate; sixth, rich malefactor; seventh, caliph; eighth, *x*. The eighth stage shall be left to the higher mathematics.

JACOB FOLLOWED TO THE POOREST.

At fifty-five Jacob retired from active business. The income of a czar was still rolling in on him from coal, iron, real estate, oil, railroads, manufactories, and corporations, but none of it touched Jacob's hands in a raw state. It was a sterilized increment, carefully cleaned and dusted and fumigated until it arrived at its ultimate stage of untainted, spotless checks in the white fingers of his private secretary. Jacob built a three-million dollar palace on a corner lot fronting on Nabob Avenue, city of New Bagdad, and began to feel the mantle of the late H. A. Raschid descending upon him. Eventually Jacob slipped the mantle under his collar, tied it in a neat four-in-hand, and became a licensed harrier of our Mesopotamian proletariat.

When a man's income becomes so large that the butcher actually sends him the kind of steak he orders, he begins to think about his soul's salvation. Now, the various stages or classes of rich men must not be forgotten. The capitalist can tell you to a dollar the amount of his wealth. The trust magnate "estimates" it. The rich malefactor hands you a cigar and denies that he has bought the P. D. & Q. The caliph merely smiles and talks about Hammerstein and the musical lasses. There is of record a tremendous altercation at breakfast in a "Where-to-Dine-Well" tavern between a magnate and his wife, the rift within the loot being that the wife calculated their fortune at a figure $3,000,000 higher than did her future *divorcé*. Oh, well, I, myself, heard a similar quarrel between a man and his wife because he found fifty cents less in his pockets than he thought he had. After all, we are all human—Count Tolstoi, R. Fitzsimmons, Peter Pan, and the rest of us.

Don't lose heart because the story seems to be degenerating into a sort of moral essay for intellectual readers. There will be dialogue and stage business pretty soon.

When Jacob first began to compare the eyes of needles with the camels in the zoo he decided upon organized charity. He had his secretary send a check for one million to the Universal Benevolent Association of the Globe. You may have looked down through a grating in front of a decayed warehouse for a nickel that you had dropped through. But that is neither here nor there. The association acknowledged receipt of

JACOB WAS DERIDED BY THE MINIONS.

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his favor of the 24th ult. with enclosure as stated. Separated by a double line, but still mighty close to the matter under the caption of "Oddities of the Day's News" in an evening paper, Jacob Spraggins read that one "Jasper Spargyous" had "donated $10,0000 to the U. B. A. of G." A camel may have a stomach for each day in the week; but I dare not venture to accord him whiskers, for fear of the Great Displeasure at Washington; but if he have whiskers, surely not one of them will seem to have been inserted in the eye of a needle by that effort of that rich man to enter the K. of H. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids; signed, S. Peter, secretary and gatekeeper.

Next, Jacob selected the best endowed college he could scare up and presented it with a $200,000 laboratory. The college did not maintain a scientific course, but it accepted the money and built an elaborate lavatory instead, which was no diversion of funds so far as Jacob ever discovered.

The faculty met and invited Jacob to come over and take his A B C degree. Before sending the invitation they smiled, cut out the C, added the proper punctuation marks, and all was well.

While walking on the campus before being capped and gowned, Jacob saw two professors strolling near by. Their voices, long adapted to indoor acoustics, undesignedly reached his ear.

"There goes the latest *chevalier d'industrie*," said one of them, "to buy a sleeping powder from us. He gets his degree to-morrow."

"*In joro conscientiæ*," said the other. "Let's 'eave 'arf a brick at 'im."

Jacob ignored the Latin, but the brick pleasantry was not too hard for him. There was no mandragora in the honorary draught of learning that he had bought. That was before the passage of the Pure Food and Drugs Act.

Jacob wearied of philanthropy on a large scale.

"If I could see folks made happier," he said to himself—"if I could see 'em myself and hear 'em express their gratitude for what I done for 'em it would make me feel better. This donatin' funds to institutions and societies is about as satisfactory as dropping money into a broken slot machine."

So Jacob followed his nose, which led him through unswept streets to the homes of the poorest.

"The very thing!" said Jacob. "I will charter two river steamboats, pack them full of these unfortunate children and—say ten thousand dolls and drums and a thousand freezers of ice cream, and give them a delightful outing up the Sound. The sea breezes on that trip ought to blow the taint off some of this money that keeps coming in faster than I can work it off my mind."

Jacob must have leaked some of his benevolent intentions, for an immense person with a bald face and a mouth that looked as if it ought to have a "Drop Letters Here" sign over it hooked a finger around him and set him in a space between a barber's pole and a stack of ash cans. Words came out of the post-office slit—smooth, husky words with gloves on 'em, but sounding as if they might turn to bare knuckles any moment.

"Say, Sport, do you know where you are at? Well, dis is Mike O'Grady's district you're buttin' into—see? Mike's got de stomach-ache privilege for every kid in dis neighborhood—see? And if dere's any picnics or red balloons to be dealt out here, Mike's money pays for 'em—see? Don't you butt in, or something'll be handed to you. Youse d—settlers and reformers with your social ologies and your millionaire detectives have got dis district in a hell of a fix, anyhow. With your college students and professors rough-housing de soda-water stands and dem rubberneck coaches fillin' de streets, de folks down here are 'fraid to go out of de houses. Now, you leave 'em to Mike. Dey belongs to him, and he knows how to handle 'em. Keep on your own side of de town. Are you some wiser now, uncle, or do you want to scrap wit' Mike O'Grady for de Santa Claus belt in dis district?"

HE BOUGHT HER THE STAR PART IN A NEW COMEDY.

Clearly, that spot in the moral vineyard was preempted. So Caliph Spraggins menaced no more the people in the bazaars of the East Side. To keep down his growing sur-

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plus he doubled his donations to organized charity, presented the Y. M. C. A. of his native town with a $10,000 collection of butterflies, and sent a check to the famine sufferers in China big enough to buy new emerald eyes and diamond-filled teeth for all their gods. But none of these charitable acts seemed to bring peace to the caliph's heart. He tried to get a personal note into his benefactions by tipping bellboys and waiters $10 and $20 bills. He got well snickered at and derided for that by the minions who accept with respect gratuities commensurate to the service performed. He sought out an ambitious and talented but poor young woman, and bought for her the star part in a new comedy. He might have gotten rid of $50,000 more of his cumbersome money in this philanthropy if he had not neglected to write letters to her. But she lost the suit for lack of evidence, while his capital still kept piling up, and his *optikos needleorum camelibus*—or rich man's disease—was unrelieved.

CELIA LOOKED OUT OF HER WINDOW AND GAVE HER HEART TO THE GROCER'S YOUNG MAN.

In Caliph Spraggins's $3,000,000 home lived his sister Henrietta, who used to cook for the coal miners in a twenty-five-cent eating-house in Coketown, Pa., and who now would have offered John Mitchell only two fingers of her hand to shake. And his daughter Celia, nineteen, back from boarding-school and from being polished off by private instructors in the restaurant languages and those études and things.

Celia is the heroine. Lest the artist's delineation of her charms on this very page humbug your fancy, take from me her authorized description. She was a nice-looking, awkward, loud, rather bashful, brown-haired girl, with a sallow complexion, bright eyes, and a perpetual smile. She had a wholesome, Spraggins-inherited love for plain food, loose clothing, and the society of the lower classes. She had too much health and youth to feel the burden of wealth. She had a wide mouth that kept the peppermint-pepsin tablets rattling like hail from the slot-machine wherever she went, and she could whistle hornpipes. Keep this picture in mind; and let the artist do his worst.

Celia looked out of her window one day and gave her heart to the grocer's young man. The receiver thereof was at that moment engaged in conceding immortality to his horse and calling down upon him the ultimate fate of the wicked; so he did not notice the transfer. A horse should stand still when you are lifting a crate of strictly new-laid eggs out of the wagon.

Young lady reader, you would have liked that grocer's young man yourself. But you wouldn't have given him your heart, because you are saving it for a riding-master, or a shoe-manufacturer with a torpid liver, or something quiet but rich in gray tweeds at Palm Beach. Oh, I know about it. So I am glad the grocer's young man was for Celia and not for you.

The grocer's young man was slim and straight and as confident and easy in his movements as the man in the back of the magazines who wears the new frictionless roller suspenders. He wore a gray bicycle cap on the back of his head, and his hair was straw-colored and curly, and his sunburned face looked like one that smiled a good deal when he was not preaching the doctrine of ever-

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lasting punishment to delivery-wagon horses. He slung imported A1 fancy groceries about as though they were only the stuff he delivered at boarding-houses; and when he picked up his whip your mind instantly recalled Mr. Hackett and his air with the buttonless foils.

Tradesmen delivered their goods at a side gate at the rear of the house. The grocer's wagon came about ten in the morning. For three days Celia watched the driver when he came, finding something new each time to admire in the lofty and almost contemptuous way he had of tossing around the choicest gifts of Pomona, Ceres, and the canning factories. Then she consulted Annette.

To be explicit, Annette McCorkle, the second housemaid. Who deserves a paragraph herself. Annette Fletcherized large numbers of romantic novels which she obtained at a free public library branch (donated by one of the biggest caliphs in the business). She was Celia's sidekicker and chum, though Aunt Henrietta didn't know it, you may hazard a bean or two.

"Oh, canary-bird seed!" exclaimed Annette. "Ain't it a corkin' situation? You a heiress, and fallin' in love with him on sight! He's a sweet boy, too, and above his business. But he ain't suspectible like the common run of grocer's assistants. He never pays no attention to me."

"He will to me," said Celia.

"Riches—" began Annette, unsheathing the not unjustifiable feminine sting.

"Oh, you're not so beautiful," said Celia, with her wide, disarming smile. "Neither am I; but he sha'n't know that there's any money mixed up with my looks, such as they are. That's fair. Now, I want you to lend me one of your caps and an apron, Annette."

"Oh, marshmallows!" cried Annette. "I see. Ain't it lovely? It's just like 'Lurline, the Left-handed; or, A Buttonhole Maker's Wrongs.' I'll bet he'll turn out to be a count."

There was a long hallway (or "passage," as they call it in the land of the Colonels) with one side latticed, running along the rear of the house. The grocer's young man went through this to deliver his goods. One

SHE CONSULTED THE SECOND HOUSEMAID, WHO WAS HER SIDEKICKER AND CHUM.

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morning he passed a girl in there with shining eyes, sallow complexion, and wide, smiling mouth, wearing a maid's cap and apron. But as he was cumbered with a basket of Early Drumhead lettuce and Trophy tomatoes and three bunches of asparagus and six bottles of the most expensive Queen olives, he saw no more than that she was one of the maids.

But on his way out he came up behind her, and she was whistling "Fisher's Hornpipe" so loudly and clearly that all the piccolos in the world should have disjointed themselves and crept into their cases for shame.

The grocer's young man stopped and pushed his cap back until it hung on his collar button behind.

"I'LL BE AROUND TO-MORROW AT THE SAME TIME WITH A BAG OF FLOUR AND THE LAUNDRY SOAP."

"That's out o' sight, Kid," said he.

"My name is Celia, if you please," said the whistler, dazzling him with a 3-inch smile.

"That's all right. I'm Thomas McLeod. What part of the house do you work in?"

"I'm the—the second parlor maid."

"Do you know the 'Falling Waters'?"

"No," said Celia, "we don't know anybody. We got rich too quick—that is, Mr. Spraggins did."

"I'll make you acquainted," said Thomas McLeod. "It's a strathspey—a first cousin to a hornpipe."

If Celia's whistling put the piccolos out of commission, Thomas McLeod's surely made the biggest flutes hunt their holes. He could actually whistle *bass*.

When he stopped Celia was ready to jump into his delivery wagon and ride with him clear to the end of the pier and on to the ferry-boat of the Charon line.

"I'll be around to-morrow at 10.15," said Thomas, "with some spinach and a case of carbonic."

"I'll practice that what-you-may-call-it," said Celia. "I can whistle a fine second."

The processes of courtship are personal, and do not belong to general literature. They should be chronicled in detail only in advertisements of iron tonics and in the secret by-laws of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Ancient Order of the Rat Trap. But genteel writing may contain a description of certain stages of its progress without intruding upon the province of the X-ray or of park policemen.

A day came when Thomas McLeod and Celia lingered at the end of the latticed "passage."

"Sixteen a week isn't much," said Thomas, letting his cap rest on his shoulder blades.

Celia looked through the lattice-work and whistled a dead march. Shopping with Aunt Henrietta the day before, she had paid that much for a dozen handkerchiefs.

"Maybe I'll get a raise next month," said Thomas. "I'll be around to-morrow at the same time with a bag of flour and the laundry soap."

"All right," said Celia. "Annette's married cousin pays only $20 a month for a flat in the Bronx."

Never for a moment did she count on the Spraggins money. She knew Aunt Henrietta's invincible pride of caste and pa's mightiness as a Colossus of cash, and she understood that if she chose Thomas she and her grocer's young man might go whistle for their living.

Another day came, Thomas violating the dignity of Nabob Avenue with "The Devil's Dream" whistled keenly between his teeth.

"Raised to eighteen a week yesterday,"

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he said. "Been pricing flats around Morningside. You want to start untying those apron strings and unpinning that cap, old girl."

"Oh, Tommy!" said Celia, with her broadest smile. "Won't that be enough? I got Betty to show me how to make a cottage pudding. I guess we could call it a flat pudding if we wanted to."

"And tell no lie," said Thomas.

"And I can sweep and polish and dust—of course a parlor maid learns that. And we could whistle duets of evenings."

"The old man said he'd raise me to twenty at Christmas if Bryan couldn't think of any harder name to call a Republican than a 'postponer,'" said the grocer's young man.

"I can sew," said Celia; "and I know that you must make the gas company's man show his badge when he comes to look at the meter; and I know how to put up quince jam and window curtains."

"Bully! you're all right, Cele. Yes, I believe we can pull it off on eighteen."

As he was jumping into the wagon the second parlor maid braved discovery by running swiftly to the gate.

"And, oh, Tommy, I forgot," she called, softly. "I believe I could make your neckties."

"Forget it," said Thomas decisively.

"And another thing," she continued. "Sliced cucumbers at night will drive away cockroaches."

"And sleep, too, you bet," said Mr. McLeod. "Yes, I believe if I have a delivery to make on the West Side this afternoon I'll look in at a furniture store I know over there."

It was just as the wagon dashed away that old Jacob Spraggins struck the sideboard with his fist and made the mysterious remark about ten thousand dollars that you perhaps remember. Which justifies the reflection that some stories, as well as life, and puppies thrown into wells, move around in circles. Painfully but briefly we must shed light on Jacob's words.

The foundation of his fortune was made when he was twenty. A poor coal-digger (ever hear of a rich one?) had saved a dollar or two and bought a small tract of land on a hillside on which he tried to raise corn. Not a nubbin. Jacob, whose nose was a divining-rod, told him there was a vein of coal beneath. He bought the land from the miner for $125 and sold it a month afterward for $10,000. Luckily the miner had enough left of his sale-money to drink himself into a black coat opening in the back, as soon as he heard the news.

And so, forty years afterward we find Jacob illuminated with the sudden thought that if he could make restitution of this sum of money to the heirs or assigns of the unlucky miner, respite and Nepenthe might be his.

And now must come swift action, for we have here some four thousand words and not a tear shed and never a pistol, joke, safe, nor bottle cracked.

Old Jacob hired a dozen private detectives to find the heirs, if any existed, of the old miner, Hugh McLeod.

Get the point? Of course I know as well as you do that Thomas is going to be the heir. I might have concealed the name; but why always hold back your mystery till the end? I say let it come near the middle so people can stop reading there if they want to.

After the detectives had trailed false clues about three thousand dollars—I mean miles—they cornered Thomas at the grocery and got his confession that Hugh McLeod had been his grandfather, and that there were no other heirs. They arranged a meeting for him and old Jacob one morning in one of their offices.

Jacob liked the young man very much. He liked the way he looked straight at him when he talked, and the way he threw his bicycle cap over the top of a rose-colored vase on the center-table.

There was a slight flaw in Jacob's system of restitution. He did not consider that the act, to be perfect, should include confession. So he represented himself to be the agent of the purchaser of the land who had sent him to refund the sale price for the ease of his conscience.

"Well, sir," said Thomas, "this sounds to me like an illustrated post-card from South Boston with 'We're having a good time here' written on it. I don't know the game. Is this ten thousand dollars money, or do I have to save so many coupons to get it?"

Old Jacob counted out to him twenty five-hundred-dollar bills.

That was better, he thought, than a check. Thomas put them thoughtfully into his pocket.

"Grandfather's best thanks," he said, "to the party who sends it."

Jacob talked on, asking him about his work, how he spent his leisure time, and what his ambitions were. The more he saw and heard of Thomas, the better he liked him.

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He had not met many young men in Bagdad so frank and wholesome.

"I would like to have you visit my house," he said. "I might help you in investing or laying out your money. I am a very wealthy man. I have a daughter about grown, and I would like for you to know her. There are not many young men I would care to have call on her."

"I'm obliged," said Thomas. "I'm not much at making calls. It's generally the side entrance for mine. And, besides, I'm engaged to a girl that has the Delaware peach crop killed in the blossom. She's a parlor maid in a house where I deliver goods. She won't be working there much longer, though. Say, don't forget to give your friend my grandfather's best regards. You'll excuse me now; my wagon's outside with a lot of green stuff that's got to be delivered. See you again, sir."

"WELL, SIR," SAID THOMAS, "THIS SOUNDS TO ME LIKE AN ILLUSTRATED POST-CARD FROM SOUTH BOSTON."

At eleven Thomas delivered some bunches of parsley and lettuce at the Spraggins mansion. Celia was waiting for him, talking to Annette. Thomas was only twenty-two, so, as he came back, he took out the handful of five-hundred-dollar bills and waved them carelessly. Annette took a pair of eyes as big as creamed onions to the cook.

"I told you he was a count," she said, after relating. "He never would carry on with me."

"But you say he showed money," said the cook.

"Hundreds of thousands," said Annette. "Carried around loose in his pockets. And he never would look at me."

"It was paid to me to-day," Thomas was explaining to Celia outside. "It came from my grandfather's estate. Say, Cele, what's the use of waiting, now? I'm going to quit the job to-night. Why can't we get married next week?"

"Tommy," said Celia, "I'm no parlor maid. I've been fooling you. I'm Miss Spraggins—Celia Spraggins. The newspapers say I'll be worth forty million dollars some day."

Thomas pulled his cap down straight on his head for the first time since we have known him.

"I suppose then," said he, "I suppose then you'll not be marrying me next week. But you *can* whistle."

"No," said Celia, "I'll not be marrying you next week. My father would never let me marry a grocer's clerk. But I'll marry you to-night, Tommy, if you say so."

Old Jacob Spraggins came home at 9.30 P.M. in his motor car. The make of it you

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will have to surmise sorrowfully; I am giving you unsubsidized fiction; had it been a street car I could have told you its voltage and the number of flat wheels it had.

Jacob called for his daughter; he had bought a ruby necklace for her, and wanted to hear her say what a kind, thoughtful, dear old dad he was.

There was a brief search in the house for her, and then came Annette, glowing with the pure flame of truth and loyalty well mixed with envy and histrionics.

"Oh, sir," said she, wondering if she should kneel, "Miss Celia's just this minute running away out of the side gate with a young man to be married. I couldn't stop her, sir. They went in a cab."

"What young man?" roared old Jacob.

"A millionaire, if you please, sir—a rich nobleman in disguise. He carries his money with him, and the red peppers and the onions was only to blind us, sir. He never did seem to take to me."

Jacob rushed out in time to catch his car. The chauffeur had been delayed by trying to light a cigarette in the wind.

"Here, Gaston, or Mike, or whatever you call yourself, scoot around the corner quicker than blazes and see if you can see a cab. If you do, run it down."

There was a cab in sight a block away. Gaston, or Mike, with his eyes half shut and his mind on his cigarette, picked up the trail, neatly crowded the cab to the curb and pocketed it.

"What t'ell you doin'?" yelled the cabman.

"Pa!" shrieked Celia.

"Grandfather's remorseful friend's agent!" said Thomas. "Wonder what's on his conscience now."

"A thousand thunders!" said Gaston, or Mike, "I have no other match."

"Young man," said old Jacob, severely, "how about that parlor maid you were engaged to?"

A couple of years afterward old Jacob went into the office of his private secretary.

"The Amalgamated Missionary Society solicits a contribution of $30,000 toward the conversion of the Koreans," said the secretary.

"Pass 'em up," said Jacob.

"The University of Plumville writes that its yearly endowment fund of $50,000 that you bestowed upon it is past due."

"Tell 'em it's been cut out."

"The Scientific Society of Clam Cove, Long Island, asks for $10,000 to buy alcohol to preserve specimens."

"Waste-basket."

"The Society for Providing Healthful Recreation for Working Girls wants $20,000 from you to lay out a golf course."

"Tell 'em to see an undertaker.

"Cut 'em all out," went on Jacob. "I've quit being a good thing. I need every dollar I can scrape or save. I want you to write to the directors of every company that I'm interested in and recommend a ten per cent. cut in salaries. And say—I noticed half a cake of soap lying in a corner of the hall as I came in. I want you to speak to the scrub-woman about waste. I've got no money to throw away. And, say—we've got vinegar pretty well in hand, haven't we?"

"The Globe Spice & Seasons Company," said the secretary, "controls the market at present."

"Raise vinegar two cents a gallon. Notify all our branches."

Suddenly Jacob Spraggins's plump red face relaxed into a pulpy grin. He walked over to the secretary's desk and showed a small red mark on his thick forefinger.

"Bit it," he said, "darned if he didn't, and he ain't had the tooth three weeks—Jaky McLeod, my Celia's kid. He'll be worth a hundred millions by the time he's twenty-one if I can pile it up for him."

As he was leaving, old Jacob turned at the door, and said:

"Better make that vinegar raise three cents instead of two. I'll be back in an hour and sign the letters."

The true history of the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid relates that toward the end of his reign he wearied of philanthropy, and caused to be beheaded all his former favorites and companions of his "Arabian Nights" rambles. Happy are we in these days of enlightenment, when the only death warrant the caliphs can serve on us is in the form of a tradesman's bill.

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FROM A PROFILE MADE IN 1791.

The Freezing of Washington

By OWEN WISTER

Author of "The Virginian," "Lady Baltimore," "The Seven Ages of Washington," etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—"How tiresome," we hear you exclaim; "why, I've known all about George Washington ever since I was a baby." But have you, now? Have you ever thought of him as a sensitive soul, writhing under charges worse than any being hurled today at President Roosevelt? Do you know of his rising at a cabinet meeting to exclaim that "he would rather be in his grave than in his present situation"? Just read the first few paragraphs of Owen Wister's article and see how little you do know about our first President. Read on, and your vision of a heroic image, a worshipful, but unlovable, impersonal superman, will give place to a living figure, red-blooded, warm-tempered: a humanized Washington.

UNLESS the reader knows more about the Father of his Country than schoolbooks ever taught him, he will not be prepared to hear that George Washington, one day when he was some sixty-odd years old, laughed so heartily at something that happened at Mount Vernon, that he rolled on the ground. Such an act does not fit with our idea of Washington. The reader is asked, before we go any further, to pause and sum up for himself just what he does know about Washington. It is more than likely to be somewhat as follows:

Born February 22, 1732; died December 14, 1799; fought Indians—time and place a little vague—was he not with Braddock? Married a widow named Martha; was commander all through our Revolution; was our first President, and had two terms; wrote a farewell address; knew Lafayette and Thomas Jefferson; crossed the Delaware at Trenton just before Christmas, and surprised the Hessians; beat Cornwallis at Yorktown; and was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

The above is the somewhat limited jumble of facts that the reader will probably find stored in his memory. But these are all public facts. What does the reader know of Washington the man? Again more than likely it will be as follows:

Cut down a cherry-tree with a hatchet; owned up to having done so, saying, "Father, I cannot tell a lie"; threw a stone very far across some river; climbed up the side of the Natural Bridge and cut his initials; worked

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hard at school, was steady; was very good all the time, and everybody looked up to him; of course very brave; of course very wise, and a great patriot; was one of the greatest men in all history; was tall, strong, wore those knee-breeches of colonial days, and a wig; looked stern; would probably lecture you, and tell you to be virtuous and you would be happy. Such, if I mistake not, is the reader's notion of Washington as a man: cold, austere, unemotional, without passions, grand, not merely greater than human, simply not human at all; a sort of marble statue. A figure to prize, to be proud of as an American, a figure to revere, but not a character to love, to be drawn to, to feel any kinship with. In two words, *immortal yet not living.*

There is one point regarding historical persons of all countries and epochs that both historians and their readers fail to remark sufficiently, namely, that to be famous after you are dead is one thing, and to be living after you are dead is quite another. And in the case of George Washington we have the extraordinary paradox that he stands the greatest of Americans, yet the least alive of all our heroes. This is not at all because a hundred years divide him from us. Paul Revere is as far away as Washington, yet much more vivid to our imagination; so also are Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr and Major André; so is Pocahontas. None of these seems to us unhuman, or made of marble. Indeed, to put the thing as superlatively as possible, is it not true that Cleopatra's personality is more real to us than Washington's? If it is true, Cleopatra owes this tremendous survival of herself along with her official acts to a great biographer and a great poet. Plutarch and Shakespeare have handed her down to us alive, while our American school-books have frozen George Washington to death. They have preserved his *fame*, but killed *him.*

If you go on picturing a man year after year and generation after generation as being always without a fault, as being invariably solemn, as forever uttering wholesome and severe maxims, as never smiling, never relaxing from duty into enjoyment, if you persist in thus describing him, you may make him seem admirable, but you will certainly make him seem incredible. When we are children we do not think of this, of course; we listen to the cherry-tree story and all the rest of the school-book teaching, we have a holiday on Washington's birthday, and we undoubtedly grow up believing in his greatness and knowing that our nation owes its independence and existence to him; but are we much interested in him? Do we not feel a sort of chilly remoteness in connection with him? Should we not value him more, feel nearer to him, and realize his greatness more clearly and heartily, if we had been told of his great laughter, of his violent temper that he did not always control, of his fondness for sport—for duck-shooting, for fox-hunting, for the theatre? Which is the greater man—he who has no temptations to resist, or he who resists his temptations? Let the reader ask himself, would the poor, starving, ragged Continental soldiers have idolized their general as they did, if he had been the sort of moral mummy that our childhood had held up to it? The question answers itself at once, and dismisses the moral mummy from our heads, even before we come to know the wealthy store of human facts about Washington that our school-books have hitherto so consistently suppressed.

Let us very briefly search the cause of Washington's experience at posterity's hands. Is it not due in the main to a good instinct in men's breasts to revere what is noble among them, to set it up on a pedestal for the inspiration of those who come after? This he deserved as scarce any man that has ever lived has deserved it. And, had the detracting instinct prevailed, which is also in some breasts all the time, our country would have been robbed of the strongest posthumous influence for good that it possesses. But hero-worship is not alone responsible for placing Washington in too unearthly a light. He himself, through endurance of adversity and surmounting it, came to have a presence so majestic, and so generally held his stormy passions in firm control, that these were forgotten by his biographers, who gave us in consequence a statue instead of a man. To this impression another has materially contributed—his portrait by Stuart, so well known to all of us. In our national imagination Washington stands stiff, in somber dress, almost forbidding in countenance, looking as if even smiles were unknown to him. Of course, he could look so on occasions; but who of us was ever taught what he said about being painted?

"At first I was . . . as restive under the operation as a colt is of the saddle. The next time I submitted very reluctantly, but with less flouncing. Now, no dray-horse

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SAVAGE'S PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON; REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY. THIS IS PERHAPS THE TRUEST LIKENESS OF WASHINGTON.

moves more readily to his thills than I to the painter's chair." Do not these words, with their sense of amusement at himself, shed a warming light over the cold image that has stood so long in our minds?

They have taught us that when he was a little boy he said he could not tell a lie, but who ever taught us that when he grew into a bigger boy he wrote love verses?

"O ye Gods why should my Poor resistless Heart
Stand to oppose thy might and power . . .

"In deluding sleepings let my eyelids close
That in an enraptured dream I may
In a rapt lulling sleep and gentle repose
Possess those joys denied by day."

Surely it does not take away from our interest in the Father of our Country, nor diminish his greatness, to learn that he resembled the rest of us; that when he was angry he could say of a certain politician: "A damneder scoundrel God Almighty never permitted to disgrace humanity."

These are the things that have been kept from us; they were known, but they were hidden. Why? The answer brings us to the final factor in the freezing process to which George Washington has been subjected. It is probable that no other people would have so dealt with their great national hero, at any rate at the period when our

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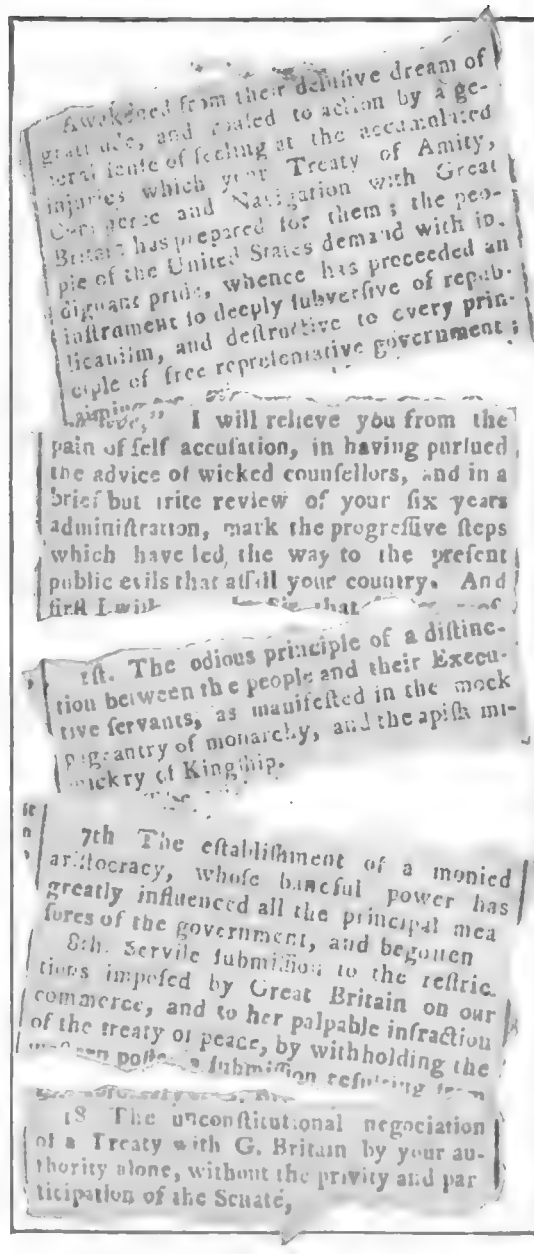
biographizing of Washington began. Deify as they might, legendize about him as they would — and this has been done since Moses, and Hercules, through the Cid, down to modern times— they would never have starched and ironed the human nature out of him; this required a somewhat special state of mind, peculiar to a large class of Americans of that day. Among our men of letters (with few exceptions, such as Cooper and Irving) there ran a spirit of smug provincialism, singularly stilted and pedantic. This spirit tampered with Washington's letters when they were first edited. He had written, for instance, regarding a proposed appropriation: "One hundred thousand dollars will be but a fleabite." His editor changed this to: "One hundred thousand dollars will be totally inadequate."



Awakened from their delusive dream of ... and roused to action by a ... sense of feeling at the accumulated injuries which your Treaty of Amity, Commerce and Navigation with Great Britain has prepared for them; the people of the United States demand with indignant pride, whence has proceeded an instrument so deeply subversive of republicanism, and destructive to every principle of free representative government;

... Sire," I will relieve you from the pain of self accusation, in having pursued the advice of wicked counsellors, and in a brief but trite review of your six years administration, mark the progressive steps which have led the way to the present public evils that afflict your country. And first I will ... that ...

1st. The odious principle of a distinction between the people and their Executive servants, as manifested in the mock pageantry of monarchy, and the apish mimickry of Kingship.

7th The establishment of a monied aristocracy, whose baneful power has greatly influenced all the principal measures of the government, and begotten

8th. Servile submission to the restrictions imposed by Great Britain on our commerce, and to her palpable infraction of the treaty of peace, by withholding the ... submission refusing ...

18 The unconstitutional negociation of a Treaty with G. Britain by your authority alone, without the privity and participation of the Senate,

THE ABOVE CLIPPINGS, FROM NEWSPAPERS OF THE PERIOD, ILLUSTRATE THE UNGRATEFUL ABUSE HEAPED UPON WASHINGTON AS PRESIDENT.

It is needless to point out to the reader that if tricks like this be played with a man's self-expression, not much will be left of him; and the above example is typical of the business throughout. While it may cause us a smile to-day, or even make us indignant, that a little smug editor should undertake to pronounce "fleabite" an unfitting term to emanate from the lips or the pen of the Father of his Country, we must do that sort of spirit the justice to acknowledge that if it erred, it erred on the right side. We were still a young nation, lacking in those tremendous props to stability that old countries possess: long-established traditions, deep-seated and unanimous religious creed, a broad, full background of history and heroes holding us together through all the shocks of progress, reform, civil strife—through all the shaking that must come to any nation. We had none of this, we had only our faith in our *future;* therefore, the more we were furnished with a sacred past the better, and Washington was altogether our most sacred possession. Consequently, if the children of America were to look up to him, were to be united and uplifted by his memory, they had best not begin by knowing that he wrote love verses, and at times lost his temper and used violent language; they had best hear how he told the truth to his father, how he crossed the Delaware amid the ice, how his soldiers loved him, and how he was unanimously chosen President of the United States.

But here we come to the end of any possible justification. School-books are not the

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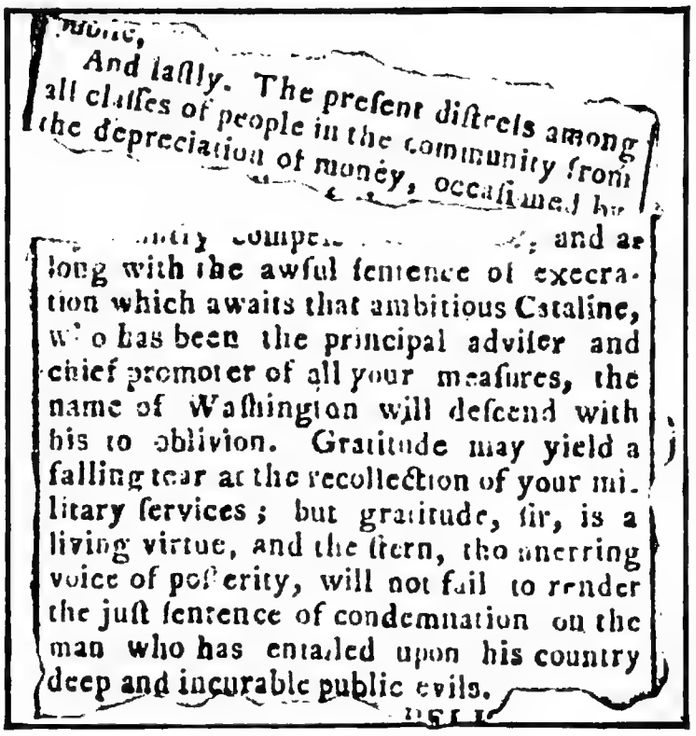
only books that have dealt with Washington and the whole Revolution in this spirit, and very nearly all our histories and biographies (until recently) have been written as if for children. Our literature has been too much in the sterilizing control of the non-conformist taste, and the non-conformist taste considers that history exists exclusively for the edification of the young. Therefore they left out everything "unedifying." They told us about the Declaration of Independence, but never mentioned that the Continental Congress came to be full of rascals and stock-jobbers who nearly lost the war for us. They told us that Washington was unanimously chosen first President, but preserved a pious silence about the manner in which he was presently caricatured and persecuted by the newspapers for a policy that the verdict of to-day acknowledges to be what saved the infant Republic from dying of fits shortly after it was born. It is with something more than astonishment, it is with something like petrifaction, that the American who has learned his history from these books opens the genuine documents and discovers the truth for the first time; finds Washington writing in 1787: "I almost despair of seeing a favorable issue to the proceedings of our convention and do therefore repent having had any agency in the business. The men who oppose a strong and energetic government are in my opinion narrow-minded politicians." And in 1789, on being elected President: "In confidence I tell *you* . . . that my movement to the Chair of Government will be accompanied by feelings not unlike those of a culprit who is going to his place of execution." And again: "We have probably had too good an opinion of human nature in forming our confederation."

We never thought of Washington as feeling in this way, nor were we prepared to hear that political spite ran to the length of drawing him in a cartoon as being publicly executed by the guillotine. And indeed it is mortifying even to-day to think that any portion of public opinion, no matter how it might differ with him in political views, could tolerate such treatment of the man to whom the country owed its life. His letters contain many passages on this subject, and here is one as a specimen: "If the Government and the officers of it are to be the constant theme for newspaper abuse, and this, too, without condescending to investigate the motives or the facts, it will be impossible, I conceive, for any man living to manage the helm or to keep the machine together." When he retired from his second term, he received from Bache's *Aurora* what may very well be the worst sentence of vilification ever bestowed by an American journalist upon an American President: "If ever a Nation was debauched by a man, the American Nation has been debauched by Washington."

Silly and fantastic as the sentence looks a century later, it was written by a man who believed it to be true, and it was read by men who believed it to be true. Between 1861 and 1865 similar sentences were written about Abraham Lincoln; these now seem equally silly and venomous to all who read them save a few, a very few, who have forgotten nothing and learned nothing. And during the panic of 1907, similar sentences were written and hailed as bull's-eye hits. Names and conditions change, but human nature is inveterate.


And laſtly. The preſent diſtreſs among all claſſes of people in the community from the depreciation of money, occaſioned by
long with the awful ſentence of execration which awaits that ambitious Cataline, who has been the principal adviſer and chief promoter of all your meaſures, the name of Waſhington will deſcend with his to oblivion. Gratitude may yield a falling tear at the recollection of your military ſervices; but gratitude, ſir, is a living virtue, and the ſtern, tho unerring voice of poſterity, will not fail to render the juſt ſentence of condemnation on the man who has entailed upon his country deep and incurable public evils.

When, with much lack of tact, a member of Washington's cabinet showed him, at a cabinet meeting, the cartoon of the guillotine, his outburst of rage was most violent—and most natural. Thomas Jefferson, who was present, describes it: "The President was much inflamed, got into one of those passions when he cannot command himself, ran on to

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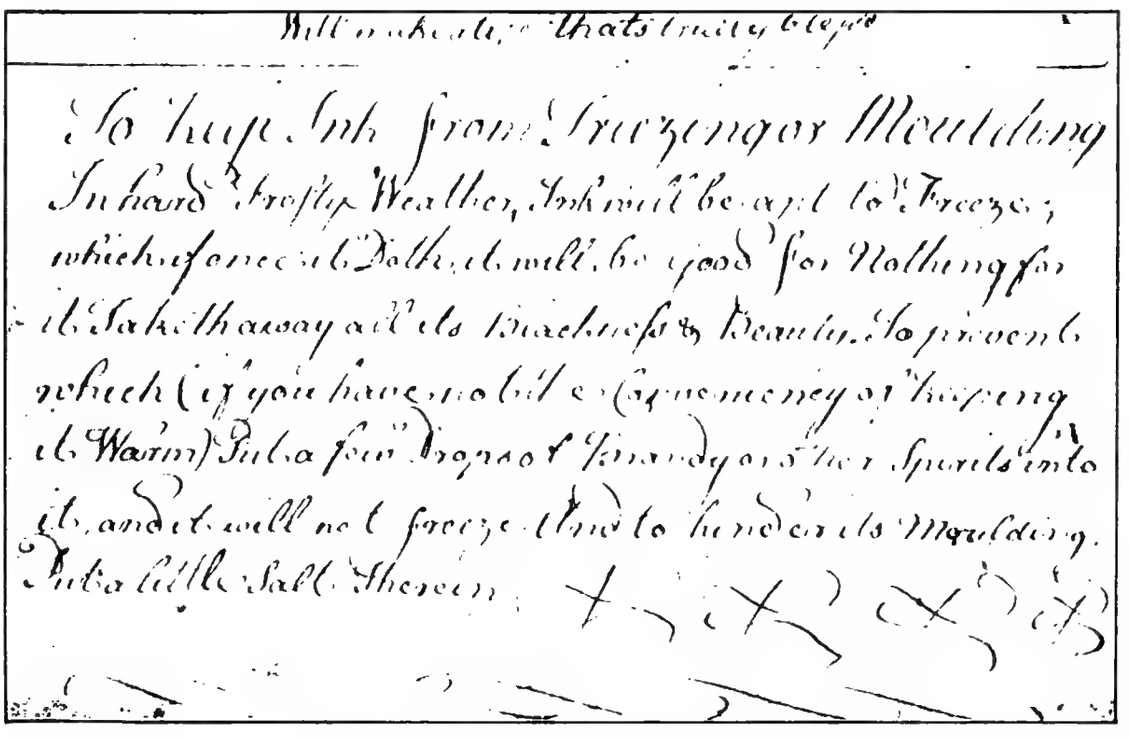
the personal abuse which had been bestowed on him, defied any man on earth to produce one single act of his since he had been in the government which was not done on the purest motives, that he had never repented but once the having slipped the moment of resigning his office, and that was every moment since, that *by God* he would rather be in his grave than in his present situation."

Does such a picture as this come into the idea of George Washington that we were taught? Let us now, from an example of his rage, pass to that example of his mirth already mentioned. He was at Mount Vernon, and his friend, John Marshall, and his nephew, Bushrod Washington, were coming to pay him a visit. The incident is related in the memoirs of a contemporary to whom Judge Marshall told it:

"Judge Marshall and Judge Washington were on their way to Mount Vernon, attended by a servant who had the charge of a large portmanteau containing their clothes. At their last stopping-place there happened to be a Scotch pedler, with a pack of goods which resembled their portmanteau. The roads were very dusty, and a little before reaching the general's, they, thinking it hardly respectful to present themselves as they were, stopped in a neighboring wood to change their clothes. The colored man got down the portmanteau, and just as they had prepared themselves for the new garments, out flew some fancy soap and various other articles belonging to the pedler, whose goods had been brought on instead of their own. They were so struck with the consternation of their servant, and the ludicrousness of their own position, being then naked, that they burst into loud and repeated shouts of laughter. Washington, who happened to be out upon his grounds near by, heard the noise, and came to see what might be the occasion of it, when, finding his friends in that strange plight, he was so overcome with laughter that he actually rolled upon the ground." But this same Judge Marshall, himself a great man, said shortly before his death, that there was in Washington's presence something so powerful and august that he could never feel quite at ease with him. Yet he was his friend, and had seen him roll on the ground. Few facts about Washington's personality are more full of significance.

If we join these two anecdotes together—both belonging to the last years of his life—we get a real man so vividly and immediately that his living, breathing figure turns our school-book image of him into a pale ghost. We must not let this whole-heartedness cause us to forget his dignity; on the contrary, we should see that it really increases his dignity. The pale image of him that has been taught us was dangerously near being *pompous*, not dignified. Pomposity is a trait based upon weak and bloodless foundations;



A RECIPE IN WASHINGTON'S NOTE-BOOK.

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Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

HOUDON'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON, PROBABLY THE MOST HUMAN STATUE OF WASHINGTON. NOW IN THE CAPITOL AT RICHMOND.

true dignity rests upon forceful manhood and strong passions held in control, so that they serve, instead of enslaving, their possessor.

Upon grave questions his mind was in the habit of acting slowly, and he generally reached conclusions only after long deliberation—with the result that Jefferson and other public men of his day pronounced his judgment the soundest they had ever known; but there were moments in battle, and other moments as well, when he acted with a promptness that must have been appalling. He came one day during the Cambridge winter upon the beginning of a fight between some soldiers newly arrived from Virginia and some Yankee troops. The New Englanders had made fun of the Southerners' costume, and though harmless snowballing was all they at first indulged in, they had got further when Washington rode upon the scene. Such a fight was full of danger to our cause, as jealousy between North and South was bitter. The commander-in-chief sprang instantly from his horse, seized two Virginians by their throats, and shook them together until, when he had finished, everybody else had taken a prudent departure and the stage was vacant.

Yet this fierce spirit was at times overcome by tenderness. At the battle of Long Island, when he saw the slaughter of Americans beginning, he wrung his hands and cried aloud, "Good God, what brave fellows I must this day lose!" And upon another oc-

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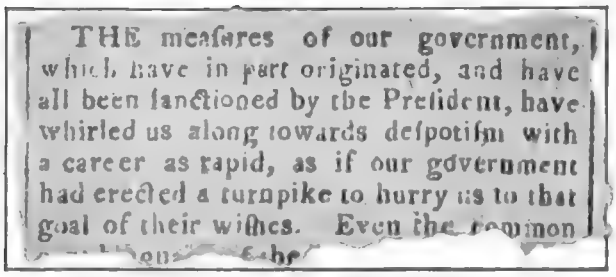
THE measures of our government, which have in part originated, and have all been sanctioned by the President, have whirled us along towards despotism with a career as rapid, as if our government had erected a turnpike to hurry us to that goal of their wishes. Even the common

AN EXAMPLE OF BITTER NEWSPAPER COMMENT ON OUR FIRST PRESIDENT

casion, when other soldiers were being bayoneted near New York and he was powerless to help it, he is said to have wept like a child. When he was scouting over the country in the neighborhood of Wilmington, just before, or just after, the disaster of Brandywine, he stopped at a country house for the night. A little daughter of the family learned who was beneath their roof, and begged very hard to be allowed to see him. She was brought in, and Washington said: "Well, my dear, you see a very tired man in a *very* dirty shirt." Another slight incident, but little known, used to be told to Philadelphians recently surviving, by a participant in it. When scarce more than a boy he had been a carpenter's apprentice, and one morning had been sent early to the house where the President was living, to make some repairs. He met upon the staircase a young colored girl cleaning, and the scream that she raised on account of some familiarity that he took with her brought instantly out into the hall a tall figure whose face was covered with shaving lather. "What in —— are you doing?" thundered the figure; and the next the apprentice knew he was flying down the stairs and so out of the front door, assisted at the bottom by a secretary. "And so," he used to conclude, when he narrated this adventure, "I had the honor of being kicked . . . by General Washington."

Nothing more reveals Washington as a man, and makes us realize him, than the many pages of letters and of diaries that he wrote on the subject of his farming at Mount Vernon. There is in these informal pages an intimate quality that we do not find even in the private letters to his closest friends. In fact, to know George Washington's character fully in every aspect of it, the following receipt might be pretty confidently given: To read, for his public side, a dozen or two of his addresses to Congress while President, and a dozen or two of his letters to Congress while commanding general; for his social side, a dozen or two of his familiar letters to Knox, Lafayette, Schuyler, Hamilton; for his domestic side, the same number to some of his nephews and nieces, to Lund Washington, and others of the family about family matters; and to finish with some pages from his various diaries. Such a course of reading would occupy about three evenings, and the reader would know the Father of his Country as he had never known him before, and respect him as he had never respected him before. We shall never know Washington's most intimate thoughts and feelings, because these were expressed (save here and there in rare moments of confidence) only in his letters to Mrs. Washington, and these were destroyed after his death, with very proper discretion. But from what may be called his home and farm writings we extract a few typical passages:

"In a letter from Mrs. Fanny Washington she mentions, that since I left Mount Vernon she has given out four dozen and eight bottles of wine. I am led by it to observe that it is not my intention that it should be given to every one who may incline to make a convenience of the house in travelling, or who may be induced to visit it from motives of curiosity. There are but three descriptions of people to whom I think it ought to be given: first, my *particular* and intimate acquaintance, in case business should call them there, such for instance as Dr. Craik, 2dly, some of the *most* respectable foreigners who may, perchance, be in Alexandria or the federal city; and be either brought down, or introduced by letter from some of my particular acquaintances as before mentioned; or thirdly, to persons of some distinction (such as members of Congress, &c.) who may be travelling through the country from North to South, or from South to North. Unless some caution of this sort governs, I should be run to an expense as improper as it would be considerable;—for the duty upon Madeira wine makes it one of the most expensive liquors that is now used, while my stock of it is small, and old wine (of which that is) is not to be had upon any terms: for which reason, and for the limited purposes already mentioned, I had rather you would provide claret, or other wine on which the duty is not so high."

The above is part of a letter to the person left in charge of his house during his absence in Philadelphia; the following are taken from various pages in his diaries and directions:

"Several of the family were taken with the measels. Hauled the Sein and got some fish, but was near being disappointed of my Boat by means of an oysterman who had lain at my landing and plagued me a good deal by his disorderly behavior. Mrs. Washington was a good deal better to-day, but the oysterman still continuing his Disorderly behavior at my

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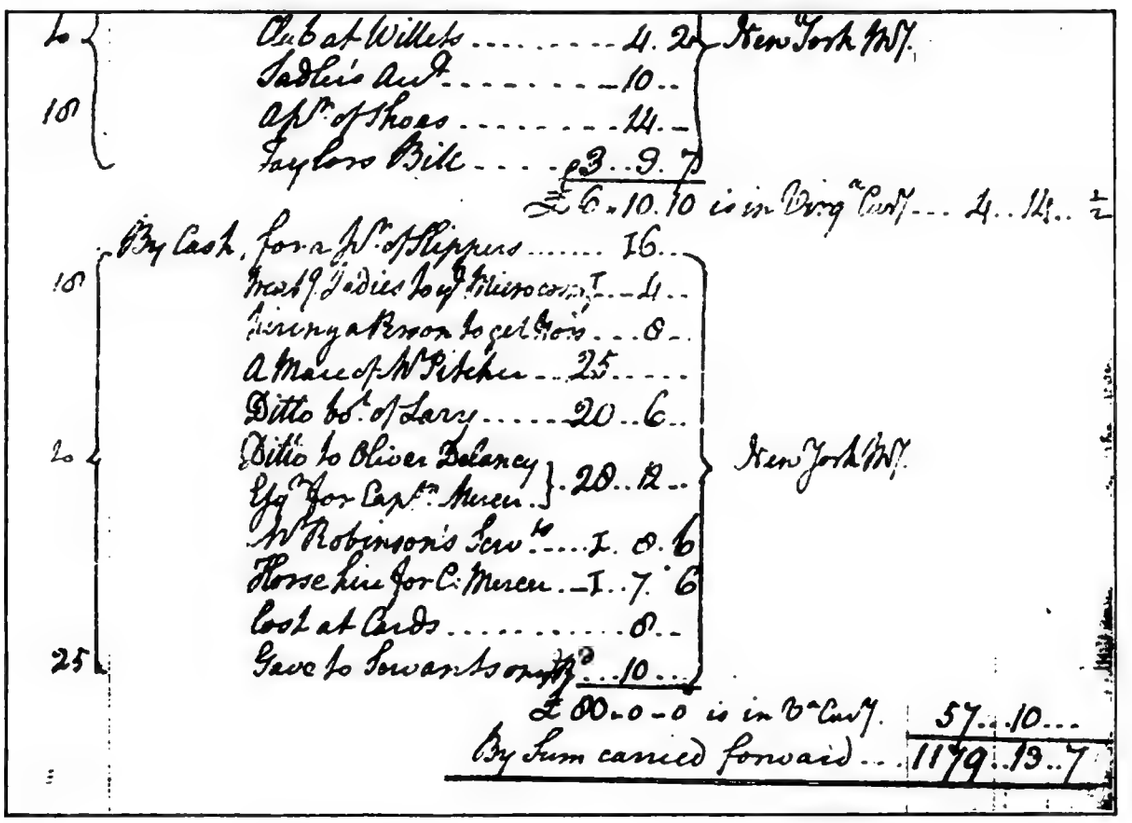
landing, I was obliged in the most peremptory manner to order him and his company away. . . . Visited my Plantation. Severely reprimanded young Stephens for his insolence. . . . After Breakfast found Stephens hard at work with an ax—very extraordinary this! Spent the greatest part of the day in making a new plow of my own invention. Set my plow to work and found she answered very well. . . ."

"You will be particularly attentive to my negroes in their sickness; and to order every overseer *positively* to be so likewise; for I am sorry to observe that the generality of them view these poor creatures in scarcely any other light than they do a draft horse or ox instead of comforting them and nursing them when they lye on a sick-bed. Doll at the Ferry must be taught to knit, and *made* to do a sufficient day's work of it. Lame Peter, if nobody else will, must teach her. Tell house Frank I expect he will lay up a more plenteous store of the black common walnut. . . . And I wish you would reprehend the overseers severely for suffering the sheep under their respective care to get so foul as I saw them when I was at home. . . . I find by the reports that Sam is, in a manner, always returned sick; Doll at the Ferry, and several of the spinners very frequently so, for a month at a stretch; and ditcher Charles often laid up with a lameness. . . . What sort of lameness is Dick's and what kind of sickness is Betty Davis's? a more lazy, deceitful, and impudent huzzy is not to be found in the United States. . . . I am as unwilling to have any person in my service forced to work when they are unable as I am to have them skulk from it when they are fit for it. . . . If some of the nights in which overseers are frolicking were spent in watching the barns, visiting the negro quarters at unexpected hours, waylaying the roads, or contriving some device by which the receivers of stolen goods might be entrapped, it would redound much more to their own credit than running about."

There may well be a thousand large pages of such details: orders about corn, tobacco, spinning, breeding animals, planting trees, ditching, rotation of crops—and all in the same vigorous homely style of English, full of common sense, kindness, justice, knowledge of the soil and its herbs, disclosing the huge energy of the writer, and his marvelous grasp of detail. But imagine our early historians and instructors permitting us to know that the great Washington ever wrote such words as "a more lazy, deceitful, and impudent huzzy is not to be found in the United States"! The veil of non-conformist prudery was drawn over all such human naturalness, and thus, while our minds admired Washington, our hearts were estranged from him. We are slowly ripening from this green state of provincial hypocrisy; history begins to be written truthfully, without suppression of documents.


Club at Willets ..... 4. 2 } New York Curt.
Saddlers Acct ..... 10..
A Pr. of Shoes ..... 14..
Taylors Bill ..... £3..9..7
£6..10..10 is in York Curt. ... 4..14.. ½
By Cash. for a Pr. of Slippers ..... 16..
Mast. Judies Boy Tillers comp. I..4..
Giving a Person to get Coin ...8..
A Mare of Mr Pitchers ..25.....
Ditto to Sr. of Lary .....20..6..
Ditto to Oliver Delaney Esq. for Capt. Mercer } .20..12.. } New York Curt.
Mr Robinson's Servt. ..... I. 0. 6
Horse hire for C. Mercer ..I..7..6
Cost at Cards ..... 8..
Gave to Servants of Mr. ..10...
£80-0-0 is in York Curt. 57..10...
By Sum carried forward ... 1179..13..7

AN EXTRACT FROM WASHINGTON'S ACCOUNT-BOOK.

Yet during the year of 1907 an account of Washington was published, which steps out of its way to assure the reader that the general, in reprimanding Charles Lee at Monmouth Court-House, used no language that could not have been employed by a school-

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marm to rebuke a five-year-old on a Sabbath morning. This absurd *unmanliness* of attitude toward life has here and there defeated its own end, and brought about an evil reaction. Stories have been spread that Washington was unfaithful to his wife, and the circumstances have been given. But each scandal has been traced carefully back, link by link, until it has been found to end in pure and groundless invention. The standards of marital regularity were, in the eighteenth century, far less strict than they became during the Victorian era, and had the scandals been true, they would merely have showed Washington in this to have resembled many of his contemporaries; but in this he did not resemble them. He had a more solemn value for a given oath than they had, and than is felt by many at the present day, and he respected his own promise at the altar.

More space to depict the man's character cannot here be taken; the anecdotes and quotations, selected with a view to their comprehensiveness, must serve the present purpose; but it is needful to dwell with more emphasis upon Washington's grievous, unhappy experience of public life, and the truly contemptible ingratitude that he received at the hands of many politicians and political newspapers. Over this also has the smug non-conformist spirit dropped its veil, and by so doing it has imparted to several generations of Americans a sort of vague idea that somehow "the fathers" moved in a noble unanimity of self-sacrifice, and that Washington himself (save during a brief occurrence that we indefinitely know of as the Conway Cabal) walked in a species of halo, blessed by the voice of the people from the end of the Revolution until the day of his death.

The scene in the cabinet, described above, and Washington's outbreak of stormy language, as well as the sentence quoted from Bache's *Aurora*, should have given a vivid hint that all did not run so smoothly and gloriously as the school-books would have us to believe; to this must be added that we came very much nearer destroying ourselves after the Revolution than England came to destroying us. Many schemes for repudiating our debts were brought forward; a large party was bitterly opposed to federal taxation; our credit as a new nation with other nations narrowly escaped with its life. Washington supported the measures of finance that tended to place us on our feet, and did place us on our feet. For this he was denounced with a violence that to-day seems as incredible as it was childish. But the attacks upon him reached the height of their virulence during the bloodiest hours of the French Revolution, and when France went to war with England. A large party—chiefly those opposed to any scheme of federal taxation—wished to plunge the United States into this European war. We had no resources, we had barely begun to gather breath from our own war, and disturbances in Europe were matters that Washington and others (now recognized to be of sound judgment) considered things for us to keep out of. Therefore Washington issued a proclamation of neutrality. It was this that brought the fiercest storm down upon him. Those tongues that correspond to the "yellow" journals of to-day went so far as to call him a traitor. No idea of the abuse can be got, save by reading the newspapers and speeches of the time; but the whole experience ended by damaging Washington's health. The exposures and hardships of the Revolution had made a heavy drain upon his constitution, but the political strain and abuse that came during his Presidency may be said to have broken him, and he retired to Mount Vernon enfeebled in body and weary in brain. It is very noteworthy and most deserving of comment that all his most bitter enemies took particular pains before their own deaths to assure posterity that they held him in the highest regard and admiration.

This finishes our brief attempt to sketch that George Washington whom the non-conformist spirit so sedulously concealed—and so successfully. For although Washington Irving long ago wrote a life of him that paints him alive and no mummy, it has not prevailed against the mummy of the school-books, because the majority of people do not read it: it is in five volumes. In later years Mr. Worthington Chauncey Ford has edited Washington's writings in a manner that it would be hard to overpraise. In those pages is to be found everything that has been said here—but the majority of people do not read them either: they are in fourteen volumes. So, in the national imagination, George Washington will continue to be a marble statue until authentic knowledge of him filters down from the few instructed through the many uninstructed; and that always takes a long time.

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THE REVELATION

By DOROTHY CANFIELD

Author of "Gunhild," etc.

Illustrations by Urquhart Wilcox

IT was gradually borne in on Gregory Winthrop that he was regarded by Blue Mound as a personage, as a man of distinction. In all his relations with the inhabitants of the Indiana town into which his visit there brought him, he was surrounded by an atmosphere of deference to his opinion, of respect for his judgment, of unreasoning humility in matters of literature, and unfounded awe for his supposed knowledge of society-life in the great world-centers. Even his sorrow-dulled eyes could not fail to note the picture of himself as a wealthy, distinguished, and learned cosmopolitan which was presented to him on every side by the people who made up the society of the little city.

The fact that he surveyed this quaint caricature of himself without a smile was another dispiriting proof to him of how completely his wife's death had dried up the springs of spontaneous life within him. He had a momentary vision of how wisely and mirthfully and tenderly she would have laughed with him over her fellow-townsmen, how she would have interpreted the honest desire for excellence which underlay their sometimes grotesque strivings for sophistication, and how she would have made them as intelligible to him, seeing them for the first time, as they were to her loving insight.

They had so often talked together of this first visit to her old home, and Mary had prophesied with such a gay accuracy nearly all that would befall them. She had promised him a dip into "real America" after his desultory life of wanderings. But even she had not foreseen that his little volume of hesitating essays, the only tangible result of his dilettante dabbling in literature, would prove a pedestal to him, nor that the fact that he need not work to supply his modest wants would make him the first real representative of the leisure class which the busy little manufacturing town had ever seen. He imagined Mary's whimsical smile as she might have added, "except tramps and hoboes, of course."

The recollection of her smile brought with it his usual aching, unreconciled sense of loss. It was intolerable how much he continued to miss her. They had been married only two years, but in that time she had penetrated to the subtlest fibers of his personality, until now to live without her was a pain recurrent with every thought. One vision alone he had of her which brought with it a moment's peace, and not the stab of his forsaken desolation. During their life together, in moments of great and joyful emotion she had had for him a look so passionately tender that it lifted them both out of the narrow bounds of humanity. The look had brought immortality to him, and now, when he could summon it up before him, it brought a consolation great enough to solace even his sorrow.

With what a strange tangibility her soul had transfigured her features! Her expression was literally all one ever saw. Not alone in remembering her but in actually looking at her, she had given only the impression of the emotion which burned within her at the moment. She was joy incarnate, or pity, or mirth, or pensive meditation. The light shone from within so radiantly that material outlines were lost in the lovely glow. Brooding over this, Gregory remembered with resentment that her aunt insisted that little Rosy, her daughter, Mary's cousin-sister, was an exact reproduction of Mary at her age. Mrs. Hamilton could not see any difference between what Mary must have been at twenty and the pretty, ineffective sweetness of Rosy. That meant simply that she had never seen Mary at all. It was a characteristic trait in the hopeless dulness of the woman who had been a mother to his wife, the woman she had loved with so gentle a

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knowledge of her limitations. It made Mary's magical insight seem even more wonderful to learn among what unseeing people she had lived, for in that household all her life had been spent until the winter he met her in New York and carried her off to Paris. His acquaintance with the sordid, uninteresting woman threw into radiant relief Mary's lovely faith in humanity. She had known her aunt's dull materialism, her mean ambitions, and petty ideals, and had not been daunted in her love by them.

Gregory wondered what she would have done in the present crisis, what wise and inspired plan she would have evolved to do the best thing for poor little Rosy. He wished there was something he himself could do for the child, but he felt helplessly repelled by the whole situation. The deadly baldness of Mrs. Hamilton's statement to him revolted him. She had said heavily, "Yes, Rosy's in love with him, all right, I guess. She's that kind, and for a while he couldn't do enough for her. But you know we don't go with the society folks very much, except what we see of them at church fairs and that sort of thing; and since Charlie has been catching on with them he thinks because Rosy earns her living teaching school she isn't good enough for him. He likes her when he sees her, all right, though. She can fix herself up to look perfectly lovely when she thinks she's going somewhere where he'll be; but of course they don't go to the same kind of thing any more, and a girl can't do much if she can't get hold of the man to begin with.

"I feel awfully about it. Rosy is just sick with worry, but what can I do? I never was in with that set, not even when they used to take on so over Mary, and Rosy hasn't got Mary's brains to push herself in. It's too *bad!* Charlie is a real nice fellow and I don't blame Rosy a bit for liking him. He's ambitious, that's all the trouble. But if he only knew it, a sweet pretty girl like Rosy that would never set up against him would be more help to him than one of the hustling kind that might have ideas of her own."

Gregory shuddered as he remembered this explanation, as much at his own hard incapacity to realize the woman's anxiety and sadness under her vulgarity, as at her frankness about Rosy's love for a man who did not think her good enough for him. In his listless lack of sympathy he recognized again the absence of his wife's quickening influence upon him.

In the end, it was Rosy herself who struck through this somber veil of preoccupied indifference. He was beginning to hope that he could soon finish the business which kept him in a place so painfully filled with suggestions of all those years of Mary's life before he knew her—years so cruelly numerous compared to the few he had had with her—and he was looking forward almost with eagerness to one of his wandering, aimless journeys in new scenes. He longed to put Blue Mound and his experience there out of his mind, and to have Mary's image all his own again. Here he shared it with these heavy-witted people who had lived with her and had not known her. Even little Rosy, with her faint likeness to her dead cousin, was an intruder on his grief. At moments the girl did look as Mary might have looked without her soul of purity and passion, and it was a profanation to him.

One day he met her walking beside a young man who was palpably the Charlie of Mrs. Hamilton's confidences, a tall young fellow with the slightly fatuous air which curly hair gives to a very blond man. Rosy's bright dark face glowed like a pansy; she looked up at him with a pathetic absorption in his careless talk.

As Gregory noted indifferently the significance of their attitudes, a handsome carriage, one of the few broughams in town, drew up beside the curb. He recognized the occupant as a Mrs. Stephens, whose husband owned a large estate on the edge of Blue Mound. She knew friends of his in Boston, and he had been invited to the house with an insistent cordiality. It had been hard for him to escape the pleasant attentions of the handsome matron, somewhat peremptory from a long habit of social leadership, and now instinctively he drew back lest she should see him. But she did not look in his direction. Her eyes were fixed on the couple he had been observing, and she called to them in a clear, brisk tone.

"Oh, Mr. Manning, I'm so glad to see you just now." She gave a short, absent nod to Rosy and a "Good morning, Miss Hamilton," as sole recognition, and turned again to the young man. "Mr. Manning, don't you remember saying you had an inspiration about the decorations for the Charity Ball? Well, I'm all tangled up on whether to use those scarlet flowers for the anteroom, or to make it a Japanese cherry-blossom effect. Can't you get right in with me now?—and I'll take you over to the ballroom and we'll decide."

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Before so open an abandonment even the young man with the yellow curls hesitated, although he was almost visibly swayed toward the carriage. Rosy looked at him with a wistful and humble anxiety which made the spectator burn with shame for her and with rage at the others. Her soft dark eyes were actually glistening with a premonition of tears. Suddenly she appeared to Gregory as Mary might when a little child.

Mrs. Stephens waited an instant and then spoke to the girl with an offhand accent of patronizing superiority which started Gregory forward with a bound. "I know you won't mind letting Mr. Manning go, will you, Miss Hamilton? It's all in such a good cause, you know." Her voice changed suddenly to an italicized and somewhat fluttered cordiality as Winthrop came on the scene. "Oh, Mr. *Winthrop!* Why, I didn't see you! This *is* a pleasure to catch you away from your stupid lawyers."

Gregory bowed and addressed himself smoothly to all three collectively. "I grew suddenly unbearably tired of the whole dusty business, and I was on my way to try to persuade Miss Hamilton to cheer me up by taking a walk with me. And now I find myself arriving just in time." He put Rosy's trembling little hand in his arm and confronted the others with an unsmiling grimness.

Around his granite figure Mrs. Stephens poured a flood of enthusiastic and propitiatory deference. "Not at all, Mr. Winthrop! You sha'n't carry off Miss Hamilton from us in that way. You shall both of you get in with Mr. Manning and me and we'll all have a cozy time fighting over the decorations. Indeed, we can't get along without your advice, Mr. Winthrop. You have seen so much, you must be full of ideas new to us country people. It's not often that we have so distinguished an assistant at hand."

"HE THINKS BECAUSE ROSY EARNS HER LIVING TEACHING SCHOOL SHE ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR HIM."

She was ignoring Rosy again as she finished. The self-restrained man of the world sacrificed his dignity and wrathfully snatched up florid speech as the only retaliatory weapon at hand: "No, not even for you, dear Mrs. Stephens, would I forego the pleasure of walking out on this lovely April day with its lovely incarnation in flesh and blood. You and Mr. Manning devote yourself to the task, and when Miss Hamilton and I come to the ball we shall do our share by applauding you."

He felt himself overacting the part like a too emphatic actor, as he drew the girl away, bending over her with an ostentatious devotion, but he was angrily aware that in no other way could he reach the perceptions of his audience.

After they turned a corner and were out of sight, Rosy's bosom heaved with a wave of

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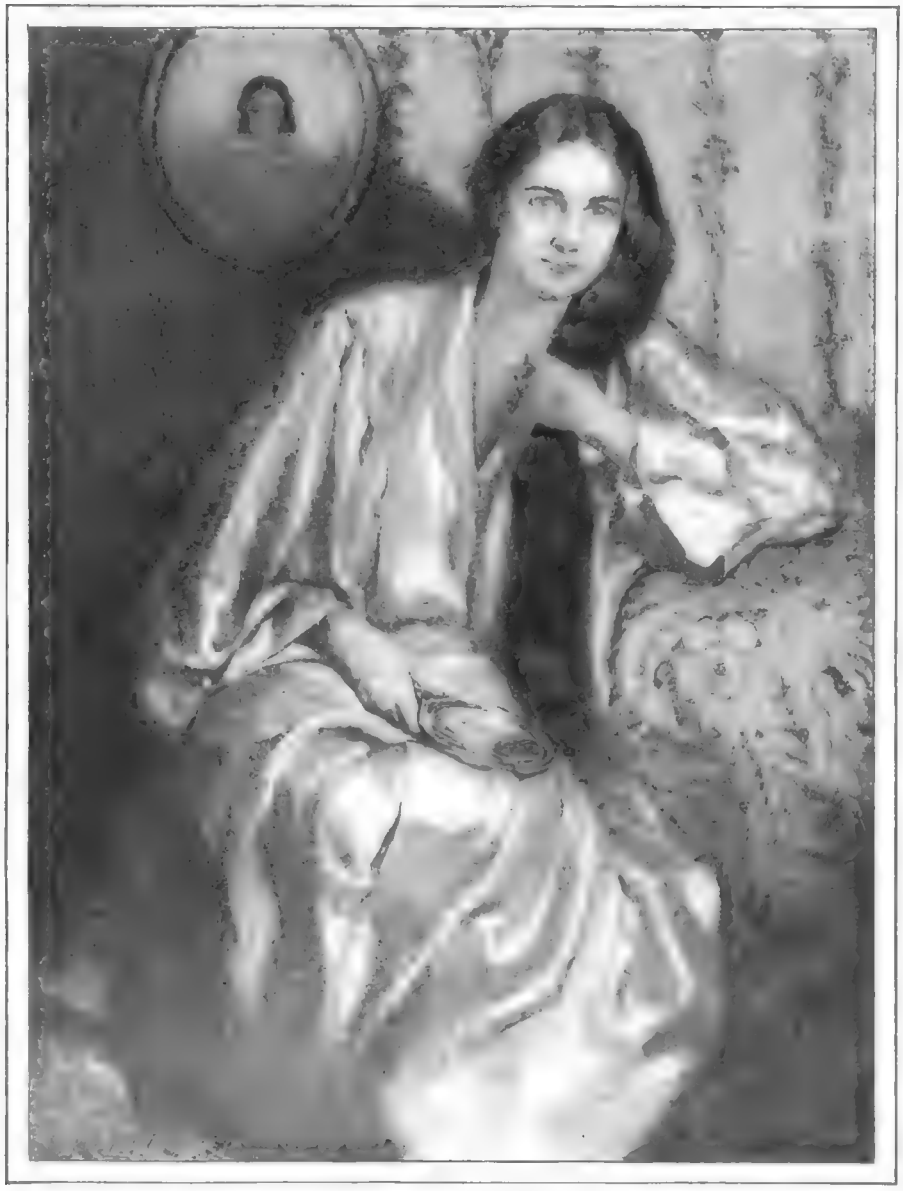
emotion which drowned her little voice, trying bravely to prattle unconcernedly. She made no attempt either to conceal her tears or to explain them to the man at her side. He seemed almost old to her, certainly of another generation, concerned with business and serious matters, and quite past sympathizing with her distress. He was Cousin Mary's husband, even though his wife was now dead; he belonged to that great negligible company where are enrolled fathers, and uncles, and hardware merchants, and clergymen, and leading men of the community. She wiped her eyes without a thought of him.

At the gate of the Hamilton house he recalled himself to her. "Rosy, wouldn't you like to go to the Charity Ball? If you will go, I will stay over next week and take you."

The girl's delight was like a flame in her



ROSY.

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eyes. "Oh, Mr. *Winthrop!*" she breathed. "*Really?*"

Gregory turned up the walk with her. "We'll speak to your mother about it and make sure," he said kindly, his heart moved by the pathos of the child's joy. She was transfigured, she was all trembling, blind hope. She was really charming.

At the ball she wore the same look of supreme pleasure. She breathed forth rapture so that it was exhilarating to behold her. She confided to Gregory on their way that it was her first real great party and that he must correct her if she did anything wrong. As a matter of fact her manner was perfect, a natural instinct for dignity toning down to a subdued sweetness the brightness of her infectious delight. Gregory paid her the most elaborate tribute of obvious admiration, following her about with his eyes, and dancing with her on every pretext.

Charlie Manning was introduced to him, and he apologized for snatching Miss Hamilton away the other day, insinuating that the young bank-clerk would understand as between two men of the world that there could be no rancor in honest rivalry. He ended with: "And who could blame me! She's the most remarkable creature to find off here, isn't she, now? I dare say there can be but few in a place like this who have the experience to appreciate all the rare subtlety of her charm." After the young man left him to claim a dance with the subject of their conversation, he smiled at his retreating back with a sour cynicism which he felt to be beneath him. Somehow, without Mary he had not the strength of faith to keep him from cheaply misanthropic moments.

The next week he still stayed on in Blue Mound, although he told every one frankly that his business was ended. In the afternoons he walked out to the big schoolhouse where Rosy taught, and carried her off from the crowds of adoring children who flocked about her. Sometimes he took her to drive in the solitary dog-cart which the livery-stables of the town afforded, a conspicuous red-wheeled vehicle on whose uncomfortable, jolting apex Rosy poised her fluttering ribbons and pretty hats like a flower nodding to the winds of spring.

Once he invited "the Stephens crowd," as the most select satellites of that leader were called, to a box-party at the "opera-house," and gave them an expensive supper afterward at the best hotel, seating Rosy at his right hand and Charlie Manning next to her. The girl's face was dazzling with happy vivacity, and she ventured on a lively sally or two which Gregory set richly before the company in the sumptuous frame of his admiring appreciation. She was quite openly the center of attention.

That night when he took her home, her mother sent her off to bed and kept Gregory on a pretext of showing him a child-picture of his wife. She made haste slowly, looking at him with a furtive expression As she fumbled among the dusty photographs she said with a cracked note of falseness in her voice: "I guess I was mistaken when I told you Rosy cared so much about that Manning fellow. I don't believe she does . . . not so but what anybody else . . . " She found the picture and held it out without completing the sentence.

The man looked at it silently. It was taken when Mary must have been about sixteen. Her dark hair was parted over the smooth high forehead, across which ran the inimitably pure line of her eyebrows, with the little appealing upward arch, contradicted by the steady serenity of the eyes beneath, which he knew so well. The wonderful part about it was the way in which her wide dark eyes looked out. It was one of those happy chances when the camera really reproduces the inner meaning of an expression. Gregory's wife gazed at him out of the sweet young eyes which had never seen him, till his heart ached. He felt shut out from her, from this maiden gaze, as though all of himself that he had put into her eyes had been but a passing phase and had vanished away.

But there rose before him, consolatory, her divine look, her "wife's look," as he had called it to himself, that brooding, still passion of self-surrender, on fire with bliss. He was caught up for a moment's peace from his pain, and then desolation rushed over him, in a black flood. He threw his hands over his head with a gesture startling in a man so self-contained, and turned away out of the house. Mrs. Hamilton stared after him in bewildered silence.

She smiled knowingly, however, the next day, when he brought Rosy home from her school as usual, and left for her the customary bouquet of violets, a great clump massed together into an ugly and expensive cluster of unbroken purple. He had persuaded Mrs. Stephens that the girl could take a small part in some amateur theatricals to be given for

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"OH, MR. *WINTHROP!*" SHE BREATHED, "*REALLY?*"

the benefit of the town hospital, and the next evening he escorted her to the first rehearsal at Woodlawn, as the Stephens house was called. She wore his violets on a pale green dress. He called upon Mrs. Stephens audibly to note that Miss Hamilton looked like a young poet's entrancing vision of spring, and he did not wince at the cheapness of his own phrase. She played a maid to Charlie Manning's butler, and the two read from one book.

The next week was marked by an important event, the first formal golf-tournament in the town history. On Wednesday the new country clubhouse was to be opened with a house-warming, and Thursday was the last of the tournament. Gregory took Rosy to the supper and dance which celebrated the opening of the clubhouse, and remarked with acrid triumph the significant looks with which their entry together was saluted. Young Manning alternately stood far aloof from Rosy or hung close at her heels. He was nervous and pale, a condition which he explained on the ground of his having only a bare fighting chance for the championship on the following day. His usually complacent, handsome face looked positively drawn and unhappy. Rosy forgot her excitement over the ball in her solicitude. Her soft eyes answered the haggard questioning in his with an unwavering tenderness which drew the young man back to her resistlessly. She yearned over him with an innocent, unabashed sympathy. "Oh, I *do* hope you'll win," she told him ardently as they said good night.

Gregory was to take her to the tournament, and with a sudden inspiration for a dramatic effect he had telephoned to the nearest garage

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for a big automobile with a chauffeur. Resplendent with red paint and plate glass, the ugly and costly machine drew up before the Hamilton house, observed by furtive eyes from behind every shutter on the street. Rosy was quite swept off her feet by the glory of the occasion, and came twittering down the path, brilliant with excitement.

At the gate she stopped and clapped her hand to her heart. Across the street she perceived Charlie Manning advancing upon her with a purposeful face. He waved his hand to her, gallantly ignoring the imposing monster before him. "I was just coming to ask you to go to the Country Club with me and bring me good luck in the tournament," he called. Rosy palpitated and looked piteously at Gregory. She could not speak.

CHARLIE MANNING WAS BADLY BEATEN.

He laughed with a good-natured exultation. "Too late!" he cried gaily, propelling the girl toward the car and half-lifting her in. "Miss Hamilton's mine for the afternoon and evening. Speak quicker next time!" He nodded to the chauffeur, touched his hat to the young man on the sidewalk, and bore Rosy away in a magnificent cloud of dust and blue smoke.

All that afternoon he stood unwavering guard over his charge as they followed the players about. The bright May day, the e citement of the crowd, and the inspiritir breeze which shook the pale young leaves the trees brought a pretty color into Rosy sober face, but she was very silent and sul dued. Charlie Manning was badly beate playing much off his usual form.

In the evening Gregory took Rosy to corner in the large dining-room of the clul house, and in the midst of the gay talk an laughing calls between the other tables l

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isolated her from every one by his steady, low-toned conversation and insistent, intimate gaze. Manning sat with a crowd at a large table, and withdrew into a moody silence.

After the meal the whole company adjourned to the great veranda that overhung the little ravine before the house. The stars shone with the soft brightness of spring skies, and the twilight air was full of the troubling stir of the new season. Gregory drew Rosy aside into a corner, and sat between her and the others. As they relaxed in their chairs they both sighed heavily. The man felt very weary, and the sweet spring spirit of the night turned the knife in his wound with recollections of a spring in Provence with Mary —the season of his first amazed realization of the lovely world she created about her. He felt himself miserably exiled from any glimpses of the joy and beauty of that world, condemned to live with sodden materialists, himself as sodden, save for those haunting, piercing-sweet recollections. He was ashamed to feel savagely that the gentle weakness of the girl beside him appealed to him no longer. He was thoroughly tired of her, of it all, the brief gush of his sympathy lost in the vast aridity of his sorrow.

Rosy's head dropped back listlessly against her chair. For some time they sat thus in silence, remote from each other. Then Gregory saw young Manning coming down the veranda. His eye roved questioningly over the dimly perceived groups about him. Gregory stood up. "Rosy, I'm sure you won't mind if I leave you here to rest for a few minutes? I've just thought of a very important letter I must write." The girl shook her head indifferently, but before he was out of ear-shot he heard her fluttered, "Oh, *Mr. Manning!*" as the young man found her.

He wandered about inside the smoking-room, wretchedly trying to forget the rushing pulse of spring outside and all that it had once meant to him. From time to time he glanced at the clock with an ironic eye. Half an hour passed, an hour; the guests were beginning to come in from the veranda. He heard them saying that the moon was up now, and that a party of young people planned to walk home in the moonlight. Finally the house began to have a deserted air, and he opened the outer door.

A flood of silver light struck him in the face with a soft violence. As he stood for a moment, startled and dazzled, he heard Rosy's soft voice at his elbow. "Oh, Mr. Winthrop, *dear* Mr. Winthrop, Charlie says you won't be glad to know, but I'm sure you will be. You have been so kind to me—more than anybody. Charlie and I are engaged to be married. Just now it's been settled, while you were writing your letters."

After the first exclamations were over, during which Gregory rose to the occasion with precisely the right shade of surprised and disconcerted felicitation, there was a moment's silence. The moonlight gleamed whitely on the girl's fervent face. "You have been so good to me!" she said with a new and graceful assurance of manner. "I want Charlie to thank you for it, and as for me, I feel that I can never thank you enough for what you've done."

Gregory looked at the man beside her, his yellow curls glistening, his complacent face flushed with triumph, his eyes fixed on Rosy with an air of arrogant proprietorship.

Suddenly the older man's heart failed him. He turned cold with horror at himself, at his gross perceptions. What monstrous thing had he done? Into what hateful snare had he betrayed this little, fluttering bird? How lost and weakly wrong he was without Mary to guide him! How blind to the real significance of everything he was without her insight to teach him! He gave a broken exclamation. "Oh, my dear, my poor dear, I fear I've done nothing to deserve your thanks!" he cried aloud.

"Oh, how can you say such a thing!" protested the girl, confusedly. "Why—why—I am so happy now——"

Gregory turned away, sickened. He felt as though in wanton carelessness he had killed something frail and helpless, and as though the crime had shut him out from any right to life.

He summoned courage to glance again at his victim, and he faced a revelation. Rosy had forgotten him. She was looking at her sweetheart—a long, steady gaze. The moon shone full upon her face. Gregory's heart gave a great leap and all his pulses seemed to die within him for very awe.

The girl's face was transfigured by a look he had seen before—his dead wife's look for him—the look that conferred immortality.

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The Shanty-Man

By L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "The Call of the Sea," "Under Rocking Skies," etc.

Illustrations by Charles Sarka

HE had seen the big canvas sign of the bark's destination on her foremast as she lay in her dock on South Street, and, gaunt and sad-eyed, he had gone aboard and begged for a berth. He wanted to go home, he said —wanted to smell once more the scent of sugar and molasses going up Kongensgade from the landing-stairs, and to see the girls he used to know sitting in the market-place, with their calabashes piled high with *arepas*, alligator-pears, and all the other things for which he longed, but which money could not buy in the frozen North. He wanted to see happy people again, he said.

"And leave me short-handed the moment we make port," said the captain curtly.

He shook his head and smiled.

"Ah wan' tow see it once mo' befo' Ah die," he declared in his soft, melancholy voice; "but no mo', seh. Ah yen't no call tow stay dah, an' Ah'll come back."

So, moved by the pathos of his voice and by something peculiarly attractive in his dark and handsome eyes, the captain set him to work in the galley, where he cooked execrably for two days, when chance saved him from summary discharge and the mate claimed him for his own.

"The wind was blowing lively when we warped around to the other dock," the mate explained to the captain, "so I called Martin up to lend a hand. Well, sir, that man's got

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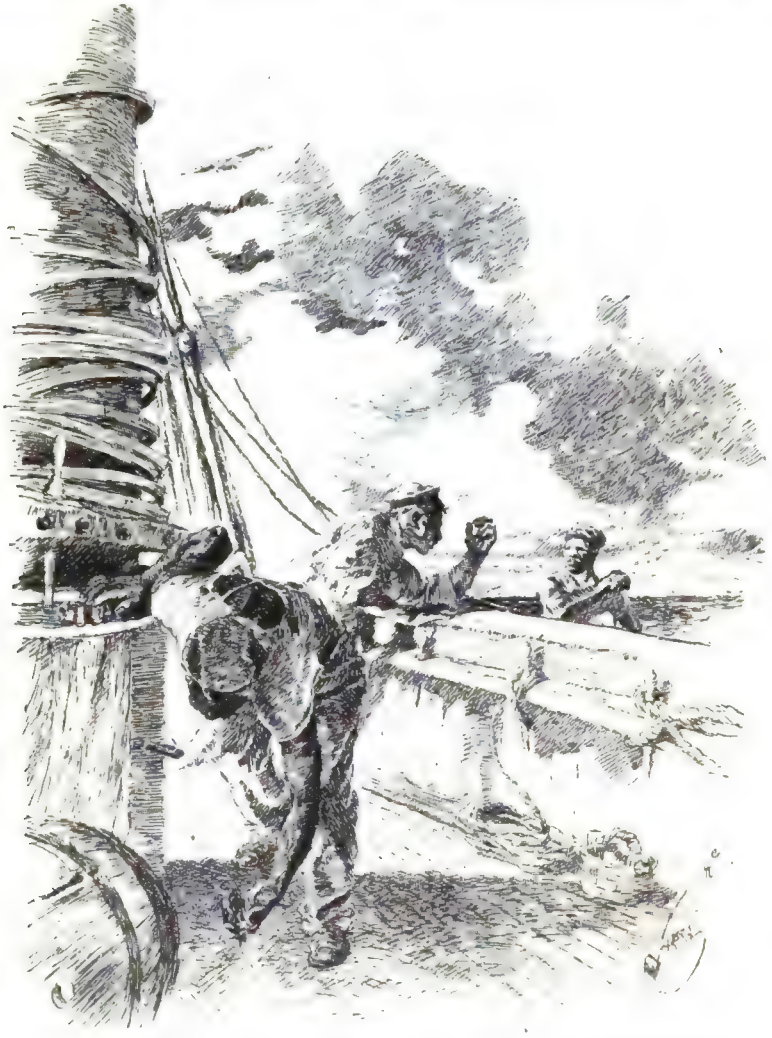
more pull in his voice than half a dozen men in their arms. It's as good as a concert to hear him sing on a hawser. And he's a good sailorman, I think. I put him through the A. B. catechism soon's I heard him calling on

made a landfall, and saw the peak above Christiansted swim out of the mist like a violet crown on the wonderful blue of the Caribbean Sea; and as they made the roadstead and came slowly to their anchorage, he



"YOU KEEP YOUR QUARRELS ASHORE, YOU CORAL-TOLD, COFFEE-COLORED BEACH-COMBER!"

that line. Put him in the forec's'le, sir; he'll make a great shanty*-man.† He can't cook." So Martin went home.

His sensuous joy in the mere physical aspect of the island of his nativity was almost pathetic when at last, one gray morning, they

stood at the rail and watched it with eager, homecoming eyes.

"Dah she is!" he exclaimed aloud—"dah she is—same ol' hill, same liddie town, same cocoanut trees, same ol' smell ob sugah; win'-mills a-goin', gals on dah beach a-washin' deir clo'es—heh, cyan't yo' heah 'em laugh an' see deir eyes a-flashin'?—oh, ma Lawd!"

And he did not disappear, as the captain

*"A song with a boisterous chorus, sung by sailors while heaving at the capstan or windlass, or hoisting up heavy weights, to enable them to pull or heave together in time with the song."

†Shanty-man—"The sailor . . . who leads the shanty . . ." —*Century Dictionary.*

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had half expected. Night after night he went ashore, but every morning found him in his bunk, and when at last the bark began to take on her cargo, and the crew, following immemorial custom, sang at their work, his pride in his leadership as shanty-man discounted any suspicion of a willingness to surrender the post.

It was eleven o'clock, and the hot sunshine beat down upon the deck, already sticky with molasses, the scent of which filled the air. A lighter, deeply laden with casks, lay alongside, and the crew of the bark were pumping the yellow liquid up through a canvas hose, to fall into the wide mouth of another that led down to the casks in the hold. Martin was at the hatchway, lazily pumping with one hand as he sang and watched the work in the hold. They were singing "Lorena," and gradually he quickened the tempo, till the pump-bars, keeping time to the sharply accented phrases, moved through a short, quick arc. The men breathed heavily. Suddenly a warning cry came up from below, and Martin stopped short, lifting his arm.

"Hol' on!" he cried.

The pump ceased, and a sailor, straightening up, wiped his forehead with the back of his hand.

"See here, man," he grumbled, "that's no jig tune. Go slow, can't you?"

Martin laughed.

"Ah kin mek men daunce tow any tune," he boasted. "Yo' watch me, ma frien'."

He sauntered to the rail and looked down. The lightermen had sunk upon the casks, with upturned faces staring at him. Brown, yellow, and black, they stared, their eyes showing white crescents, their faces rigid with the strained intentness of their gaze. Then one by one their eyes wavered before his look, and turned across the level water. Only one, who had not turned, lay on a cask, with his head on his arm. His yellow-bronze face, seen in profile, wore a look of settled melancholy.

Martin's eyes flickered as they fell on him, his lips curled mischievously. With an air of ostentatious carelessness, he settled upon the rail, with his back to the shrouds, and began to chant in a high monotone, which had in it a curious mockery:

"Dah pahson an' dah pries'
Been try faw mek dem 'shame';
Some nageh wuss dan beas';
Yas, dem mo' hahd faw tame."

It was an old song of the negro uprising of 1848, and the lightermen tittered as the man who was lying on the casks started up, shaking his shoulders angrily. The significance of the song for him lay in his well-known notoriety as a labor malcontent.

He glared darkly up at the shanty-man, who had turned his gaze toward the white beach, where the negro washerwomen laughed and chattered as they stood knee-deep in the tide and lazily pounded their clothes on the wet rocks with wooden paddles. All at once he sang:

"Myra, Myra, liddie Lady Myra!
Rose f'om dah rose-tree, lily f'om dah blade;
Light on her foot as dah win' upon dah cane-fiel',
Voice lak a ring-dove, cooin' in dah shade."

Something hissed through the air and struck with a twang against the mainmast, dropping to the deck. It was a sheath-knife. Without moving, Martin looked insolently down upon the man he had tormented.

"Betteh look out, yo' griff," he said softly. "Yo' huntin' faw trouble? Ma Lawd! yo' goin' git it!"

He slipped away to the pump as the mate rushed raging to the rail, glaring down at the lightermen.

"Who threw that knife?" he demanded. The attitude of the thrower, his body still poised, his face ashen with rage, made any confession unnecessary. He sank upon a cask as the mate roared: "You, heh? Well, you keep your quarrels ashore, do you hear? If you as much as bat your eyes over the rail of this vessel again, I'll attend to you, you coral-toed, coffee-colored beach-comber!" He turned away abruptly, looking for the knife; but it had disappeared.

"Where'd that go?" he demanded. He looked at the shanty-man, who smilingly touched the bosom of his shirt.

"Ah'm goin' gib it back befo' Ah go 'way," he said gently.

The mate hesitated, then walked aft.

"You keep out of trouble, or I'll attend to you," he growled over his shoulder. "You hear, now."

At the mizzen-rigging, the stevedore, a grave, middle-aged negro, was taking in slack on the hawser of the lighter.

"What's all that row about, William?" the mate asked irritably.

The stevedore nodded toward the man on the lighter.

"Ben Tamil's gal's named Myra," he said dryly.

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"Oh, I see," replied the mate. He hesitated, then asked: "Seems something queer about the way you folks act about Martin. What is it?"

The stevedore shook his head.

"Ah doan' know nuttin' 'bout him," he said evasively, turning away.

"He was born here, wasn't he?" persisted the mate.

"Oh, yas, seh; yas, seh," the man answered readily. "Dah's so, seh."

"Yet you don't know anything about him?"

"No, seh," said the stevedore, and went about his work.

Under the awning over the quarter-deck the agent of the consignors sat watching the mate with quizzical eyes.

"You want to know what's the matter with your shanty-man?" he asked, as the mate dropped into a chair by his side. "Well, the negroes won't tell you. They're afraid of him. They think he's an obi-man—a hoodoo, you know. There's a lot of that nonsense in the islands. I fancy he's been getting on their nerves badly."

"You heard that song he sang—about Myra?" said the mate. "William says that's the name of the girl of the fellow who threw the knife."

"Well," replied the agent, "that would make trouble, too. There's lots of bitter caste feeling among these folks, and Martin hasn't been received in Ben Tamil's crowd—hasn't white blood enough. A mestee won't associate with a negro, and there are many gradations among them. If Martin's looking above his caste, he'll get into trouble, obi-man or no obi-man."

"Well, he's plain forec's'le-hand aboard this vessel," replied the mate tartly, "and he'll get into trouble with me if he plays his monkey tricks off here. I won't have it."

He was sitting on the quarter-deck after supper that night, quietly smoking and watching the twilight fall. The captain was ashore. A pelican flew by, skimming the surface of the sea; the fronds of the cocoa-palms that lined the shore beyond the town stood black against the sky, motionless, mysterious. A hatch, dropped into place on a vessel in the roadstead, fell with a hollow crash that went echoing and reechoing among the hills with a distinctness that seemed to give sound bodily form. Against the white beach, in the crystalline air, the brown-clad form of a negress, pacing slowly homeward with a bundle of driftwood on her head, seemed drawn in ink on a white card, so clearly was she outlined. Her red bandanna had the effect of a spot of blood. Then suddenly the sun dropped below the horizon, the sunset gun on the little white-washed fort at the water's edge boomed sullenly across the harbor, and almost immediately night fell—a swift darkness that seemed to dissolve all visible objects in an inky solution. All at once the mate felt the stirring of the land wind across his face, and the town awoke to new life. Somewhere on the heights a conch-shell was blown, and a woman's laugh, shrill and high, but with an African mellowness in it, came clearly across the water.

A footfall sounded along the gangway, coming aft, and the mate looked up as Martin stopped before him, hat in hand.

"Ah'd lak tow go asho', seh, faw a liddie while. Ah'll come off early, seh," he said.

"Well, you can't go," the mate replied irritably. "You've been going ashore every night, and you've been making trouble. Now we'll call a halt."

Martin turned away, but at the gangway he looked back, hesitating.

"Go' night, seh," he said pleasantly, and went on. A moment later, from the forecastle deck, the quavering notes of an accordion drifted aft, accompanying the mellow liquidity of the shanty-man's voice.

The mate settled back in his chair with a sigh of enjoyment.

"Well, that nigger can sing!" he murmured aloud. "And he's good-natured; some would have been ugly in his place."

Song followed song. Now and then a shore boat drifted past, the rowers listening on their oars; at times a sound of hand-clapping rose from a neighboring vessel. Then the singing came to an end, and in the hush the mate dropped asleep.

A short time later a shore boat, drifting out of the night, floated in under the bow and held parley with the shanty-man, who had grown weary of his own music. Slinging his accordion over his shoulder by a leather strap, he dropped down to the boat by the bobstays.

"Tek me asho' by dah fo't, Sam," he whispered. "Ah'll look yo' up roun' dah 'long tow'ds mo'nin'. Ah wan' tow stretch ma legs."

When he reached the shore, he sprang out and hurried up to the Kongensgade, following it through the lower town, but always keeping in the shadow. Beyond the public garden

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IN THAT MOMENT THE DANCING GIRL ALMOST TOUCHED SUBLIMITY.

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he turned sharply into a narrow street that mounted steeply, set with many stairways. He came to a corner and paused. Fifty feet away he could see a large building, brightly lighted. The bamboo pipes were blowing; a *güiro* wailed across the night, with the deeper notes of the conch-shells and the *gombay* accenting the music. Through all—an undertone, like a throbbing in the ears—sounded the low shuffling of the feet of dancers. It was the ball of the Coral Troupe.

In the shadow of the tumble-down gateway the shanty-man could see three stalwart negroes standing on guard against a possible attack from a rival company of lower-caste negroes. The life of an ordinary intruder who tried to pass the door would not be worth a straw. How far his own reputation as an obi-man would protect him, Martin was in doubt; he grinned as he thought of the possibilities.

Suddenly a thought struck him, and, chuckling, he plunged into a thicket, and came out in the rear of the hall. Near the wall that surrounded it stood a tree, and climbing into it, he made his way along a lower limb and dropped lightly over the wall. As he stepped softly toward the rear door, which was open, he swung his accordion in front of him. Three yards away he struck up a lively air, and, walking swiftly, marched into the room, with the dancers stopping in an ominous pause, the men glowering, the women giggling nervously.

He circled the entire room, head up, eyes on the ceiling, keeping a shuffling step to the martial tune he played, and came to a sudden halt in front of the high, throne-like structure on which was seated the "queen," surrounded by her maids of honor.

With a low bow, he lifted his eyes to the queen, appealing, but yet with a glitter of mockery in their dark depths.

"Mos' noble Queen ob da Co'al Troupe," he said in a soft, conciliatory voice, "Ah come tow nom'nate 'mase'f yo' mos' humble se'vant."

The queen hesitated, turned a wavering look about the hall, then met his fixed gaze. Her own faltered.

"Ah b'liebe yo' ust tow 'sociate wid dah Blue Bells, Misteh Ma'tin," she said coldly—"dem low trash."

"Ma Lawd!" he exclaimed easily, "yo' goin' tow remembeh dat, is yo'? Dah's long 'go. Ah've seen dah worl' now, an' lea'n'd some sense; yas'm. An' ma folks come f'om Guadalupe, whah dey done 'sociate wid dah bes'—faw good reason; yas'm. Ah never did b'long tow dem Blue Bells by rights." His gaze turned an instant to one of her maids of honor, a small, piquant-faced beauty, whose skin had the tint of old ivory. Her head dropped to her hand, and she laughed. "Ah've seen dah worl', an' Ah've come back faw tow show ma repentances; yas'm, dah's so."

From a group of men about the doorway a low, menacing murmur rose, and a stir of excitement ran down the hall. The shanty-man darted a flashing look toward the disturbers, and their eyes fell sullenly. In the oppressive silence the queen waved her hand to the "leader," a woman who sat on a platform behind the band, across the hall from the queen.

Instantly the leader clapped her hands, the band struck into a barbaric measure, the bare feet of the men began to shuffle with a rustling purr on the sanded floor, and the eyes of the women lighted up. Shyly, in pairs, the dancers drifted out upon the floor.

Martin stepped lightly aside, and gazed placidly about him. Symbolizing their name of the Coral Troupe, the women were dressed wholly in pink. The men wore white shirts and trousers, but only Martin had shoes. The band was the usual one in the islands—a *gombay*, a rude drum, which was beaten with the fist; a *güiro*, a beribboned gourd, across the ridgy sides of which a sharp stick was drawn; a shake-shake, a bottle-shaped gourd filled with dry seeds; a conch-shell, and pipes of bamboo.

The floor filled fast, and, as the music quickened, Martin's foot began to tap the floor sharply; his face beamed. Suddenly he turned to a maid of honor at his side.

"Ma Lawd!" he exclaimed in a voice that easily carried to the queen, "dis yerry 'semblage mek dem Blue Bells look lak a back yahd; yas'm." He laughed lightly as he asked: "Yo' know how ol' dat Blue Bell queen is? Ah heah she done fergit, hehse'f." He laughed again, checked himself, and his face became soberly decorous as he added in a loud aside: "Yo' queen look lak Queen Vic*to*ry; only she's mo' gran'-lak dan Queen Vic*to*ry is."

Out of the press of the dancers Ben Tamil drifted to his side.

"Ah come tow notify yo', seh, dat dah gemmen say dey doan' mek no rumpus whah dah ladies is," he whispered hoarsely in Martin's ear. "Yo' git *in* all right; but

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PUSHED BACKWARD STEP BY STEP, HIS WOUNDED PRIDE LEAPED TO MURDEROUS PASSION.

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how yo' goin' git back aboa'd—safe?" He glided away, not waiting for an answer.

Martin's face showed no change; he was smilingly absorbed in the dancing. All at once, with a quick backward step, he turned and looked down into the face of the ivory-tinted little beauty.

"Yo' goin' daunce wid me, liddie Myra?" he asked plaintively. "Ah come, lak Ah said Ah'd come—frough fieh er wateh. Now yo' goin' keep yo' wohd?"

For an instant the girl hesitated, but only for an instant; then rising, with a little reckless fling, she stepped to Martin's side, and they melted into the moving throng.

With something of the effect of telepathic suggestion of evil, instantaneous and disturbing, a sense of the actual presence of the intruder in the dance seemed to seize the whole company at once. The music faltered; necks craned toward the pair, the men glowering, the women whispering. A quick look passed between the queen and the leader, and the latter, who had raised her hands to clap the signal for the music to cease, let them fall to her lap. A stalwart dancer stopped short in the middle of the hall, and roughly elbowing a path through the crowd, flung himself against the wall, and leaned there, scowling. Then the floor emptied fast.

Vain and mischievous as she was, Myra had courage. She danced on, though she knew that her partner's life hung by a thread, and that her own safety was involved in his. Only her grasp on his hand became tense as she waited, in an exaltation of emotional excitement, for the outburst that she felt must come. Just once she faltered, as, looking about her, she saw that they danced alone. For a moment the staring ranks of dark faces along the wall sobered her, and with frightened eyes she glanced up into Martin's face. His look held hers, reassuring her.

"Daunce!" he muttered. "Doan' stop, gal!"

As he swung toward the band, the *gombay*-player threw his drum to the floor with a crash, and stood up. As if at a signal, every instrument stopped.

"Daunce!" repeated Martin softly.

He dropped the girl's hand, swung his accordion in front of him, playing a strange improvisation as he circled about her. Suddenly he began to croon, "Oom-ma, *hula*; oom-ma, *hula*." His face stiffened, only his lips seeming to move; his eyes, burning in his yellow face, never left hers, as he quickened his crooning and swung with a catlike softness through his crouching, springing movements.

Except for the low note of his musical instrument in its weird following of his "Oom-ma, *hula*; oom-ma, *hula*," the scarcely heard thud of the feet of the dancers, and the quick coming and going of their breath, the room was in deathlike silence. In rows along the walls the dark eyes of the watchers stared, the intensity of their feeling betraying itself only in their tightly clenched hands and in a nervous twitching that from time to time flashed down the lines of strained faces, as the shadow of a cloud goes over a hillside.

In that moment the dancing girl almost touched sublimity. Transformed from the shallow coquette into the embodiment of an almost tragic devotion, with tense, unsmiling face, her lips slightly parted, her mind obeyed his will, her supple body was pliant and responsive to every movement that he made. Moving ever in front of him, now she receded, now drew near, now whirled with him, now circled about him with scarcely a perceptible stirring of her feet, now swayed in a wild choragic dance.

Suddenly drawing his accordion out to its full length, Martin crashed out a wild prelude, which gradually sank to a low accompaniment, and, rising to his full height, he began to sing:

"Daunce mo' slow an' lingehin', Lady Myra;
(Lily lady, gib ma heaht tow me!)
Peep o' day shall paht us, en' ma pleasure.
(Oh, ma lady, won't yo' set me free!)
Tuhn, ma featheh; whirl, ma laughin' shaddeh,
(Lady, trample on ma heaht no mo'!)
While dem common ladies pounds an' prances.
(Oh, ma lily lady, le' me go!)

"Myra, Myra, liddie Lady Myra!
Rose f'om dah rose-tree, lily f'om dah blade;
Light on her foot as dah win' upon dah canefiel',
Laugh lak dah ring-dove cooin' in dah shade!

"Rose an' jasmin, queenin' in dah gahden,
(Lily lady, tuhn yo' eyes away!)
Droop in shame wheneber yo' go by dem;
(Oh, ma lady, won't yo' go, an' stay!)
Tobe-bird sulks tongue-tied in dah mango,
(Lily lady, cain't yo' loose ma chain!)
Listenin' tow dah ripple ob yo' laughteh.
(Oh, ma lady, go an' en' ma pain!)

"Myra, Myra, liddie Lady Myra! etc.

"Look! dah daybreak mekes dah candles dimmeh!
(Lily lady, go; faw we mus' paht!)
No; yo' eyes hab put a shame upon dem.
(Oh, ma lady, gib me back ma heaht!)

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But dah sun is trackin' on dah wateh.
(Lily lady, won't yo' say good-by!)
Den dah day hab come tow steal ma treasure.
(Oh, ma lady, go, an' le' me die!)

"Myra, Myra, liddie Lady Myra!" etc.

As he entered upon the last verse, he began to move backward slowly, keeping time to the steps of her dance with his softly shuffling feet. His eyes, fixed upon the girl's, drew her after him with something of almost hypnotic influence. The final chorus was reached as he neared the door, pushed it open with his foot, and backed slowly out. For a moment the girl faltered on the sill, her pink dress blown backward by the soft rush of the night wind; then she, too, disappeared from the sight of the tense watchers in the hall, and only the notes of the song, softened and melancholy, floated in to them.

As it ceased, in the oppressive hush that followed; a tremor of emotion ran through the company, like the nervous tremor that comes to a sleeper rudely awakened; then a woman laughed wildly, and the spell was broken.

Martin, outside the gateway, heard the laugh, and caught Myra by the hand.

"Come! Ma Lawd! come! Yo' got tow come quick!" he muttered. He caught her about the waist, and swung her over a low wall on the opposite side of the street; and crouching, ran, her hand in his. Behind them they could hear the Coral Troupe pouring out into the night, their excited voices having in them a note of menace.

The wall was broken at the rear, and through a tangled thicket the two slipped into a narrow path, running steeply down. For fifty yards they ran in silence, then the girl faltered and drew back.

"Ah cyan't run," she complained; "ma shoe huhts me. An' dem folks's ma frien's; dey yen't goin' touch *me*."

"Yo' wan' leabe me, Myra?" he asked reproachfully. "Yo' wan' go back tow dat Ben?"

She tossed her head airily.

"No," she declared. "Ah doan' wan' see him; I doan' wan' see him eber; but Ah doan' wan' run. Ah spile ma shoes." She thrust out a pink-slippered foot.

He glanced at it, then straightened up, listening. The pursuit had scattered, and farther up the hill he could catch the sound of approaching voices. Anxiously he turned, looking about him, spied a broad-spreading tamarind-tree near the path, and with a low chuckle darted toward it, drawing the girl after him.

"Dey won't look in no tree faw ma liddie bird," he whispered, as he caught Myra and swung her up to a broad, low limb. Springing to her side, he drew her up into the thick foliage; and there, on a wide-spreading bough, they settled as footsteps went hurrying by on the path below.

"What Ah tell yo'?" he exulted. "Dah dey run, an' pant, an' blow, an' lose deir win', but dey yen't goin' ketch me, no, seh."

Myra giggled, her momentary irritation gone with the excitement of a new sensation of success. She looked at him coyly.

"Yo' think yo' ve'y smaht," she whispered.

"Ah'm smaht 'nough faw dat Ben Tamil; dat's all Ah cyah," he boasted.

She bridled at that.

"Yas; dah's all yo' cyah," she pouted. "Ah lose ma pleasure, a-hidin' in dah woods; but yo' doan' cyah."

"Dah yo' go," he exclaimed hotly—"preten'in' tow misun'erstan' ma wohds! Ah ain' speak ob ma feelin's; Ah speak ob ma *no*-feelin's. Ain' Ah ask yo' tow mah'y me when Ah come back? Ain' dat show what ma feelin's is?"

"He ask me tow mah'y him nex' week," she answered musingly.

"Who? Ben?" he demanded.

"Yas, Ben," she replied coldly.

"Well, Ah ask yo' tow mah'y me tow-morreh, den; an' Ah means it."

"An' go 'way nex' week," she retorted slyly.

"Ain' Ah comin' back?"

"So *yo'* say," she replied; "but Ah ain' goin' mah'y no man what leabes a bride lak dat; no, seh."

"Ma Lawd! gal," he exclaimed, "yo' doan' wan' me tow stay hyeh an' eahn a penny whah Ah kin eahn a dowleh on dat bark, does yo'? It costs money faw tow keep pretty gals lak yo' pretty."

"Ah doan' wan' tow be no grass wideh, dah's all," she answered stubbornly.

A thought came to him that made him lean toward her eagerly and ask:

"Myra, how yo' lak tow go tow New Yohk? Mebbe dah cap'n take yo' faw a stewardess if Ah ask him."

She clapped her hands.

"Ask him!" she cried. "Ask him, Martin!"

She softened under the excitement of the wonderful dream, and, like children, they

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talked on until they heard the music begin again, and knew that the pursuit was over.

She turned her face to listen, unconsciously tapping the bough under her feet, keeping time to the music. The soft rush of the night wind purred in the leaves above her head; the fragrance of the tropic world filled the night. The peace and hush of the woodland hedged her in; but up there, just above her, were fellowship and light, music and joyous motion. She sighed; her mouth drooped in pathetic lines of self-pity—of pity for them both.

"Ah doan' know why dem folks kin be so mean," she mourned. "Yo' neber hu't dem. How yo' goin' git aboa'd?"

"Ah'll git aboa'd all right," he assured her.

"Den how Ah goin' git home?" she asked.

"Ah'm goin' tek yo'," he responded. But she shook her head.

"An' hav dem waitin' round dah faw yo'," she said, with half-simulated tenderness; "no, seh. Yo' go aboa'd, an' bimeby Ah'll canteh up tow dem Co'al Troupe jus' faw tow heah what *aube* [everybody] say ob yo'. Dey ain' goin' hu't me."

"Ah'm goin' tek yo' home mase'f," he replied, with stubborn persistence. "Ah'll tek yo' up roun' King's Hill, an' down dah big road. Yo' b'liebe Ah leab a lady lak dat?"

"Yo' woan' go back tow dah ball?" she persisted.

"What Ah wan' ob a ball whar yo' yen't?" he asked tenderly.

So they struck off through the grove, coming out upon a bare, steep hillside, where a herd of the diminutive cows of the island raised their heads wildly as they appeared, and galloped away into the darkness, the weaving shuffle of their feet making soft susurrus in the grass.

Hand in hand, like happy children, they came at last to the white road that runs from Bas End down to West End between its lines of cocoa-palms. Below them the lights on the vessels in the roadstead made yellow dots in the dark, reflected in wavering streamers of golden haze on the ruffled swell. Martin pointed out the light of the bark at the extreme east.

"Dah it shines, lak yo' eyes, ma lady," he declared. "Dey ain' goin' need no lante'ns when yo' go aboa'd."

"How ahm Ah goin' git ma sleep, den?" she asked saucily.

"In dah daytime, ma lady. Ma Lawd! yo' doan' wan' dem sailormen git blinded, lookin' at yo' eyes in dah daytime, does yo'? Dey ain' no eagle-birds."

She laughed joyously, and a bird uttered a sleepy note from a mango-tree by the road. Martin stopped.

"What Ah tell yo', gal?" he exclaimed. "Dah's dat tobe-bird gittin' jealous ob yo' voice, lak dat song said he done. What Ah tell yo'?"

"Yo' sueh did," she laughed.

Light-heartedly, as they went on, he began to hum under his breath, and at last to sing softly:

"Dah trade-win' hab fallen——"

Instantly she took up the second line, singing it in her deep, vibrant contralto; and so they sang the little air, taking alternate lines:

"Dah trade-win' hab fallen,
Dah win'-mills ah still,
Dah nightjah is callin'
Upon dah black hill.
Come, beedeh, come folleh
Lub's road frough dah night;
No thicket er holleh
Will lack faw a light:
Yo' eyes dey will lighten
Dah gloom lak a spahk;
Yo' voice it will brighten
Dah lonesomest da-a-ahk."

As her voice, rich, full, and deep, fell at the close of the song, lingering on the last vowel with a certain indefinable suggestion of passionate melancholy, he turned to her ecstatically.

"Ma Lawd! gal," he exclaimed, "we goin' sing oueh way frough dah worl' lak dat, heh? No time faw teahs, no time faw mou'nin' ner sorreh; no, seh."

"Dat's what we goin' do faw each uddeh—lak what we sing," she replied, her inflammable soul stirred by his passion.

He left her at a corner not far from her home, yielding to her entreaty to go no farther, though he laughed at her fears. He walked swiftly, turning a quick eye to every sound, though his thoughts were far from danger. His mind was on the girl—his "beedeh," his life, his necessity. His joy in her love was an intoxication; once he stopped in the road and gravely shuffled through a little dance in his necessity to give expression to his emotion.

As he neared the shore, the thought of the cramped forecastle aboard and his sleeping companions became unbearable; he wanted to be "loose and free." He paused and looked up. The stars were shining brightly

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in a cloudless sky; the land wind rustled in the trees; a thousand low, indistinguishable murmurs filled the night—invitations to the wandering foot. He turned slowly back to the town.

Suddenly he chuckled, and quickened his pace.

"Ah'm goin' gib dat Ben Tamil a sca'e," he muttered.

He was not ignorant of the negroes' superstitious fear of him as an obi-man, and with the thought in mind, searching long, he collected a handful of bones, and made his way through a narrow street to the house where Ben dwelt. On the broad door-step he laid the bones in crosses—seven crosses set in a circle. Farther up the lane he saw a light still burning, and hurrying toward it, put his head in at the open door. An old negress was moving about a brazier in which a fire burned dimly.

"Good ebenin', Sis' Mame," he called. "Yo' got a spah candle? Ah cyan't see ma way aboa'd."

Sis' Mame turned slowly, peering at him.

"What yo' eyes faw, chile?" she cackled.

"Dem's faw tow see how han'some yo' is," he answered glibly. "Ma Lawd! Sis' Mame, yo' doan' wan' me tow weah um out, does yo'?"

"Go 'long, chile!" she giggled. "Ah done stop dat kin' ob talk befo' yo' was bo'n."

"None too soon, Sis' Mame, none too soon," was his Delphic reply. Paying her generously, he took the candle, and with a hearty good night, hastened away.

In the center of the circle of crossed bones he propped up the candle, lighted it, and stood back, surveying his work.

"Dat Ben Tamil's goin' think bad luck's comin' his way, sueh," he muttered gleefully.

The hoodoo had turned his thoughts wholly to mischief, and with the intention of returning to the scene of the ball, and from a distance watching a chance for a further practise of his art, he was moving toward the gateway when the sound of approaching footsteps drove him to seek cover in an angle of the wall. It was the step of Ben returning home.

As he slouched through the gateway, his chin on his breast, his hands thrust deep in his pockets, Dejection's very image, he saw the candle flickering on his step, and stopped short, stiffening in every line of his body. He noted with a sickening sensation of terror the crossed bones set in a circle, and for a moment fate's blind, unrelenting pursuit of him stifled his fear in the frenzy of a creature at bay; he dashed forward, and with a snarl scattered the crosses with his foot. As he turned and kicked the candle into the path, he caught a swift glimpse of the figure by the wall. His thoughts, diverted from the dread symbolism of a terrifying superstition to a threatening actuality, flamed up in relieving wrath, and he rushed upon the watcher.

Martin ran. It was not from fear, for he had courted a struggle with Ben, but from the sudden instinctive feeling for flight that comes to the guilty and the mischievous. He went flying down the narrow street, taking in reckless leaps the many steps with which it was set, and directing his course toward the landing, where, among the long lines of casks awaiting shipment, he trusted to elude his pursuer, the soft thud of whose feet he heard always behind him.

He presently grew angry at the persistence of his foe, and with his anger came loss of cunning. He forgot his plan of action, finding himself in a trap at the end of the pier before he was aware. In quick chagrin he turned at bay.

Somewhere in the chase, or at starting, Ben had caught up the shaft of a broken oar, and now, as he checked himself before the motionless figure of the shanty-man, with a wide sweep of the arms he brought it crashing down on his head.

Martin staggered, and caught blindly at the oar. So, struggling for its possession, with no other sound than the quick coming and going of their breath and the scuffle of their feet, the two men stumbled about in the dark.

With a shock of surprise, Martin felt himself being slowly borne backward. He had lightly counted on finding in Ben an easy opponent, and in his disillusionment his heart sank in sick apprehension. Pushed backward step by step, he heard at last the low swashing of the waves almost at his feet, and instantly alive to his own danger, his wounded pride leaped to murderous passion.

Wheeling suddenly, he thrust a fumbling hand into the bosom of his shirt, lifted it high above his head, then drove it straight at Ben Tamil's heart. He had given back the knife.

With a sobbing sigh, Ben reeled backward. As the splash of his body tumbling into the water roared in Martin's ears, to his excited fancy it called "Murder!" to the whole waterside; and as, in swift horror, he turned and fled, every dark object that he approached,

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becoming suddenly visible in the night, seemed an avenging figure rising from the ground. Zigzagging and dodging to the head of the landing, he turned abruptly to the left, caught his foot in the cable of a lighter, and fell, waiting in dumb terror, with his face in the sand, for the seizing hands of pursuers.

But no hand seized him, and, courage and strength returning, he staggered to his feet and stood listening, hearing only the innumerable murmurs of the night that an hour before had set his dancing feet to wandering in further search of pleasure.

He went on presently, going blindly along the beach away from the town; but when he had left the riding lights of the shipping behind, a sense of loneliness, of utter desolation, like a mental darkness, overwhelmed him. Through all the old, familiar channels of his senses he saw the world he knew and loved take on the remoteness of a distant star. With half-angry tears of a mastering self-pity, he dropped on the sand.

"Ah didn't go faw tow do it. Ma Lawd! Ah didn't," he whispered brokenly. "Ah yen't dat kin'. Didn't Ah try tow git away? Didn't Ah try tow stop it? Yes, seh, Ah did; but he wouldn't stop. Ah *had* tow hit him. Ah had tow."

Gradually, in the undisturbed hush of the night, his mind grew calmer, more hopeful. The wind was offshore, the tide running out; the body might drift to sea. He seized upon the thought eagerly, holding it unreasonable in fate to harry him with a less happy solution of his trouble. He wished, with a sudden sinking of the heart, as the thought flashed into his mind, that he had not asked for that candle. Then his speech to the mate about returning the knife rose up to trouble him. It had been spoken in jesting bravado; it ought not to be held against him. Bewildered, dismayed, he wiped his clammy forehead with his nerveless hand in a panic of irresolution. If only the body would drift out to sea—that came to be the iterated cry of his soul.

He tried to summon courage to return and drag it beyond the point of the harbor; but to his imaginative mind, with its almost child-like horror of death, the mere thought of groping about in the dark tide, of the touch of the still, sodden form, sapped his strength and made his heart like water.

Meanwhile the night was passing. He could not go back to the town, and dared not stay ashore; so finding a wide plank on the beach, and swiftly undressing, he rolled his clothes in a bundle, placed them high on the plank on a platform of wood, and so set out for the bark, pushing his plank before him.

He had gone half the distance, when he became suddenly aware of increasing light, and, in quick alarm, thinking that dawn was breaking, glanced back over his shoulder. The waning moon, in its third quarter, was rising above the feathery tops of the cocoa-palms, throwing a sickly gleam across the roadstead. Though day was still far off, the greater light increased his feeling of insecurity, and with feverish speed he turned to hasten his flight.

With his first forward stroke, as his eyes peered anxiously ahead for the riding light of his own vessel, he checked himself shudderingly, his head reeling, his heart seemingly ceasing to beat; for squarely before him, almost at his shoulder, with wide eyes set and staring, the open, grinning jaw dropped over his hands, which lay closely curled together at the surface of the sea, the moonlight flooding it with a greenish pallor, was the face of Ben Tamil. The plank drifted from the shanty-man's nerveless fingers as he stared with terror-stricken eyes.

Something rough and cold scraped fumbling at his throat, and he shrieked aloud. It was the ragged end of the oar to which Ben had clung in death, and which was now upbearing his body in its strange, uncanny funeral march to the sea; but to the shanty-man's childlike fancy it was the groping clutch of the dead man's hand at his throat.

His undisciplined mind, stored with the signs and wonders of a superstitious fatalism, accepted the omen. He knew the "call." His limp hands ceased to move, his head fell back. In one last, agonizing upward look he saw the high, tranquil stars fade out above the grinning death's-head as he sank beneath the waves.

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HIS BOY

By ELIZABETH JORDAN

Author of "Tales of Destiny," "May Iverson, Her Book," etc.

CAPTAIN ARTHUR HAMILTON, of the ——th Infantry, moved on his narrow cot, groaned partly from irritation and partly from pain, muttered a few inaudible words, and looked with strong disapproval toward the opening of the hospital tent in which he lay. Through it came the soft breezes of the Cuban night, a glimpse of brilliantly starred horizon-line, and the cheerful voice of Private Kelly, raised in song. The words came distinctly to the helpless officer's reluctant ears.

"'Oh, Liza, de-ar Liza,'" caroled Kelly, in buoyant response to the beauty of the evening.

Captain Hamilton muttered again as he suppressed a seductive desire to throw something at the Irishman's head, silhouetted against the sky as he limped past the entrance. Six weeks had elapsed since the battle of San Juan, in which Hamilton and Kelly had been among the many grievously hurt. Kelly, witness this needless service of song, was already convalescent. He could wander from tent to tent in well-meaning but futile efforts to cheer less fortunate mates. Baker was around again, too, Hamilton remembered, and Barnard and Hallenbeck and Lee, and—oh, hosts of others. He ran over their names as he had done countless times before in the long days and nights which had passed since he had been "out of it all," as he put it to himself. He alone, of his fellow-officers in the regiment, still lay chained to his wretched cot, a very log of helplessness, in which a fiery spirit flamed and consumed. His was not a nature that took gracefully to inactivity; and of late it had been borne in upon him with a cold, sickening sense of fear, new, like his helplessness, that inactivity must be his portion for a long, long time to come. At first the thought had touched his consciousness only at wide intervals, but now it was becoming a constant, lurking horror, always with him, or just within reach, ready to spring.

He was "out of it all," not for weeks or even for months, but very possibly for all time. The doctor's reticence told him this; so did his own sick heart; so did the dutiful cheerfulness of his men and his brother officers. They overdid it, he realized, and the efforts they so conscientiously made showed how deep their sympathy must be, and how tragic the cause of it. His lips twisted sardonically as he remembered their optimistic predictions of his immediate recovery and the tributes they paid to his courage in the field. It was true he had distinguished himself in action (by chance, he assured himself and them), and he had figured as a hero in the subsequent reports of the battle. But the other fellows would hardly have bothered to have a trifle like that mentioned, he told himself, if the little glowing badge of fame he carried off the field had not been now his sole possession. He had given more than his life for it. He had sacrificed his career, his place in the active ranks, his perfect, athletic body. His life would have been a simple gift in comparison. Why couldn't it have been taken? he wondered for the hundredth time. Why could not he, like others, have died gloriously and been laid away with the flag wrapped round him? But that, he reflected bitterly, would have been too much luck. Instead, he must drag on and on and on, of no use to himself or to any one else.

Again and again he contemplated the dreary outlook, checking off mentally the details of the past, the depressing experiences to come, the hopelessness of it all; and as his mind swung wearily round the small circle he despised himself for the futility of the whole mental process, and for his inability to fix his thoughts on things other than his own misfortune. A man paralyzed; a thing dead from the waist down—that was what he had become. He groaned again as the realization gnawed at his soul, and at the sound a

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white-capped nurse rose from a table where she had been sitting and came to his bedside with a smile of professional cheerfulness. She had a tired, worn face, and faded blue eyes, which looked as if they had seen too much of human suffering. But an indomitable spirit gazed out of them, and spoke, too, in her alert step and in the fine poise of her head and shoulders.

"Your mail has come," she told him, "and there seem to be some nice letters—fat ones. One, from Russia, has a gold crown on the envelope. Perhaps I had better leave you alone while you read it."

Hamilton smiled grimly as he held out a languid hand. He liked Miss Foster. She was a good sort, and she had stood by the boys nobly through the awful days after the fight. He liked her humor, too, though he sometimes had suspicions as to its spontaneity. Then his eye fell on the top envelope of the little package she had given him, and at the sight of the handwriting he caught his breath and the blood rushed suddenly to his face. He closed his eyes for a moment in an effort to pull himself together. Did he still care, after ten years, and like that! But possibly, very probably, it was merely a manifestation of his wretched weakness, which could not endure even a pleasant surprise without these absurd physical effects. He remembered, with a more cheerful grin, that he had hardly thought of her at all during the past year. Preparations for war and his small part in them had absorbed him heart and soul. He opened the letter without further self-analysis, and read with deepening interest the closely written lines on the thin foreign paper, whose left-hand corner held a duplicate of the gold crown of the envelope.

"*Dear old Friend:* You have forgotten me, no doubt, in all these years. Ten, is it not? But I have not forgotten you, nor my other friends in America, exile though I am and oblivious though I may have seemed. I do not know quite why I have not come home for a visit long before this. Indeed, I have planned to do so from year to year, but a full life and many varied interests have deferred the journey one way or another. I have three boys—nine, seven, and five—and it would be difficult to bring them with me and impossible to leave them behind. So, you see——

"But my heart often longs for my native land, and in one tower of this old castle I have a great room full of souvenirs of home. It is the spot I love best in my new country. Here I read my mail and write my letters and follow American news in the newspapers friends send me. Here, with my boys tumbling over one another before the fireplace, I read of the ascent of San Juan Hill, and of you, my friend, and your splendid courage, and your injury.

"No doubt by the time this letter reaches you, you will be well again, and in no need of my sympathy. But you will let me tell you how proud of you I am.

"I read the newspaper accounts to my boys, who were greatly interested and impressed when they learned that mamma knew the hero. I was much amused by the youngest, Charlie—too small, I thought, to understand it all. But he stood before me with his hands on my knees and his big brown eyes on my face; and when I finished reading he asked many questions about the war and about you. He is the most American of my children, and loves to hear of his mother's country. After the others had gone he cuddled down in my lap and demanded the 'story' repeated in full; and when I described again the magnificent way in which you saved your men he said firmly: 'I am *his* boy!'

"I thought you might be interested in this unsought, spontaneous tribute, and my purpose in writing is to pass it on to you—though I admit it has taken me a long time to get round to it!

"You will forgive this rambling letter, and you will believe me, now as ever,

"Sincerely your friend,

"MARGARET CHALLONER VALDRONOVNA."

Hamilton slowly refolded the letter and returned it to its envelope, letting the solace of its sweet friendliness sink into his sore heart the while. She had not wholly forgotten him, then, this beautiful woman whom he had loved and who had given him a gracious and charming camaraderie in return for the devotion of his life. He had not been senseless enough to misconstrue her feeling, so he had never spoken; and she, after two brilliant Washington seasons, had married a great Russian noble and sailed away without suspecting, he felt sure, what she was to him. He had recovered, as men do, but he had not loved again, nor had he married. He wondered if she knew. Very probably; for the newspapers which devoted so much space to his achievements had added detailed biographical sketches, over which he had winced from instinctive distaste for such intimate discussion of his personal affairs. The earlier reports (evidently the ones she had read) had published misleading accounts of his injuries. They were serious, but not dangerous, according to these authorities. It was only recently that rumors of his true condition had begun to creep into print. The Princess had not read these. Hamilton was glad of that.

He recalled dreamily the different passages of her letter, the remainder of his mail lying neglected on his bed. That boy—her boy—*his* boy. He smiled to himself, at first with amusement, then with a sudden tender-

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ness that pleasantly softened his stern lips. He was weak enough, frightened enough, lonely enough, to grasp with an actual pitiful throb of the heart this tiny hand stretched out to him across the sea. He liked that boy—*his* boy. He must be a fine fellow. He wondered idly how he looked. "Three boys—nine, seven, five"—yes, Charlie was five and had great brown eyes. Like his mother's, the stricken man remembered. She had brown eyes—and such brown eyes. Such kind, friendly, womanly brown eyes—true mirrors of the strong soul that looked from them. Something hot and wet stung the surface of Hamilton's cheek. He touched it unsuspectingly, and then swore aloud in deep, frank self-disgust.

"Well, of all the sentimental idiots!" he muttered. "My nerves are in a nice way, when I bawl like a baby because some one sends me a friendly letter. Guess I'll answer it."

Miss Foster brought him pen, ink, and paper, and he began, writing with some difficulty, as he lay flat on his back.

"*My dear Princess:* Your letter has just reached me, and you cannot, I am sure, imagine the cheer and comfort it brought. I am still lingering unwillingly on the sick-list, but there is some talk now of shipping me north on the Relief next week, when I hope to give a better account of myself. In the meantime, and after, I shall think much of you and the boys, especially of the youngest and his flattering adoption of me. I am already insufferably proud of that, and rather sentimental as well, as you will see by the fact that I want his photograph! Will you send it to me, in care of the National Bank of New Amsterdam, New York? I do not yet know just where I shall be.

"There is a pleasant revelation of well-being and happiness between the lines of your letter. Believe me, I rejoice in both.

"Faithfully yours,

"ARTHUR HAMILTON."

As he read it over, the letter seemed curt and unsatisfactory, but he was already exhausted and had not the strength to make another effort. So he wearily sealed and addressed it, and gave it to Miss Foster for the next mail. Her tired eyes widened a little as she artlessly read the inscription.

During the seemingly endless days and nights that followed, Hamilton battled manfully but despairingly with his sick soul. Wherever he looked there was blackness, lightened once or twice, and for an instant only, by a sudden passing memory of a little child. It would be too much to say that the memory comforted him. Nothing could do that, yet. All he dared hope for was the strength to go through his ordeal with something approaching manliness and dignity. The visits of his friends were a strain to him, as well as to them, and it was sadly easy to see how the sense of his hopeless case depressed them. He could imagine the long breath they drew as they left his tent and found themselves again in the rich, warm, healthy world. He did not blame them. In their places, he would no doubt have felt just the same. But he was inevitably driven more and more into himself, and in his dogged efforts to get away from self-centred thought, he turned with a sturdy determination to fancies about remote things, and especially to imaginings of the boy—the little fellow who loved him and who, thank God, was not as yet "sorry for him!" Oddly enough, the mother seemed to have taken her place in the background of Hamilton's thoughts. It was her son who appealed to him—the innocent man-child, half American, half Russian, entering so happily and unconsciously on the enhanced uncertainties of life in the tragic land of his birth.

During the trying, stormy voyage north on the great hospital ship, Hamilton had strange, half-waking visions of a curly-headed lad with brown eyes, tumbling over a bear-skin rug in front of a great fireplace, or standing at his mother's knee looking into her face as she talked of America and of an American soldier. He began to fancy that the vision held at bay the other crowding horrors which lay in wait. If he could keep his mind on that he was safe. He was glad the mother and son could not, in their turn, picture him—as he was.

When the photographs arrived, soon after he reached New York, the helpless officer opened the bulky package with eager fingers. There were two "cabinets," both of the child. One showed him at the tender age of two, a plump, dimpled, beautiful baby, airily clad in an embroidered towel. The second was apparently quite recent. A five-year-old boy, in black velvet and a bewildering expanse of lace collar, looked straight out of the picture with tragic dark eyes, whose direct glance was so like his mother's that ten years seemed suddenly obliterated as Hamilton returned their gaze. With these was a little letter on child's note-paper, in printed characters which reeled drunkenly down the page

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from left to right. Hamilton read it with a chuckle.

"*Dear Captain Hamilton:* I love you very much. I love you becos you fought in the war. I have your picture. I have put a candle befront of your picture. The candle is burning. I love you very much. Your boy,

"CHARLIE."

Accompanying this epistolary masterpiece was a brief note from the writer's mother, explaining that the "picture" of Captain Hamilton, of whose possession her infant boasted, had been cut from an illustrated newspaper and pasted on stiff cardboard in gratification of the child's whim.

"He insists on burning a candle before it," she wrote, "evidently from some dim association with tapers and altars and the rest. As it is all a new manifestation of his character, we are indulging him freely. Certainly it can do him no harm to love and admire a brave man. Besides, to have a candle burned for you! Is not that a new flutter of glory?"

Hamilton, still in the grasp of a dumb depression he would voice to no one, was a little amused and more touched. In his hideous loneliness and terror the pretty incident, one he would have smiled at and forgotten a year ago, took on an interest out of all proportion to its importance. He felt a sudden, unaccountable sense of pleasant companionship. The child became a loved personality—the one human, close, vital thing in a world over which there seemed to hang a thick black fog through which Hamilton vaguely, wretchedly groped. He himself did not know why the child interested him so keenly, nor did he try to analyze the fact. He was merely grateful for it, and for the other fact that he cherished no sentimental feeling for the boy's mother. That had passed out of his life as everything else had seemingly passed which belonged to the old order of things. He had always been a calm, reserved, self-absorbed, unemotional type of man, glorying a little, perhaps, in his lack of dependence on human kind. In his need he had turned to his fellows and turned in vain. Now that a precious thing had come to him unsought, he did not propose to lose it.

Through his physicians he pulled various journalistic wires, resulting in the suppression, in the newspapers, of the hopeless facts of his case. He did not intend, he decided, to have his boy think of him as tied to an invalid's couch. Then, knowing something of human nature, and of the evanescent character of childish fancies, he ordered shipped to Russia a variety of American mechanical toys, calculated to swell the proud bosom of the small boy who received them. This shameless bid for continued favor met with immediate success. An ecstatic, incoherent little shriek of delight came from the land of the Czar in the form of another letter; and the candle, which quite possibly would have burned low or even gone out, blazed up cheerily again.

That was the beginning of an intercourse which interested and diverted Hamilton for months. He spared no pains to adapt his letters to the interest and comprehension of his small correspondent, and in return he derived a quite incredible amount of satisfaction from the childish scrawls which came to him in reply. They were wholly babyish documents, about the donkey, the nurse, the toys, and the games of the small boy's daily life. Usually they were written in his own printed letters. Sometimes they were dictated to his mother, who faithfully reported every weighty word that fell from the infant's lips. But always they were full of the hero-worship of the little child for the big, strong, American fighting-man; and in every letter, sometimes in the beginning, sometimes at the end, occasionally in both places, as the enthusiasm of the writer waxed, was the satisfying assurance, "*I am your boy.*" Hamilton's eyes raced over the little pages till he found that line, and there rested contentedly.

As the months passed, the healing influence of time wrought its effects. Hamilton, shut in though he was, adapted himself to the narrow world of an invalid's room and its few interests. With the wealth he had fortunately inherited he brought to his side leading specialists who might possibly help him, and went through alternate ecstatic hopes and abysmal fears as the great men came and departed. Very quietly, too, he helped others less fortunate, financially, than himself. The nurses and physicians in the hospital where he lay learned to like and admire him, and other patients, convalescents or newcomers who were able to move about, sought his cheerful rooms and brought into them a whiff of the outside world. Through it all, winding in and out of the neutral-colored weeks like a scarlet thread of life and hope, came the childish letters from Russia, and each week a thick letter went back, artfully

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designed to keep alive the love and interest of an imaginative little boy.

At the end of six months young Charles fell from his donkey and broke his left arm, but this trivial incident was not allowed to interfere with the gratifying regularity with which his letters arrived. It was, however, interesting, as throwing a high light on the place his American hero held in the child's fancy. His mother touched on this in her letter describing the accident.

"The arm had to be set at once," she wrote, "and of course it was very painful. But I told Charlie you would be greatly disappointed if your boy were not brave and did not obey the doctor. He saw the force of this immediately and did not shed a tear, though his dear little face was white and drawn with pain."

Master Charlie himself discussed the same pleasant incident in the first letter he dictated after the episode.

"I did not cry," he mentioned, with natural satisfaction. "Mamma cried, and Sonya cried. Men do not cry. Do they? You did not cry when you were hurt, did you? I am going to be just like you."

Hamilton laughed over the letter, his pale cheek flushing a little at the same time. He *had* cried, once or twice; he recalled it now with shame. He must try to do better, remembering that he loomed large as a heroic model for the young.

He was still reading the little letter when Dr. Van Buren, his classmate at the Point, his one intimate since then, and his physician now, entered the room, greeted him curtly, and stood at the window for a moment, drumming his fingers fiercely against the pane. Hamilton knew the symptoms; Van Buren was nervous and worried about something. He dropped the small envelope into his lap and looked up.

"Well?" he said tersely.

Van Buren did not answer for a moment. Then he turned, crossed the room abruptly, and sat down near the reclining-chair in which the officer spent his days. The physician's face was strained and pale. His glance, usually direct, shifted and fell under his friend's inquiring gaze.

"Well?" repeated the latter compellingly. "I suppose you fellows have been talking me over again. What's the outcome?"

Van Buren cleared his throat.

"Yes, we—we have, old man," he began, rather huskily—"in there, you know." He indicated the direction of the consulting-room as he spoke. "We—we don't like the recent symptoms."

Unconsciously Hamilton straightened his shoulders.

"Out with it. Don't mince matters, Frank. Do you think life is so precious a thing to me that I can't part with it if I've got to?"

Van Buren writhed in his chair.

"It isn't that," he said, "life or death, I mean—er—not exactly. It's wor—I mean, it's different. It's—it's these." He laid his hand on the officer's helpless legs, stretched out stiffly under a gay red afghan. "God!" he broke out suddenly, "I don't know how you'll take it, old chap; and there's no sense in trying to break a thing like this gently. We're afraid—we think—they'll—have to come off!"

Under the shock of it, Hamilton set his teeth.

"Why?" he asked quietly.

"Because—well, because they're no good. They're dead. They're a constant menace to you. A scratch or injury of any kind—they've got to go—that's all, Arthur. But we've been talking it over and we can fix you up so you can get about and be much better off than you are now." He leaned forward as he spoke, and his words came quickly and eagerly. The worst was over; he was ready to picture the other side. Hamilton stopped him with a gesture.

"Suppose I decline to let them go?" he asked grimly.

Van Buren stared at him.

"You can't!" he stammered.

"Why not?"

"Because—why, because your life depends on their coming off!"

Hamilton's lips set.

"My *life!*" he repeated. "My precious, glad, young life! So full of happiness! So useful!" He dropped the savagely bitter tone suddenly. "No, Frank," he said, quietly, "I won't go through life as the half of a man. I'll let the thing take its course; or if that will be too slow and too—horrible, I'll help the hobbling beast on its way. I think I'd be justified. It's too much to ask—you know it—to be hoisted through life as a remnant."

Van Buren rose, moved his chair nearer to Hamilton's, and sat down close to his friend's side. All nervousness had left him. He was again cool, scientific, professional; but with

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it all there was the deep sympathy and understanding of a friend.

"No, you won't," he said firmly; "you won't do anything of the kind, and I'll tell you why you won't. Because it isn't in your make-up to play the coward. That's why. You've got to go through with it and take what comes, and do it all like the strong chap you are. If you think there won't be anything left in life, you are mistaken. You can be of a lot of use; you can do a lot of good. You will have time and inclination and money. You will be able to get around, not as quickly, but as surely. With a good man-servant you'll be entirely independent of drafts on charity or pity. Money has some beautiful uses. If you were a poor devil who hadn't a cent in the world and would be dependent on the grudging service of others, I should wish you to accept and bear, perhaps, but I could not urge you to. Now, your life is helpful to others. You can give and aid and bless. You can be a greater hero than the man who went up San Juan Hill, and there are those who will feel it."

"That is, my money is needed, and because I've got it I should drag out years of misery while I spread little financial poultices on other people's ills," returned Hamilton. "No, thanks; it's not enough good. They can have the money just the same. That can be amputated with profit to all concerned. I'll leave it to hospitals and homes for the helpless, especially for fractional humanity—needy remnants. But I decline absolutely, once and for all, to accept the noble future you have outlined. I grant you it would be heroic. But have you ever heard of great heroism with no stimulus to arouse it?"

He raised his hand as he spoke, and brought it down with a gesture of finality. As it fell, it dropped on the little letter. Mechanically, his fingers closed on it.

His boy! His brave little boy who had not flinched nor cried, because he meant to be just like Captain Hamilton. What would *he* think when the truth came to him years hence, as it must do? What would she think now, the mother who was glad that her son should "love and admire a brave man"? The small missive was a stimulus.

Hamilton turned to Van Buren again, checking with a sad little shake of the head the impetuous speech that rushed to that gentleman's lips.

"Just wait one moment," he said thoughtfully. He leaned back and shut his eyes, and as he did so the familiar scene of months past came suddenly before them—the quaint old foreign room, the great fireplace with its blazing logs, the mother, the curly-headed boy asking questions about him. His life had been a lonely one, always, Hamilton reflected. Few, pathetically few, so far as he knew, would be affected by its continuance or its end. But the *manner* of its end—that was a different matter. That might touch individuals far and wide by its tragic example to other desperate souls. Still, he was not their keeper. As to Charlie——

Ah, *Charlie!* Charlie, with his childish but utter hero-worship; Charlie, with his lighted candle; Charlie, with his small-boy love and trust—Charlie would be told some little story and Charlie would soon forget. But—what would Charlie think of him some day when the truth was out—Charlie who at five could set his teeth and bear pain stoically because his hero did! Because he was "His Boy!" Hamilton's mind returned to that problem again and again and lingered there. No, he could not disappoint Charlie. Besides, Van Buren was right. There was work, creditable work to do. And to be plucky, even if only to keep a brave little chap's ideal intact, to maintain its helpful activity, was something worthy of a stanch man. Would he wish his boy to go under when the strain against the right thing was crushing?

He laid the letter down gently, deliberately, turned to his friend, and smiled as Van Buren had not seen him smile since their ingenuous boyhood days. There was that sweetness in the smile which homage to woman makes us dub "feminine," and something of it, too, in the way in which he laid his hand on his chum's shoulder.

"All right, old sawbones," he said slowly. "You may do whatever has to be done. I'll face the music. Unbuilding one man may build up another."

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Where Did You Get It, Gentlemen?

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Author of "Soldiers of the Common Good"

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In concluding his remarkable series, Mr. Russell shows that the "Gentlemen" got it from the public; that the public stood stupidly by and watched them take it, even applauding when their methods seemed unusually "cute"; that the public itself is definitely to blame. The filching of millions from the Chicago and the New York street railway systems has resulted in leaving those cities to the tender mercies of the most disgraceful service and equipment in existence; whereas the same money, honestly expended, would have given incomparable service. And the weary shop-girl still stands in a dirty, crowded, ramshackle car on her homeward journey after her day's work; we still pay the maximum price for the minimum return, while the rich malefactor still rides to his palace in his roomy automobile.

CHAPTER XVII

SIDE-LIGHTS ON CIVILIZATION IN A GREAT CITY

OUT West, and in other regions to which we in the metropolis are apt to refer at times with a fat and complacent superiority, a street-car drawn by horses has long been a curiosity for antiquarians, a strange relic of dead ages, a reminiscence of the times before electricity was heard of, and when men lived in sod houses and wore coonskin shirts.

Is it not strange then that in New York City there should still be miles upon miles of street-railroad operated exactly as street-railroads were operated sixty years ago and with about the same cars—and horses? Yet such is the fact. The people of a thousand small towns on the prairies or in the mountains can travel in swiftly moving trolley-cars; the people of parts of New York City are condemned to the antique rattletraps of our grandfathers. Of the street-railroad mileage that in the State of New York is still operated with horse-power, about ninety per cent. lies in the city that is the largest and haughtiest on this continent and almost the largest in the world.

For this extraordinary fact try to imagine, if you can, one reason other than this, that the money that should have gone to modernizing these railroads has been swallowed up in interest charges and dividends on watered stocks and bonds; try to imagine, if you can, one other reason why the public must bear the burden of the outworn and inadequate equipment.

One of these New York City lines that still cling to the methods of medievalism is the line that runs eastward in Twenty-eighth Street and westward in Twenty-ninth; and standing at the corner of Madison Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street one afternoon last winter this archaic relic afforded me a very strange and, I think, an instructive spectacle.

There was beginning a howling blizzard from the northwest. Very likely you know or can imagine how the wind tears through the east and west streets when that kind of affliction descends upon us. The snow drove heavily and as if shot from a gun. There came along the street a perfect old Noah's ark of a car, battered, scratched, visibly shaking as if with palsy, and crowded to the last inch of its capacity. Men and women stood in the aisle crushed so tightly that one marveled they could breathe, the platforms were full, men stood upon the steps. At the back of, and outside the rear platform ran a little rail crosswise of the car and upon this hung a row of shivering male bipeds, clinging desperately with hands and feet. A more forlorn and wretched lot I have never seen. The wind hurled the snow into the faces and ears and down the necks of the people on the platform, who were so closely wedged together that they could lift no hand to wipe away the chilly slush. Drops of icy water fell from the eaves upon them; the wind buffeted them

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cruelly. In front two weary and dispirited horses tugged at the monstrous load, and upon the worn-out track the car lurched and shook and rumbled.

At Madison Avenue two or three women and a man had been standing in the whirling snow, waiting for this car. They signaled for it to stop. The driver, as he went by, shot out his lip at them and grinned expressively. He did not stop. The women and the man went back in silence to the sidewalk and resumed their waiting in the whirling snow. They were New Yorkers; they were trained to this sort of thing.*

One of the women carried a great bundle—somebody's washing, I suppose. Her hands were bare, and turned with the cold to a livid blue. From time to time she shifted her bundle and tried to warm her disengaged hand in her shawl, while she stamped her feet to keep them from freezing. You would have wondered just what was her crime against society that it should punish her so. She was elderly; the snow that clung to her hair seemed of about the same color. A closed automobile full of comfortable people whizzed by, and nearly ran over one of her half-frozen feet before she could leap out of the way.

When I returned to my room I picked up a defense (written by an eminent authority) of the practise of stock-watering. Somehow the arguments did not ring very true. I kept on seeing that car and that old woman.

STOCK-WATERING DEFENDED

But let us be perfectly fair. This is the price of stock-watering, but the men that water the stocks are not without a semblance of reason and plausibility on their side, nor is there one thing in all the operations that we have described for which a pretext has not been found both in economics and in morals. So strange are the operations of the human mind that without a doubt the practitioners of these methods (and many other persons) have long ago persuaded themselves that to make money in these ways is fair and right and that the method ought not to be attacked lest the foundations of business stability be threatened. And to the speculative philosopher I suppose there is no other phase of the whole subject so interesting as this.

It is time, then, to hear the other side of these matters. What is it that, being urged in defense of these operations, enables the men that profit by them to proceed composedly upon their way and causes many other men to hesitate in their judgment?

Well, it is this—and if I do not state the argument with perfect fairness I hope to be corrected.

THE CASE FOR THE CAPITALIST

The practise of overcapitalization, or, in common phrase, of stock-watering, is defended on two grounds:

First, any enterprise may legitimately, justly, and properly be capitalized to the full extent of its earning power. For instance, let us suppose a commercial or a manufacturing enterprise with a capital of $100,000. It grows in prosperity until it is making, let us say, $25,000 a year. If it were to be sold, no man in his senses would argue that it should be sold for $100,000. At the rates for money, current in the last few years, an enterprise earning $25,000 a year might justly be held as worth $400,000. Now, if its value to sell is $400,000, no one can find fault if it be capitalized at $400,000; and if the owners by increasing its capital reap in this way the legitimate profit of the increased business, which, in their opinion, doubtless, their own ability, energy, and foresight have created, to do so is their legal right. In the same way a railroad company, a traction company, or a gas company, making profits in excess of the prevailing rate of interest, is entitled to increase its capital to a point where the interest rate it earns shall be on a plane with current average rates.

Second, these increases in capital in no way affect the public and are not for the public's concern.

So men say. But how does this matter really stand?

The argument about the legitimacy of capitalizing the earning power takes no account of the vicissitudes of business conditions, and this is the very point that in the case of public utilities like transportation and lighting is of supreme importance. Your $100,000 enterprise that earns $25,000 this year may next year earn only $5,000, or it may earn nothing at all. With profits of $5,000 it can pay dividends on a capital of $100,000; it can pay none on a capital of $400,000. Suppose then the public to have purchased the additional issue of stock (when the capital was

* A very able Kansas City editor, writing once about such matters, termed us "the most thoroughly subjugated people on earth." There are times and occasions when to the observer that phrase will recur as eminently apt and just.

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increased from $100,000 to $400,000) in the expectation of a $25,000 profit. If there be no dividends forthcoming, the value of that stock declines, and not only are losses and embarrassments inflicted upon the holders, but there has been loosed a tremendous power to destroy confidence, to upset business, and to cause a row of additional losses like a row of falling bricks.

Because the stock has been deposited with the banks as collateral, and, as the price of it falls, the banks throw it upon a falling market or demand further collateral to protect their loans. So that daily over our heads hangs this sword of the unsafe loan collateral—so long as we have watered stocks.

HOW THE PUBLIC PAYS FOR WATERED STOCK

Moreover, while all this is bad enough in the case of an enterprise of a private nature (an enterprise with which the public can deal or not deal as it chooses), there is in the case of a public utility like a railroad or a street-car line a conglomerate of evils infinitely worse. If the managers of a private enterprise attempt, by increasing prices, or impairing service, to make up a deficit in profits, the public can usually avoid the imposition by avoiding the product of that enterprise. But it has no such chance in the case of a public utility. There is but the one gas company; the public must take the gas at the price demanded or go without. There is but one traction company; the public must submit to the overcrowding or walk.

Again, in the case of the public utility the increase of the capital is almost invariably made in advance of the increase of business, so that what is capitalized is not what the enterprise has earned, but what it can be twisted, forced, and driven into earning. And these processes of forced earnings in the end resolve themselves into merely two propositions:

Either the charges that the public must pay are increased;

Or the service that the public must endure is impaired.

No human ingenuity has ever been able to devise any other way of providing these forced profits.

Sometimes the additional stock or additional bonds that represent the "capitalized earning power" are sold for cash; sometimes they become the private property of the fortunate gentlemen thus possessed of the power to make something out of nothing. Cases are recorded in which the cash obtained from the additional securities loaded upon the public's broad back has been used to improve or to maintain the property; very much oftener it is used for no such purpose, but only to acquire, by the issue of excessive capitalization, the possession of other properties already excessively capitalized. But in practically every case a radical improvement of the property is absolutely essential for the welfare and safety of the public, and the money used to pay the interest on the new bonds or the dividends on the new stock is really dug bodily out of the physical condition of the property.

After us the deluge.

You can see at a glance how true this is in the conspicuous instances of the steam-railroads of the country and the traction systems of the cities.

We have now about 218,000 miles of steam-railroad, of which only 15,000 miles are double-tracked. Practically the entire mileage should be double-tracked, not only for public safety, but to carry the traffic.

If there were no stock-watering, there need be no single-tracked railroads. The money that normally would have been used for double-tracking has gone for dividends on the watered stock.

We have on our steam-railroads thousands of grade-crossings (a very barbarous and stupid device), by means of which every year hundreds of persons needlessly lose their lives.

If there were no stock-watering, there need be no grade-crossings. The money that normally would have been used to abolish these death-traps has gone for dividends on the watered stock.

In the case of the street-railroads, the vile overcrowding, the strap-hanging, the monstrous discomfort, the infrequent cars, the bad tracks, the wretched conveniences, are merely products of stock-watering.

The money that normally would have gone into adequate equipment has gone for dividends on watered stock.

WHY GAS COSTS A DOLLAR

In the case of the gas companies, good gas can be made and sold profitably at fifty cents a thousand feet. We pay, in the majority of cases, $1 or more, and usually get poor gas even at that price.

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The odd fifty cents is for dividends on watered stock and excessive bonds.

To illustrate these matters with an applicable incident: Several of the western states have lately passed laws reducing the limit of passenger fares and fixing it in some cases at two cents a mile. A very eminent young railroad magnate, recently returning from his annual vacation in Europe, was reported by newspapers as denouncing the unfairness of this legislation and declaring that if it continued, railroads that he controlled would be driven to a practical withdrawal from the passenger business and would restrict their energies to the transportation of freight.

A NATION OF HIRED MEN

It is easily demonstrable that if the stocks of these railroads had never been watered, if, in other words, this mythical earning power had never been capitalized, they could carry passengers at one cent a mile and make much money.

Hence the difference between one cent and three cents, which the railroad magnate thinks should be the rate, is the tax that the public would pay for the existence of the water.

Hence, also, it is solely on account of this water that the railroad magnate threatens us with the curtailing of our transportation facilities.

But what under the sun do we get for our two cents contributed in this cause? What possible good results to us? We pay them, that is certain enough, year in and year out, but what do we get for them? On this point I should love to be instructed. So far, I have been unable to learn of any advantage accruing to the public except a view of the exteriors of some of the palaces erected from this water. I think we have never been called an architectural people, but even if we were, this privilege at the price would seem an overrated pleasure.

And there is no available refuge in the specious fallacy to the effect that we need not worry about these accumulations, because the money won by these methods is not hoarded, but returned to circulation, and the public gets it again. If there were anything in that, we should need no laws against burglary, for the burglar does not hoard his gains either. It is quite true that Mr. Rockefeller, for example, does not dig holes in his cellar and hide his gold therein. It is quite true that with the enormous profits he gathers from Standard Oil he buys a gas company and with the profits from the gas-works he buys a trolley-line, and so on. It is also true that gas-works and trolley-line must employ men and pay wages. But the control of the enterprise remains in Mr. Rockefeller's hands; the distribution of the earnings of the enterprise, which was unfair in the beginning, is made still more unfair because he secures for himself a steadily increasing percentage; and the money that he thus gathers under his own control is withdrawn as any incentive to the endeavors of other men. Above all, as fast as he uses his augmenting profits to purchase additional enterprises, he closes with each acquisition another avenue of opportunity and moves us all still further toward the day that threatens us, when we shall be nothing but a nation of hired men and there will be not even a pretense of the old American freedom of opportunity.

So this is the prospect that opens upon the flat-dweller with his $1,639 of total possessions as he looks upward along the track by which men used to climb out of poverty. It has narrowed now to a practically impassable trail; pretty soon it promises to disappear altogether, and he will then be like a man born in India, inexorably fated all his living days to the one station, the one caste, the one monotonous employment.

THE PENNY SUCTION-PUMP

And if this seems uncheerful for him, how do you think the segregation of the country's available resources affects the men below, men among the 1,500,000 of the poor and the 2,000,000 of the very poor? The dismal and dingy hives in Attorney Street look more forlorn than ever before these certain facts—those dreary regions wherein the people buy coal at the rate of $16 a ton and are plucked similarly for other trifles. Not much cheer in the outlook for them, is there? A kind of invisible tube or suction-pump is put into each of these dwellings and there it goes day after day, pumping up the extra cent pieces for the watered stocks of coal companies and the watered stocks of railroad companies, the watered stocks of gas companies and the watered stocks of street-railroad companies, the watered stocks of flour-mills and the watered stocks of elevators. Almost day by day, the cost of living mounts grievously upon the inhabitants, we all know that, and from everything they buy there is taken day by day these tributes for the watered stock.

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What do you think of it?

It is the fraudulent stock issue and the unfair stock manipulation that draw from the fund that should be for all the useless and senseless hoards of the few. No other nation on earth has ever tolerated any such machine for the making of billionaires and paupers. Is there not ground for the suspicion that we have tolerated it long enough?

FIVE-CENT FARES ARE EXTORTION

So it is perfect nonsense to say that the public has no concern in these matters; it has every concern in them. For the sake of the $40,000,000 that Mr. Yerkes (by the methods I have described) extracted from the street-railroads of Chicago, the community endured for many years the most abominable traction service in this world. The $40,000,000 would have given the people a good service; the difference between the good service and the bad service inflicted upon them meant a sum of inconvenience, discomfort, suffering, and sometimes of impaired health that is not pleasant to contemplate. In New York the money represented by the water in the street-railroad system would have provided the city with ample, quick, and comfortable transit in all directions. The issuing of that water means the difference between such transit and the terrible scenes witnessed nightly at the Brooklyn Bridge and in the subway.

Not only that, but it makes the difference between a normal and an abnormal fare. If there never had been any water in the New York street-railroad system, if the total capital represented nothing but the actual investment, if there had never been any experiments with this devilish "capitalizing of the earning power," the street-railroads of New York could carry passengers for three cents and make money. So that of every five cents paid now on these railroads two cents are paid to support the water and three cents in compensation for the service rendered.

THE SHOP-GIRL AND THE STREET-RAILWAY

And kindly observe again, if you will, that in all these matters the mass of the people has no choice. To the 10,000 of the very rich and the 500,000 of the rich it makes no difference what may be the condition of the New York transportation system. These have their carriages or their automobiles; or if ever any of them happen to make use of a street-car, the time is the time of the least crowding and the least discomfort. And again, to these also the extra two cents extracted for water in the street-car stocks and the extra fifty cents extracted for water in the gas stocks are matters of no importance.

To the 1,500,000 of the poor and the 2,000,000 of the very poor they are matters of great importance.

Take one of those shop-girls that go to work early in the morning, and come home after six o'clock at night. It is of very great importance to her that of the $5 or $6 that she earns by a week of toil the street-car company takes twenty-four cents to pay for the water in its stocks. When she has paid her board and put aside something for her clothing, twenty-four cents is to her an important sum. It is of very great importance to her that for every thousand feet of gas consumed where she lives, her landlady must pay fifty cents for the water in the gas stocks; the landlady only passes the charge (with interest) to the tenants. It is of very grave importance to this shop-girl that after a day of hard toil at her employment she must stand upon her feet for perhaps an hour and be crushed and crowded and subjected to the grossest indignity in the hideous and unutterable conditions that we tolerate in our public conveyances. It is of very grave importance to her; you cannot easily dodge the conviction that it is of grave importance to the rest of society.

THEY GET IT IN THE SAME OLD WAY

From these burdens thus laid upon her she has no escape. She must do her work, and she cannot walk, for on her earnings she can live only at a great distance from her employment; she must report for duty at eight o'clock, she must remain until five or six, she must travel when the traveling crowd is greatest, when the jostling and jamming are most intolerable. She is, therefore, the bound and helpless victim of this system, and straight from her little earnings and the earnings of her kind comes the enforced tribute that renders possible the "capitalizing of the earning power" and all the other pleasant devices of high finance.

What do you think of it?

Unless we are to take the position that the public exists solely to be the dumb, blind, patient servitor, to furnish these dividends and to keep still about them, how can we

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suppose that stock-watering is none of the public's concern?

Yet the whole disastrous business has the warrant of long custom and of our established and most strange tolerance, that is very true. Does any one imagine that there is anything new about these ways of Getting It? They have been followed absolutely by two entire generations of fortune-makers. Twenty-five years ago there was issued in New York City a certain notable pamphlet that revealed how up to that time there had been wrongfully taken from the resources of the New York Central something like $30,000,000. Those that profited by these operations in the high finance of that day were the men in control of the property; those that suffered were the stockholders at large and the public. A concise view of similar exploitation in another enterprise may be obtained from Mr. Charles Francis Adams's "A Chapter of Erie." Or the curious may well be referred to the celebrated case of the bridge at Albany, which has drawn from the stockholders of the road (and from the public) a great annual tribute for the benefit of one family;* or to the familiar story of the private car lines, which are only another phase of the same general system; or to the story of the National City Bank and the Custom House site; or to one thousand other stories, if you care to look them up, all illustrating the one principle of unfair advantage and of burdens piled upon the shoulders of those least able to bear burdens.

THE MEANING OF THE PALACES

So now we traverse again the beautiful avenue by the park, and observe the gleaming palaces, the rapid automobiles, the happy people. But they have a different look. Clearly that statement of gained knowledge that in the beginning of our journeying from Attorney Street to Fifth Avenue was shot across our path was quite correct. We see now that the first man did not gain his palace by supplying any demand, nor the second by providing any mart, nor the third by producing any commodity, nor the fourth by transporting any goods or people. These palaces represent no service to society, no reward for any one thing bettered, no creation, no development, but only the means to seize and to retain the resources of the country. Very beautiful are the palaces, grand the glory of the avenue. Reflecting upon the shop-girl standing in the street-car and the part she plays in this magnificence, are we quite sure that these splendors are worth the price?

* Editor's Note: We are informed that the ownership of this bridge is now vested in the New York Central Railroad.

CHAPTER XVIII

COPARTNERS IN GUILT

Shall we say that at the bottom of all these deeds is some flaw in the character of the men that do them, something that sets them apart as monstrous or abnormal?

How absurd that will seem if we do but consider it impartially! These men are not different from other men; they are not sinners above all the other dwellers in this, our country. What nonsense it would be to choose them from the rest for vicarious sacrifice! Given the opportunities and the power, a very large number of us would, under the system we have created and after the standard we have set up, do exactly what they have done.

If I leave a handful of silver dollars on my door-step with the sign "Take One" and come back to find them gone, I shall be but a figure of mirth if I go about denouncing the persons that have accepted my invitation.

Suppose now in the privacy of our consciences we have a little frank talk with ourselves. What kind of a man is it that, for the last generation at least, we have most honored? The successful man. And what to our minds has invariably and solely constituted success? Piles of dollars. And how have we regulated the fervor of our applause for these men? By the size of their dollar piles. And have we ever stopped to bother very much about the means by which the piles were gathered? Not once that I can remember.

Well—what would you expect?

Let me tell you of two men I happen to know about, and probably they will remind you of a hundred similar men that have crossed your own observation. One of these by gambling in the necessities of life had accumulated a vast fortune. Sometimes for millions of people he made bread dear and sometimes he made meat dear. He entered into illegal arrangements with railroads. He made illegal combinations with other men in his way of business. Once his firm was discovered to have issued fraudulent warehouse receipts, and a scapegoat was put forward to take upon himself the blame that there was too much reason to think belonged elsewhere.

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But the man made money, he made much money, and when he died the newspapers eulogized him and idolized him, and from a hundred pulpits resounded fervent praise, for this was the career that, to the admiration and edification of young men, was held up as the career of a model American.

The other man was a merchant. He paid to his employees a smaller rate of wages than any other merchant in his town paid. He evaded his taxes. He violated city ordinances and a state law. He disregarded a decision of the Supreme Court. He made money, and invested it in corporations that prospered by breaking the federal statutes. He was a keen bargainer; he gathered a great fortune. But he had no interest in life outside of his steadily increasing hoards, and in the course of a long career he never once manifested the slightest concern about any civic duty. All of his existence and all of his faculties were centered in the getting of sordid gain by whatsoever means he might employ, although for many years he had possessed wealth immeasurably beyond his utmost needs.

THE MODEL AMERICAN CAREER

This man died, and the newspapers and pulpits uttered of him praise that would have been extravagant for a great philanthropist or a public benefactor, hailing him as more truly the model American than the other, even more admirable, even more to be imitated by our youth.

None of us can remember a time when we did not do this sort of thing.

If, then, it be true that the model American career is one devoted to grabbing money by any means whatsoever, how shall we now turn about and condemn the men that have literally accepted our ideal as we have held it up to them? For the great majority of men in this world a moral code is simply the opinions of the men about them. No man can be blamed for desiring and seeking the praise of his fellows. Heretofore we have given our praise to the money-getters. Then shall we profess astonishment that men do extreme things to get money—now that we are discovering what that means for the rest of us?

Some of us have talked much and written much about retribution for the men that have done these things, about bringing the law down upon them or—comical thought!—subjecting them to a "social ostracism," whatever that may be.

YOU AND I ARE TO BLAME

How foolish that seems! Come, let us be frank. Who is to blame for all these occurrences? You and I are to blame. We have created and tolerated and admired and enlarged the conditions that make possible the accumulating of these hoards and the oppressing of these populations; we have pointed out to our fellows the Agreeable Formula and the way to use it; we have responded with our plaudits and our earnings when use has been made of it exactly in accordance with our indications. So long as we leave our dollars on our door-steps, we need not expect to find them there on our return. So long as we give over public utilities to private greed, we should expect to have them used for the piling up of great fortunes at our expense.

So the next time I see that terribly crowded car bumping along Twenty-eighth Street, the next time my ribs are imperiled in the subway crush, the next time I hang to a strap in a Broadway car, the next time I am defrauded on a railroad or a sleeping-car, I shall, if I am fair and just, utter no complaint against the syndicate, nor revile the traction management, nor curse the railroad company, but seek some quiet spot and sedulously kick myself. For in conjunction with a similar incapacity on the part of my fellow citizens, my vast inability to manage my own affairs is responsible for all this; yes, even for the tortures of the weary shop-girl standing in the cruelly crowded car, even for the confiding stockholders that lose their investments, even for the watered-stock panics that sweep over the country. Elsewhere in the world civilization proceeds without these troubles. What is wrong with us that it is attended by them here?

Where did the gentlemen Get It? They Got It from us and by means of our own witless connivance, brethren. For do you not suppose we can take those filching fingers from our pockets if we try?

THE END

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CHARLES EVANS HUGHES.

He is his own heaviest taskmaster and strictest judge.

HUGHES

By ERMAN J. RIDGWAY

WE met some fifteen years ago, Hughes and I. I was just out of college. Hughes had been out eleven years; had already begun the foundations of a reputation, in his quiet way. He was older and farther along than I, and I called him Mister Hughes. We were ardent members of the same college fraternity, he at one college, I at another, and we could usually be found at the gatherings of our fraternity alumni. As the years passed and our work brought us close together at club nights, banquets, and conventions, and I had opportunity to talk with Hughes and listen to his toasts and orations (for he has always been popular with the fellows), my admiration for him grew and my affection deepened. But though I began to feel toward him as Charlie Hughes, I continued to address him as Mister Hughes. I called him Mister Hughes until he became Governor; I called him Governor until he began to be talked of for the Presidency, when I spoke of him as Hughes, a liberty that democratic etiquette invites.

My decision to write this story myself instead of having it written by a trained writer, who would do it a whole lot better, grows out of accumulated resentment at the many allusions I have seen in newspapers and periodicals referring to Hughes as if he were a sort of

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human icicle. The ship that brought him home from Europe last summer, although it arrived on one of the hottest days, was pictured by a cartoonist as draped with icicles and smothered in frost. One had to laugh at the cartoon even if one longed to kick the cartoonist.

A professional writer says that Hughes has no enthusiasm, no passion, and climaxes a cumulative paragraph with his "immense impersonality." Now, I want to say right here that any man who can keep up his interest in a fraternity alumni organization for twenty-five years has a whole lot of enthusiasm and a heap of other things besides. Whoever saw a lot of young college men at conventions and banquets warmed and melted and stirred by immense impersonality? No, it is not impersonality, but immense individuality that does that sort of thing—the magnetism that flows out of a great and growing soul that never grows old.

It is solemnly charged against Hughes that no one was ever known to slap him on the back. How long has it been since you were slapped on the back, or if you are a woman, since you have experienced the feminine equivalent? I suppose Hughes has suffered that pleasant affliction a great many times. I don't know whether he likes it or not. I never had any temptation to find out.

If it were true, which it is not, that Hughes is cold and emotionless — a purely intellectual machine, it shouldn't make much difference. No public man with the widest opportunities can meet more than a small fraction of our population. But it does make a difference, because we like to feel that our big men are fine and human, with red blood in their veins, with warm sympathies. Now, we get most of our impressions and convictions about public men from the newspapers. A single cartoon without a jot of truth to justify it may rob a public man for all time of the affections of those who see it. Ask any man who has never met Fairbanks his impression of the Vice-President. I shall be astonished if it does not resemble a tall peak covered with perpetual snow. Not a word about his ability, his fine career, but an impression made by the funny men. Do you mean to tell me that this has done the Vice-President no harm? Probably nothing in his entire experience has done him so much harm. The Vice-President is very tall and goes about his public duties with dignity and circumspection. Since when has it been a crime for a man to be tall and dignified? It is said by men who know him that Fairbanks is one of the most cordial, genial, and sociable men in Washington.

Photograph by Albany Art Union, Albany.

ROBERT H. FULLER,
Secretary to the Governor.

It is claimed that an American will sacrifice anything for a laugh. We pride ourselves on our appreciation of humor. We see the point. But the point of real humor is the truth at the bottom of it. I want you to know the truth about Hughes. Then you can enjoy the cartoon, without doing him an injustice. For his sake and for yours, I want you to know him. When a man is working for the public and sacrifices a large income to do it, all he gets out of it is the public's appreciation. There can be no more bitter experience in the life of a public man than to be misunderstood. When his heart is aching from the sufferings of his fellow men, to be said to have no heart! When a man is sacrificing his playtime, his outdoors, his books, his profession, his income, and his family life, and when in great crises he consecrates all his time and all his energies to the public good, to be said to have no passion, no enthusiasm!

What in Heaven's name do you suppose he does it with—just brains? And what does he do it for? He does it for his fellow men, that is all. If Charles E. Hughes had not a heart full of passion, a soul brimming with divine enthusiasms, he could not possibly have been persuaded into public life. A brain so remarkable as to give him the reputation of being dominated by it to the exclusion of other human attributes long ago showed him things in their true relations. From the excited plaudits of the crowd he is as immune as the Hudson River. He cares not a whit to be Governor for the sake of being Governor. He did not seek the Gover-

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norship; it sought him. He did not take it because of any thirst for power or hunger for glory; he took it as a solemn duty. That is the God's truth.

I want you to know this man—really know him. For his sake, yes—and more, a thousand times more, for your sake and for the sake of our common country. This magazine can do no greater public service than to bring to your attention strong, able, honest leaders who are needed for the public good. You know Taft; he has been in your service a long time. He has been tried and not found wanting. We could not tell you much about Taft that you do not know already. And there is Governor Johnson of Minnesota, a splendid, stalwart man of the people. Next month we shall tell you something about him. Now we want to tell you about Hughes. Somewhere in the great machine of government you need him. If you want Hughes you will know how to get him, but remember, this is Leap Year and you will have to do the asking. He has not been in the public service very long, but long enough to discover that there is little in it but sacrifice and hard work. When he gets through with the Governorship, if the people of New York say, "Well done, Hughes; that's all for the present," he will hurry back to the profession that he loves, with a load off his mind and relief in his heart. And if in addition he can say to himself, "Well done, Hughes," his satisfaction will be complete, for he is his own heaviest taskmaster and strictest judge.

Photograph by Albany Art Union, Albany.

COLONEL GEORGE CURTIS TREADWELL,
Military Secretary to the Governor.

Taskmaster is just the word. What mystery is there about this service for the public that makes some men slaves to it? Here is this man Hughes, hunted up and handed a job at less than one-third his former income. That was a year ago last January. What has he done since then—gone off on junkets and larks and taken vacations? On the contrary, he has had just eleven days in the woods. Every waking minute of all the rest of the time he has been about the public's business. He is a perfect glutton for work. It is astounding to hear him tell down to the last detail about comparatively insignificant events that occurred months before, showing how thoroughly he goes over the ground even in small things. His office works with the precision of a great business. His secretary, Mr. Fuller, and his military secretary, Colonel Treadwell, keep the endless procession of appointments, messages, vetoes, and investigations moving like clockwork. Every day at the same time he has the same luncheon—chops and tea and an apple—brought into his private office on a tray; and he pitches in, eating and talking or listening to some one whom he has not had time to see before, or will not be able to see again. The swing and go make your blood tingle. Does he show any signs of breaking down? Not a sign. He never looked so well. You see, he has always lived a wholesome life, with no excesses except excessive work. This job of being Governor only seems to give his big mental muscles the exercise they need. A line from one of his speeches yields the secret:

"Let these questions be upon your conscience and upon your heart, but not upon your nerves."

That is the secret of knowing your body. Here is the secret of knowing your soul, taken from another speech:

"A man has to live with himself, and his first aim should be to be on good terms with the fellow he goes to bed with at night and the fellow he gets up with in the morning. You cannot enjoy yourself long if you do not have a sense of honor."

Still another thing that saves him is his fine sense of humor. I wish to emphasize this, but not exaggerate it, because this is the point where I believe the newspaper men have failed to appreciate him. It was at the insurance investigation that Hughes first came into wide public notice, and it was there that the newspaper men got their first impressions of him. Hughes has a peculiar type of mind. He explains it himself, rather whimsically, by saying that he cannot shift easily from the serious cog to the humorous cog—which is to say that when a serious question

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MRS. CHARLES EVANS HUGHES.

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is up and he is concentrating his mind upon it, it is not easy for him to shift off to a pleasantry and back again without seriously disturbing his thought. When his mind is only half employed seriously, he juggles words and turns phrases and applies stories in a way to surprise the man who has known him only through his investigations and political speeches.

Photograph by Pach Bros., New York.

COMMITTEE OF THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL OF THE DELTA UPSILON FRATERNITY WHICH INSTALLED THE LAFAYETTE CHAPTER AT EASTON, PA., MAY 30, 1885.

Marcus C. Allen, Colgate, '81. Fred M. Crossett, New York, '84. Otto M. Eidlitz, Cornell, '81.
Charles E. Hughes, Brown, '81. Robert J. Eidlitz, Cornell, '85. Edward M. Bassett, Amherst, '84.

You must remember that since Hughes has been before the public he has been engaged in mighty serious business. The insurance investigation tried his best powers to the limit; besides, the public was in no mood to stand for merry quips from the head counsel for the commission. The entire nation wanted to know the facts about the insurance scandal. And Hughes stood up there day after day cross-examining the giants of the financial world, rigid, insistent, pitiless, a personification of outraged America. No wonder Hughes is associated with ice and steel and flint. Have you forgotten that not a man of all those who were obliged to answer his searching questions took exception to his manner, or the form of the questions, or his comment upon the answers? And when McCurdy's counsel lost his head and made an attack upon Hughes, McCurdy himself arose from the witness stand and rebuked his counsel, assuring Mr. Hughes that he appreciated his courtesy and consideration.

Listen to these words from the Governor of the Empire State returning to the home of his childhood and speaking impromptu to his old friends there. Could any one have expressed more gracefully, more tenderly, without sentimentality or gush, what must be the sentiment of a strong, real man on an occasion like this?

"I am very glad that the first county fair it is my good fortune to visit should be held in Washington County, the home of my early childhood. When I came down the street a few minutes ago on the way to these grounds, forty years were obliterated, and in front of the old barn I saw a little child being lifted by his father to sit upon the cream-colored family horse, and I saw a little chair upon a small stoop, in which that little child used to sit. I heard dimly—but memory could almost reconstruct the scene perfectly—the strains of martial music, and saw in my mind's eye the brave men gathering together, not for show, solemnly surrounded by tearful friends in the awful hour of the nation's peril. Men gathered to say good-by, and the pastor, my father, was close at hand saying a word of comfort as those men were ready to march to the front in defense of the Union—dimly, and yet I can see it. And I remember in a faint way—but still the agony of it impressed my childish heart—the awful strain, the cry of anguish, when the news came of the death of our martyred President.

"Though we may travel widely through the world, and life may bring to us many changes of scene and vicissitudes of fortune, yet we never grow old in our hearts, and nothing can take away from us the memories of our early years or destroy the affection that we held—whatever changes of population or changes in external condition may affect the scenes of our early life—the affection we held for that which, as a child, we learned to call home. And to me, the world in those days was bounded by Glens Falls and Fort Edward, and the center of it was Sandy Hill."

Then the Governor proceeded to the business part of his speech, which was to demonstrate to his old friends that good government, like charity, begins at home. I think he has had many more invitations to speak than most governors—certainly many more than he could accept, although he is constantly speaking in public. It was not his original plan to do much speaking, but speaking soon became a necessity.

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Though Governor Hughes was nominated by the Machine, he was not the choice of the Machine. He was nominated because he was supposed to be the one man who could beat Hearst. Hughes accepted the nomination without pledges. When measures in which he was supposed to be particularly interested came before the Legislature, they were blocked. It was then that Hughes began to accept invitations to speak; it was then that his speeches became very heavy, very serious, but the people to whom he was speaking knew what he was about. The press of the state came splendidly to his support; and when they found the whole state was getting its dander up, the recalcitrant leaders took to the tall timbers. Naturally, the Governor has great respect for public opinion. It made him Governor in name and Governor in fact. He says of it:

"A sullen and defiant attitude toward public opinion ill becomes an American citizen. Both unprincipled attempts to corrupt it and despotic efforts to defy it must in this land of common sense inevitably fail."

Here is a quotation from another address, which shows what Hughes thinks of his fellow countrymen whose common opinions make public opinion:

"When we take account of the signs of the times, do we find occasion for discouragement? Not at all. There never was a time when an American could walk with greater pride than at this hour. We have had serious scandals, but there was an honest sentiment of the American people which demanded their disclosure. The evil existed, but it was not condoned. The criticisms which came forth unanimously from one end of the country to the other indicated the wholesomeness of American sentiment. The business men of the United States desire to conduct their business honorably. There are no higher standards of business morality in any country than those we have in the United

Photograph by Pach Bros., New York.

THE SAME MEN TWENTY-SIX YEARS LATER, IN THE SAME POSITIONS AS IN THE PICTURE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

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Courtesy of The Glens Falls Daily Times.

GOVERNOR HUGHES'S BIRTHPLACE.

"Though life may bring us many changes, nothing can destroy the affection we hold for that which, as a child, we learned to call home."

States. There is no place in the world where men more keenly desire justice and desire right living."

I never remember to have heard Hughes make what you would call a witty speech. All of his speeches that I have heard have sparkled and scintillated joyously in spots. I think it would be fair to say that at least two-thirds of every speech I ever heard him make was serious. I think all great leaders just escape being preachers—meaning no disrespect to the preachers. At any rate, all of them seem to find it impossible to speak without preaching. Possibly that is part of the equipment of a leader; possibly it is just old human nature coming out. Every one of us likes to tell the other fellow what he ought to do and how he ought to do it.

Last spring the Periodical Publishers' Association for their annual outing went up to Albany and gave Governor Hughes a dinner. It really was a compliment to the Governor. With our guests we numbered five hundred—rather an imposing body—representing the publishers, editors, writers, and artists of the periodical literature of America. It was a magnificent opportunity for the Governor. I looked for a brilliant effort. Instead, he told us his troubles. He was right in the midst of his campaign to arouse public opinion, and, even for the sake of giving us a good time and showing us what a bully speech he could make, he was not willing to sacrifice the opportunity to gain new converts to the larger cause in which he was engaged. It was a great disappointment to me, but I guess the Governor's reasoning was sound. His course does not seem to have hurt him with the publishers, if we can judge by the assistance they have given him in his fights and the way they are backing him up now.

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THE GOVERNOR'S LAUGH.

Hughes begins to enjoy a story the minute he begins to tell it.

Photographs are not a very satisfactory aid in getting

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at the personality of a man, because manner, posture, intonation, the delicate shadings and expressions of the eyes, the myriad figures made by the movements of the hands, the scale of emotions in the compass of the human voice—all these and other things elude the photographer's skill. I think an artist would pick Hughes's hands as his most attractive physical feature. They are long and slender and tapering and white. It gives one who appreciates such things a positive shock when he uses them to pound desks; they are so graceful, so artistic. But they are also big and strong, as a man's hands should be. Most women would like his eyes best, I think. They are a strong man's eyes, with just enough steel in their blue to show that he is the master women really want their men to be; eyes set in rugged frames of bristling brows which enhance their suggested strength. In the case of the average man seeing him in a crowd, and not knowing who he was, if Hughes got a second look it would be on account of his whiskers. Any man with a heavy beard is almost sure of a second look nowadays. Hughes is not unusually tall, nor unusually broad; there is nothing remarkable in his walk, nothing unusual in his manner of carrying himself. His ears are small and his nose is large—the latter in profile is really distinguished, but somehow when you look at him front view his nose does not impress you. His teeth are very large, very strong, very white, and very even. When he is serious or aroused they scarcely show at all. It is only when he laughs that they show to full advantage. His laugh is very satisfactory, fortunately so for his friends, because he does a great deal of laughing.

Hughes begins to enjoy a story the minute he begins to tell it. His smile grows as the story grows. If the story backtracks a little, his smile backtracks a little. Coming along to the climax, his face begins to beam, and his eyes to dance and his hands to play and his body to rock. The climax is reached in a crescendo of enjoyment in which every faculty seems to have its part. Hughes gets his whole body into his laugh. Any one who knows him could tell at just about what point the story had arrived by looking at any of these laughing pictures.

It may surprise you, in view of my profession of long-standing friendship for Hughes, to learn that I know practically nothing of his home life. It is one of the misfortunes of city life that men may have close friendships in which their families have no share. The main reason is the fact that there can be no community life in a big city. Dinners, theatre parties, club affairs are allowed to become the substitute for the delightful social life of a smaller place, where families meet at their homes for all sorts of high jinks. I have had dinner and spent the evening at the Executive Mansion just once since Hughes became Governor, when I met Mrs. Hughes and the two daughters, Helen and Catherine. Mrs. Hughes impressed me as being very tall, very queenly, and very gracious. Her big brown eyes made me think of Julia Marlowe, while her rather small face suggested the wistfulness and witchery of Maude Adams. The Governor talked most of the time. I am afraid the habit is growing on him.

I had heard a story that interested me, as unimportant things sometimes will interest one, that Hughes had never called at Mrs. Hughes's home until after they were engaged. So I asked about it. Mrs. Hughes looked appealingly at the Governor, who only grinned. Then she explained, half seriously, half playfully, that she had known the Governor for three years before they were engaged. He and her brother were chums, roommates, who took their summer vacations together, and the young people had plenty of opportunity to meet. But, you see, the Governor was employed by her father and he was too proud to pay formal attention to the daughter of the man who paid his salary. After he was admitted to the firm it was different.

I would not have the temerity to hazard even a guess as to the part Mrs. Hughes has played in the Governor's success. Somehow, I am always skeptical when I read how the wife of a successful man has advised him and guided him and steered him and led him. I have a feeling that most of that sort of thing is taffy. In many instances, no doubt, the wife deserves much credit for her husband's success, but rarely, I fancy, because of any display of remarkable wisdom or sagacity. When you see the amiable, natural, child-loving, animal-loving, motherly wives these big men have, then you are getting close to the real source of their best power.

Hughes is an individualist as opposed to a paternalist or a socialist. He believes in the widest possible opportunity for individual initiative and effort. But he is also a firm believer in the policy of regulation, in order to secure the performance of public obliga-

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tions, as is illustrated by the Public Service Commissions Law, which he recommended. In all large public problems he believes first in finding out as exactly as may be the wrong that makes the problem. When he has found the wrong, then, what is the best means, everything and everybody considered, that offers the best assurance of righting the wrong? The final and supreme test he applies to every measure advanced for righting wrongs is, how will it affect the wage earner? If it promises to reduce wages, he will have none of it. For while he believes in giving equal opportunity to high and low, rich and poor, his natural sympathies are with the poor. In his own phrase:

"I am a poor man's man. I was born in a plain cottage. My people were obliged to make great sacrifices to give me an education, and I have known the hardest kind of hard work all my life. I have seen with the greatest satisfaction the wages of the working people in this country increase all along the line and the standard of living improve."

"But, Governor," I said, "if the cost of living were reduced all along the line, so that smaller wages would go just as far, wouldn't the people be quite as well off?"

"No," he answered, "there is a joy and a dignity that goes with the handling and spending of money of which it would be a great mistake to deprive the people. The largest possible life must be preserved to our American working people at all hazards."

When you consider how many of our great problems get right back to this fundamental, you can judge for yourself on which side the Governor is likely to be found. You cannot have a prosperous, happy country without happy, prosperous working people.

As is so often the case with big men, Hughes's theory of life is very simple. "Our lives are just little streams," he says, "which, flow through what fields they may, it must be our first and best purpose to keep pure and sweet.

"I believe most strongly in the cultivation of the religious principle and of the faith in the supremacy of the power which makes for righteousness, upon which all else is based."

Hughes is a clean, able, likable, public-serving, God-fearing man. His standards are high and he goes about his serious work with some austerity. Until he began to be talked about as a Presidential possibility, the approval of his acts and measures was almost unanimous. For obvious reasons, critics are beginning to bob up, which is as it should be. The other condition, a public man without critics, is positively unhealthy. Next to the man who never does anything right, the man who always does everything right is the least attractive.

The work that brought Governor Hughes most prominently before his fellow citizens was his insurance investigation. This resulted in bills against lobbying, against campaign contributions by corporations; laws providing penalties for the concurrence of officers in false statements or their omission of required statements; the repeal of the law giving insurance companies privileges that other corporations did not enjoy; laws providing that the policy should contain the entire contract, making the solicitor the company's agent; laws forbidding deferred dividend policies, compelling annual distribution of surplus (the lack of which was the most fruitful source of the extravagances and mismanagement), giving the policy-holders an opportunity to choose their trustees and take part in the management if they cared so to do; laws providing for the filing at Albany of a complete list of policy-holders and names of candidates for election; providing for limitations on the amount of insurance that can be written, on the expenses, on the increase in salaries; and finally, for the breaking up of the relations between insurance companies and their subsidiary banks and trust companies. It was a tremendous undertaking.

Hughes deserves all the credit he got out of it. It will be astonishing if some of these attempted reforms do not fail to work, but meantime your insurance business is unquestionably on a better basis, and it is estimated that over a million dollars a year is saved just in the cost of running each of the large companies. Even Hearst's *American* said of Hughes: "He has done perhaps everything that could be done during the time at his disposal. If there should be no extension of time, Mr. Hughes can retire with the perfect certainty that his work has the approval and aroused the commendation of the people."

The insurance investigation gave the Governor a national recognition. The two things that gave him national reputation and lifted him into the statesman class, and emphasized his Presidential availability, were his veto of the Two-cent Fare Bill, and his drafting the Public Utilities Bill and approving it when passed. The legislatures of many states were

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making laws limiting passenger fares to two cents a mile, on the theory that two cents a mile gave the railroads abundant profits, while a higher rate than two cents a mile was an imposition on the public. The measures were very popular with the voters. The New York Legislature passed such a law, and just when the voters and newspapers were ready to throw up their hats and hurrah for the measure, lo! the Governor vetoed it. Do you see the picture? The first thought, of course, is: "He has sold us out. That's what we get for making a corporation lawyer Governor. But wait—he has reasons, real ones. He says he doesn't know whether two cents a mile is enough for the railroads; he doesn't know whether three cents a mile is too much. He doesn't know anybody who does know. Wouldn't it be better to find out? Here is the Public Utilities Commission, designed to find out just such things, not only about railroads, but about other enterprises engaged in the public service. If any man in the community has a grievance against a public service corporation, he can appeal directly to this commission and have the matter investigated and speedily adjusted in fairness to both sides."

For days the press of the entire country discussed from every angle this new instrument invented by the Governor of the State of New York for regulating public service corporations; and when the discussion was finished, Governor Hughes stood out before his fellow Americans in a new light. In the gas and insurance investigations he had shown how he could tear apart, rip up, analyze—not only find the roots, but what made the roots.

In the bills that he framed following the gas and insurance investigations, he demonstrated that he had the ability to construct a new machine out of the parts of the old one in such a way that they would work smoothly, safely, and efficiently. But with his Public Utilities Bill he has shown an ability higher than either the ability to analyze or the ability to construct. He has shown beyond question that he possesses real creative ability—the kind of ability that McCormick showed when he made a reaper to take the place of fourteen men with cradles —the kind of ability that all inventors have shown since the world began. To just what degree Governor Hughes possesses this gift, only the future with its opportunities will reveal. Promise is very great; so is the need. The nation needs nothing quite so much to-day as a constructive leader with creative ability.

The concern of all conscientious, thoughtful Americans will be to find the one man who can take up the burden when it is laid down by Theodore Roosevelt, the fighting man, of mighty courageous energy, the reformer who uses sword and bludgeon to lay bare evils that have gradually developed in our commercial and social life. Now we need the man who can carry on the work Roosevelt has not the time to finish—one who can lead in the building of a new, more perfect structure on a secure foundation.

The country cannot afford to make any mistake in choosing the leader, and the country knows it. America will permit herself to be the plaything of politicians for a time and at times, but when great crises come she brushes aside the politicians and, reaching forth her mighty arm, unerringly seizes the statesman and stands him on the bridge of the ship of state. He may have been born in a log cabin or with a gold spoon in his mouth—it matters nothing to her. She has as often chosen the one as the other. Nothing matters. No consideration counts except the one great overwhelming consideration—can he do the job that the country needs to have done at that particular time? And if she thinks he can, she drafts him for the service.

All over this country to-day, the eyes of the people are looking into the very souls of the men who are being considered in the search for a successor to Roosevelt. They are looking at Hughes. They do not ask, do not care, whether he is tall or short, whether his eyes are blue or black, whether his shoes are sixes or elevens, how he lives and what he loves—these things may be interesting, but they are not vital. The vital question they want answered is, "Is he big? Big in grasp? Big in patience? Big in endurance? Big in bedrock honesty?" The strain at the White House would frazzle the nerves of an average man in thirty days, even in ordinary times. It is no ordinary President's task that awaits the successor to Theodore Roosevelt. Better the man had never been born who essays it unequipped. Is Hughes equipped? Has he the tact required for the mutual give and take between Congress and the Executive? He has shown himself equal to the big problems of the state. Is he equipped for the weightier problems of the nation?

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The "Code" in Larrigan Land

By HOLMAN DAY

Author of "Kin o' Ktaadn," "Squire Phin," etc.

Illustrations by Denman Fink

NOW, on the other hand, a woman—" went on one of the group of four on Sam Murdock's camp porch, tapping emphasis upon his palm with the stem of his brier-wood.

"Oh, don't drag the eternal feminine into the Sysladobsis country," broke in another, half impatiently, half humorously.

"But I was simply going to say," persisted the proponent, a younger man, "that a woman who is exalted by too much devotion becomes a tyrant and grows fickle after the

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fashion of tyrants. In that case of poor Davison, honor demanded that he——"

But the elder man interrupted again.

"Oh, boy, boy," he entreated, "we have fifty weeks of the problems of life and sex and love and hate when we are in the city. Stand up here and let the lake breeze buzz in your nostrils, snuff the balsam odors, and glory in this sunset that old October is putting up for us out of her paint pot."

He lolled into an easier position on the porch and, as he moved, his eyes fell on the three men at the door of the log lean-to where the supper was preparing.

"There, yonder, is true comfort and peace of mind for you, boy," he added. "Behold our own Adam in his Eden, discoursing on the joys of a life that woman has not perplexed nor complicated!"

Sam Murdock stood at the door of the lean-to, nibbling at a collop of venison that he held on the tines of a long-handled fork. He was evidently testing the progress of the stew. Two timberland explorers, bound through to Telos waters, were couched luxuriously on the pine-needles at his feet. They had been giving him the latest gossip of the settlement down river where he got his annual glimpse of "native" society for a month in the winter. The city men on the porch could hear merely the sleepy rumble of their voices.

"Yes, boy, *there's* peace of mind for you," said the elder again. "Sam is a little beyond forty and was telling me to-day that he has saved almost five thousand dollars and that his business here is growing better every year. And no woman is worrying him."

Murdock was just finishing his bit of meat.

"I tell ye it's good to see some of my own kind of folks," he said to the timbermen, "after havin' a summer's run of sech as them there on the porch that don't talk nothin' that amounts to much, only politics and how to git more money. They ain't for me and I ain't for them, and it's lonesomer when they're here than when I'm all alone in my glory."

"Why don't you git married, Sam?" asked one of the explorers. His snicker showed that he considered such a step outside the probabilities.

"I'm goin' to," said Sam, and he turned into the lean-to and began to stir his stew.

The explorers rolled to face each other, then propped themselves on their elbows and blinked at Murdock's broad back in honest astonishment.

"I wouldn't have said anything, boys," said Sam over his shoulder, "if you was bound toward Onawa instead of away from it. But I reckon you can't peddle much gossip for the next two months. It's set for Christmas."

He spoke the last words very softly, appearing again at the door, his shoulder against a log-end.

"Well," said one of the men at last, "I don't blame ye. The right kind of a woman can come here and take holt of the cookin' and——"

"No, she won't take holt of no cookin', either," broke in Murdock indignantly. "I've been thinkin' it over a good many years, and I ain't got any collar and hames and double harness waitin' for a woman here. I've been watchin' you fellers at the settlement, and your wives has had all their good looks and love and happiness drudged out of 'em inside of two years. I've waited till I got my start in life and till I found a woman that deserved what I'm goin' to do for her. She sha'n't work so long as I've got two hands."

The two stared at him with such frank and humorous curiosity that he flushed and turned to his stew.

"Goin' to frame her, or have her stuffed, or set her up on a pedestal, Sam?" inquired his friend.

"You can't hector me, boys," returned Murdock stoutly. "It ain't no palace here and it's deep in the woods, but she can be a lady here, and I've told her so. And if she'll read and talk to me whilst I steam and stew and frizzle, it'll be near enough heaven to suit me."

One of the explorers hugged his sides in silent mirth. The other remarked dryly:

"Seems as if I can hear a little bird a-singin' to me what my wife would say if I should trot home in the middle of the forenoon and tell her to knock off and set down and read portry to me whilst I cooked up dinner. It's a little bird a-singin' it to me, Sam, but it ain't no bobolink. I thought I knowed wimmen down country somewhat. Ain't none of 'em that I know of that come wropped in cotton battin'. I heard you was shinin' round Widder Mayo's girl, Damaris, last winter, but of course it ain't her."

"It's her," said Sam, his broad hand shielding his face from the steam. His mild blue eyes beamed on them.

The explorer fiddled a knurly finger reflectively under his nose and gazed on Murdock with sage good humor.

"Now I know you're lyin', Sam," he said.

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"I suspected so all the time. 'Cause me and Seth, here, knows that the intentions of Tom Grogan and the Mayo girl was published the week before we left Onawa."

Murdock came to the door, peering at them, rasping his trembling hands upon his canvas apron.

"Lyin' in Sysladobsis when you don't git news from Onawa any oftener ain't safe, Sam," continued the man. "You ought to have told us it was the Princess of Pee-ru."

"It's to hector me you're sayin' it," gasped Murdock.

"No, I can tell the truth even if you can't," replied the explorer; "my wife has been helpin' her with her dressmakin' so that they can be married right off before Tom leaves for the woods. He's goin' to scale and run the wangan store this winter on Chamberlain's operation."

The newsmonger hooked his arms above his head, yawned, and concluded: "I'd ruther have some of that stew than swap gossip any longer. Ain't it most done?"

With a wrench of his shoulders and a cracking of his arms and a soul-racking putting on of all the self-repression of the woods, Murdock came out and faced them, his jaw muscles rigid, but his voice calm.

"That you say is honest to Gawd?" he demanded.

"'Course it's honest to Gawd," snapped the other.

Still holding his fork Murdock went stumbling toward the porch.

"Supper news is good news, Sam," cried one of the guests.

"I've stepped around to tell ye, gents," said Murdock quietly, "that I'm startin' for Onawa and you'll have to look after the stew."

"Why, Onawa is forty miles, canoe and tote-road! Onawa? Why, it'll take you days, man, to go there and get back!"

"I know how fur it is to Onawa, and I ain't promisin' to come back, gents," he said stiffly, and whirled and went toward the lean-to.

"I reckon me and Seth must have gone and dropped a piece of news that jumped him," volunteered one of the explorers, sidling up to the porch. "Girl has gone back on him," he whispered behind his palm.

Amusement succeeded amazement in the group on the porch. There was a little ripple of laughter that was hushed as Murdock passed them, going toward a canoe, his dunnage bag dragging from one hand, his rifle from the other.

"Oh, I say now, Sam," cried one of the sportsmen, leaping off the porch and hastening after him, "don't be silly. You can't leave us here in this style. We can't cook. We're paying you good money. It's about a girl, is it? Well, you haven't any right to let some girl nonsense break up camp in such fashion."

Murdock had tipped his canoe over and set into it his bag and his rifle.

As he faced the guest he saw a smile of ridicule struggling with the latter's irritation.

"P'raps because I wear larrigans instead of shiny patent-leathers and live in the big woods, I ain't got any right to have human feelin's, mister. But I'm goin' to Onawa because I've got business there. And I'm goin' now. But"—and he cast a glance that swept all their incredulous and half-smiling countenances—"I've got time to stop here and break in the faces of all those that sneer at the bitterest thing that ever come into my life."

But the next moment he had recovered his self-possession.

"I'm sorry, gents," he said as he whirled his canoe and sunk his paddle. "I'm findin' it's ev'ry one for himself in this world, and now it's up to you the same as it's up to me."

It was growing dusk, and he passed out of sight along the lake shore like a flitting shadow.

Men who met him in the gray of the early morning, far down Sysladobsis outlet, say that he did not make the carry about the Hulling Machine Falls. He went riding through on the white water with a recklessness that made onlookers hold their breath. He gained two hours by that daredevil performance.

Those who met him in the afternoon on the Onawa tote-road, his bag on his back, his rifle in his clutch, found that he would answer no hail, reply to none of the greetings that woodsmen always halt to give.

He came down over the mountain into the settlement at dusk. There was a queer grayness in his face, a hard setting of his lantern jaws.

He skirted the village, as though he feared to meet people. He knocked at last at the door of a cottage on the river lane—knocked and then walked in. A woman in the little sitting-room tipped the paper shade of the lamp to reflect the light on his face and gave a startled cry.

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TO AND FRO ACROSS THE ROOM IN A STRUGGLE THAT WAS GRIMLY SILENT.

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"Where's Damaris?" he asked solemnly.

"Sam—" the woman faltered.

"Where is Damaris?"

"Sam, my girl couldn't get word to you. Now, I know you wouldn't make trouble. Oh, Sam, say you won't make trouble! She's a good girl. She didn't intend to fool you. But after she came to think it all over she couldn't go to live up there in the woods. You are old enough to be her father, Sam. Don't you see——?"

"Where is she, Sarah?" The grim insistence of the man whitened the woman's face.

"Sam," she shrilled, "you've got to be reasonable. There was no way of telling you—you up there in the woods. Tom is near her age and she thinks the world of him. You didn't want a girl that couldn't love you. There are other girls, Sam. Oh, for God's sake, don't look so at me!"

"Where is she, Sarah? I want to say something to her."

"It's no good in seeing her. It's all over between you two. Why, Sam, she was married this afternoon to Tom. The young folks are going to dance in the hall this evening. Oh, Sam, boy, you see I am honest with you. Be reasonable. It will do you no good to make trouble. Say you won't make trouble."

She was sobbing her appeals, and her fright, the fright of a mother that fears for her daughter, was pitiful.

He wearily shifted his rifle to his other arm.

"What are you going to do?" she screamed.

"I don't know, Sarah," he answered with a catch in his voice. "I reckon I can tell better when I see her."

He turned and trudged out of the house, his moccasined feet making no sound. The woman ran after him, clutching at his arm and appealing still in shrill cries. He seemed to pay no heed to her.

In the little hall over the tavern's ell, lights were shining and there was the sound of a fiddle.

He climbed the outside stairs, the woman at his heels. But on the landing she thrust past him and ran into the hall crying:

"O Damaris! O Tom! Run, for God's sake, run! Here's Sam Murdock with his gun!"

The fiddle stopped with a wail and the swirl of the dancers ceased.

The woodsman, his pack on his shoulders, his rifle still in the hollow of his arm, came in and stared about with a humility that was grim rather than reassuring.

The two he sought with his gaze were at the upper end of the hall. She stood, all in white, her hands clutched around her husband's arm, her eyes wide in terror.

Those between shrank back to the walls. He walked slowly up the avenue they left for him.

"Be ye married to him, Rissy?" he asked hoarsely, "married to him after what ye promised to me?"

She moved her lips, but her awful fear clutched like a man's grasp at her white throat.

"I took your word and you took mine," he went on. "'Twas the first I ever took from a woman—the first I ever gave. It was jest sacred to me, Rissy—that's what it was. What have ye done it for?"

There was a long silence, but he looked at her so long and so appealingly and it was all so still that at last she began to speak, with a husky dryness in her throat.

"I—I thought you wouldn't want me to keep my word if I'd fallen in love with some one else. I did, Sam, and there wasn't any way of telling you. It isn't any use tryin' to love a feller when you've fallen in love with some one else and know you do love him. P'raps I'm all to blame, but I couldn't help it. Oh, Sam—" her voice broke and she began to weep, partly in remorse and mostly because of her bitter fear of him—"don't make trouble for us. He ain't got as much money as you have, but I—I love him. I think a girl ought to have the right to marry the one she loves. And I don't want to be set up and worshiped like you said."

This last was as though she dealt him a blow.

"I don't know as much about it as some folks," he stammered, "but I reckon as how that's right. A girl, p'raps, can't help lovin' and——"

"Be a man, Sam Murdock," called some one in the throng. "Be a man, and let a girl choose to suit herself."

"I ain't what you would call a gent," he went on, "'cause I've mixed a lot with gents in the past twenty years of guidin', and I know. But there ain't nobody in the big woods to say that I ain't always been a man. If you love him, Rissy, take him. That's the way I love *you*. I've been open to say that I'd give my life to you. Givin' you up is

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more than givin' my life, but I reckon I can do it."

There was a pattering of applause in the hall.

"Hold on!" he cried, "none o' that! I ain't here makin' a bid for popularity. I want to tell ye all," he shouted, pounding his breast, "that damnation is boilin' inside of me. I can forgive a woman I love because she is a woman and ain't like a man and ain't to be treated like a man, as I've always contended." His voice quivered. "You listen to me, you people here! When I was goin' into the woods this spring I met the drive comin' down and that man was with it." He drove out a quivering finger in the direction of Grogan. "And I knowed him well, so well that while we was sittin' at the camp-fire I told him that I was goin' to marry Rissy Mayo and that it meant jest all there was in livin' to me. Wimmen don't chase men to marry 'em—not wimmen like Rissy Mayo. It's the man that does the courtin'. I say to you, Tom Grogan, that ye've stole my girl. You done it after you knowed she was mine. She pertects you, standin' where you are tonight. But I give ye fair warnin' that when I meet you out amongst men, on river, on land, in valley or on mountain, it will be a toss-up to see whether you or me knocks first at the gate of hell. That's my last word, and you all know whether or not Sam Murdock is a man of his word!"

He banged his gun butt upon the floor, glowered balefully for a moment upon the bridegroom, and then wheeled and went out into the night.

The landlord of the tavern was smoking in front of his barrel stove in the big common room. Murdock strode in and drove his palm hard down on the landlord's shoulder.

"Give me a bottle full of hell-fire, Seth," he gritted.

"I thought ye swore off about a year ago," mumbled the publican, blinking up at him and edging his back away from another blow. Then, with the desperate man's eyes burning into him redly, he shuffled away and brought the liquor.

The dance began again in the hall above. But the dancers had bolted the outer door.

A half-hour later above the screaking of the fiddle they heard a hoarse voice bellowing a woods' chorus in the big room below. Murdock sat there, his bottle under his arm, his eyes wild, his face blotchy red, his wits galloping under the bitter lash of the cheap liquor. The song was one of the old North Branch chanteys:

'Oh, fam'ly man, oh, fam'ly man, why ever did ye come,
A-sailin' in a puddin' bowl acrost a sea o' rum?
Your wife she is a-waitin', a-waitin' at your door;
You'd better start for home ag'in and don't come here no more."

"Won't you go to bed, Sam?" quavered the landlord at last. One of the men from the dance hall had stolen down and whispered in his ear. "You don't look as though you'd been havin' your share o' sleep lately."

"Oh, I ain't never goin' to sleep no more," the man stuttered thickly. "I'm the great horned owl of the big woods. I ain't goin' to sleep. I'm goin' owlin'."

He went stumbling out and away into the darkness, his pack on his back, his gun dragging from his loose grasp, his bottle under his arm. But he did not seek the stairs that led to the dance hall, as they who watched him feared he would. He took the trail back along the tote-road from Onawa toward the woods.

It was in the gray of morning that he reached the river where he had left his canoe. The little hostelry of Tim o' the Carry was silent and locked, but he drove open the front door with the butt of his rifle and stamped in, roaring.

"I'm the great horned owl of the Sysladobsis," he shouted. "I'm out owlin'. Yo, ho!"

A disheveled man, whom his half-stupid, blinking gaze recognized as one of the game wardens of the section, staggered out from an inner room. His speech, too, was thick, and he had the leer of drunkenness in his eyes. Moreover, he was a man who had been at Sysladobsis with his hand out for hush money—and had been indignantly repulsed.

"You'd better let honest men sleep, you—you infernal poacher, you," snarled the warden.

"Poacher!" roared Murdock.

"Yes, and I've got the evidence," retorted the other. "There ain't been a summer for ten years that you ain't fed your city loafers on deer in close time. That's how you've been makin' your money, you renegade. I've been waitin' till the right time to tell you what I think of you, Sam Murdock. Now I've got the evidence, and when you're done payin' fines there won't be so much money due you from the savings-bank. You're a cheap thief—stealin' from your state."

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Murdock raised his rifle, as though the sudden affront gave him excuse to vent the fury that had been boiling in him for so many hours. The other leaped forward and grasped the barrel in an iron clutch. Then they began to wrestle to and fro across the room, in a struggle that was grimly silent, for Murdock wore soft moccasins and the other was in his bare feet as he had come from bed.

"Billings," at last Murdock gasped, "I don't want to hurt ye, come to think of it. I ain't naturally no fighter. Wait! Wait! I don't want to hurt ye. It's jest because something has happened to make a devil of me that I talked back to ye. Let me go, now. I ain't safe to fool with."

"Let you go and let you shoot me because I've got evidence against you?" squalled the warden. "Not so you'd notice it, Sam Murdock."

Tim o' the Carry had come into the room, rubbing his eyes and expostulating.

"Catch him behind, Tim," commanded the officer. "He's a poacher and I'm arrestin' him. And it's ten years for tryin' to shoot me. Grab him, Tim."

From the tail of his dull eye Murdock saw the man edging behind to seize him.

"The world is ag'in me—you're all ag'in me," he screamed. "I'll show ye! I ain't goin' to be abused by the whole world."

Driven to fury by the onset of the two upon one, with a violent twist he forced the butt of the rifle suddenly upward and rushed the officer back into a corner of the room.

The man stumbled over a bench and they fell, Murdock above. At the same instant the rifle, clutched in the hands of both, barked, and the officer shrieked like a woman.

Tim o' the Carry pulled Murdock away by his heels. The other lay moaning, his shirt smoldering just above his groin.

"You've killed that man! You've shot him!" gulped the landlord.

For a little while Murdock stood in the middle of the floor, teetering back and forth, scrubbing his rough hand across his eyes. He seemed to be awaking slowly. The man on the floor writhed and was silent.

"He's a dead one!" squealed Tim. "You've done a killin'."

Murdock, holding his head aside like one who is afraid to look on a grisly spectacle, groped for his rifle, seized it, and rushed out of doors. He began to weep with the loud blubberings of a half-grown boy, wailing over and over:

"I didn't mean to—I didn't mean to!"

From the grimy window Tim saw him standing in his canoe, frantically poling upstream, and heard his dismal ululation until he disappeared around the bend.

Sam Murdock did not reappear at his camp on the Sysladobsis, though the officers chased there hotfoot and lurked long to catch him. Scattered parties crisscrossed the wide stretches of timberland along the North Branch, hunting diligently, because the victim was a game warden and the state has a long purse for the protection of its own—and this case was made out, through the interested evidence of Tim o' the Carry, as one of wilful attempt at murder.

It was happily not murder. The warden during the fall and early winter lay convalescing and cursing.

The whereabouts of the man with a price on his head engaged much of the gossip of the lumber camps that winter, and every tote-team driver and every chopper had a cautious eye out for the fugitive.

One evening in late January "Push Charlie" was jigging on an accordion before the fire in Long John Chamberlain's logging camp on Telos, and the men on the deacon seats were placidly smoking and watching, when the accordion was suddenly hushed. A man had pushed open the door and entered. They blinked at him through the smoke—at this stranger, as he seemed at first, with unkempt hair and tangled beard and a general air of having been long a vagrant.

Then some one suddenly shouted:

"God, men, it's Sam Murdock!"

They leaped to their feet and stood gaping at him. He lifted his rifle and swung it into the hollow of his arm.

"Don't crowd, boys," he said calmly. "I know what the reward is and all about it, but you've got to be a better gang than I think you are if you take me. I'm here on bus'ness and when that bus'ness is done I'm goin' away. I don't want no more trouble with any man. I've had enough."

"Then why don't you go out to the sheriff and take your medicine?" cried the boss.

"I'd be puttin' myself up ag'in two liars, that's all, and gittin' state prison instead of a fair show," retorted Murdock calmly. "I've always paid my honest debts in this world, men, but I ain't payin' none like what Seth Billings has got charged up ag'in me in the

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name o' justice. But that's neither here nor there. What I want is for Tom Grogan to step out where I can talk to him." He had been peering about the dim room as he spoke.

The men looked at one another, for the story of that night at Onawa had traveled far.

"P'raps you want us to hold Tom Grogan for you whilst you pump lead into him," observed the boss sourly. "You're in the wrong place to-night, Sam."

"I reckon, men, it's only human natur'," answered Murdock, "to set the few hours when a man's crazy with the most terrible thing of his life—to set them hours of trouble and desperation up ag'in forty-two years of decent and honest livin'. I won't complain. I've been alone, men, for a good many days. I've been cold and homeless and hungry. I've been worse nor a fox in these woods—for a fox has got a few friends of his own. And all that time I've been thinkin'. I told Tom Grogan I'd kill him."

HE THAWED THE SICK MAN BACK TO SEMI-CONSCIOUSNESS.

"That's what you did," observed the boss.

"And since it's been laid to me that I tried to kill a man, I reckon that a woman is thinkin' and thinkin' and worryin' and worryin'

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about some one that she—she—loves." His voice broke for a moment. "I s'pose Tom Grogan is list'nin'," he added, still peering. "I want him to hear this—I ain't ashamed to have you all listen.

"I s'pose it sounds queer for me to say that I love another man's wife—but I do and I'm goin' to say it. I ain't after no trouble here and I want ye all to understand. I ain't like most men, and I know it. I ain't had experience with wimmen folks same as most men have. But as I've said, I've been thinkin'. I ain't had no book on manners to read nor any one to advise what's gents' style in a clinch like this one. Best I've knowed is to change my love over. I love that woman now like a brother would love his sister. I don't want to keep thinkin' that she's worryin' about what I'll do. I don't want her to hate me. I want one woman to think about me and say that I ain't all a bad feller. So I've come here, men, out of the woods, to say to Tom Grogan that he can write to his wife and tell her for me that I'll never touch one hair of his head. That's so help me God!" He raised his hand. "Now let him come out where I can speak to him."

His sincerity seemed to impress them for the moment.

"Well, I've got to tell you," said the boss, after a pause, "that Tom Grogan is in a bad way. He was took sick a week ago—I reckon it's fever. He's in the wangan and he's out o' his head more or less. He's made up his mind he's goin' to die, and he don't do much but lay there and howl for some one to take him to his wife before he lets loose the snubline. He's in a bad way, he is! Better leave him alone."

Without a word Murdock turned and went out of the camp, trudging away in the direction of the wangan, or store camp.

"Now you mean well, don't ye?" bellowed the boss, running after him.

Murdock replied with an oath cast over his shoulder.

The woodsmen, on tiptoe, crept around the store camp and listened with mouths agape. It was Murdock who did the first talking within, but they could not understand much that he said. After a time they heard the weak tones of the sick man raised in quavering appeal.

The boss hesitated at first about going in, for the mien of the grim man with the rifle had intimidated all. With a muttered curse he now started for the door, but as he touched the latch it was thrown open and Murdock stood there.

"Why ain't you started this man for home?" he demanded; "him cryin' and grievin' his soul out for a good wife's nussin'."

"I don't know much about the fever sickness," said the boss sullenly, "but I know enough to understand that it would spell death and all in capital letters to take that man out of here on a seventy-mile tote-road ja'nt."

"You mean this loggin' comp'ny is too blamed stingy to spare men to take him," taunted Murdock. "But here's the man that will do it," he continued, slapping his breast. "Your ginger tea and your liniment won't save him. But the kiss and the tender hands of a good wife will do it, God bless her. I say he's goin' out and I'm goin' to take him out. All I want of you, mister, is that moose sled I see leanin' up there in the dingle."

"Seems to me you're gittin' to be an expert on killin' men that you don't like," jeered the boss. "When you don't do it with a rifle you do it by makin' believe be a friend. The man don't go out of here, Murdock. You hear me! The man don't go!"

"And the man does go," roared the other. "I reckon I'm due for state prison, anyway. A few more of ye won't matter. I'm goin' to start and start now, and you've all had your warnin'."

When he strode through the throng they fell away from him. His desperate resolve seemed to make a bloody aura about him. The deed of violence that he had already done armed him more effectually than did his weapon.

He brought the long, narrow moose sled and with an oath drove two of the men to bring out the sick man and tuck him among blankets and furs. Then he took the rope, knotted it about his shoulders, and started. No man put up a hand to stay him. But the boss called after:

"There are fifty men here to witness what ye've done to Tom Grogan. That much when sworn to will put ye behind the bars. But there's a better noose than what that comes to a-waitin' for ye when you step your foot outside the big woods, Sam Murdock."

The man who was tugging the sled away through the darkness gritted his teeth and mumbled to himself.

"Seems like the folks in this world don't want to understand nothin' but what's bad in

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a man. I reckon it'll be that way with the judge on the bench—he's only a man, too. But it's diff'rent with wimmen—and there's one woman that I know that can understand, and when she understands I guess it will harden me to stand what the rest say. I reckon it will harden me!"

The Æneid of that frozen trip from the Telos waters to the settlement cannot well be written. The man who rode could never tell of it, for during the long hours he raved and wept in his delirium, begging for the touch of his wife's hand.

The man who walked could not tell of it except that it seemed the journey of a spirit through shadowland. He knew that he struggled along interminable tote-roads under the branches of the snow-heaped trees, until his joints creaked and his legs doubled under him; he knew that he lighted fires of the dry kye here and there and stamped about them to keep himself awake, the while he thawed the sick man back to semi-consciousness; then on once more! And ever and ever in his ears sounded that plaint of the quavering voice:

"My wife! My wife! Take me to my wife!"

So it chanced that at last a specter staggered down the mountain side into Onawa settlement—a haggard, tottering, hairy specter, straining at the cord that drew a moose sled. And past the people who stared at him he came to the little cottage on the river lane and crept up the steps on his hands and knees—such was his weakness—and fell in upon the woman that opened the door.

"It's Tom, there," he gasped, "and he's sick and I've brought him home—because he wanted to come—he was cryin' and weepin' to see ye— Some said as how he ought to be left to die there in peace—some said it would kill him to take him. But I reckoned you wanted him—and would understand what I was tryin' to do."

An hour later he crouched in the sitting-room, waiting. People were moving in another room. A spectacled man, whom they called "Doctor" in hushed tones, was at the bedside where the sick man was stretched. There was the scent of medicines in the close air.

When the physician passed through the sitting-room on an errand, the man crouching there caught him by the arm.

"I done the best I knowed how—and I brought him out," he faltered. "But was I doin' right? Is he goin' to come through?"

"Hush," said the doctor in a whisper. "I think he is going to sleep, and if he sleeps now we can save him."

A half-dozen men had come plowing through the snow toward the cottage. One at the head wore a deputy sheriff's nickel badge pinned to his faded overcoat. He halted his posse and advanced alone toward the house.

"Sam Murdock!" he called hoarsely, "we've trailed ye to cover. Come out."

The man crouching within said "Hush!" through his teeth as though those without could hear. His brows wrinkled in pain as he glanced toward the bedroom door.

"I've got to know before I leave," he whispered to himself. "I've got to know if I done right. She said she'd tell me."

"Come out, Murdock," roared the deputy. "We'll give ye five minutes and then we'll tear that house down."

The man sprang for the door, softly as a cat on his moccasined feet. He had set his rifle against the newel post in the little hall. He grabbed it as he went. As he strode upon the stoop he had them covered.

"Hist ye!" he whispered with a volume that carried the sound to them on the frosty air. "There's a sick man goin' to sleep in here. Not one more yawp! Understand? Not another yip!"

They were backing away, but he halted them with a sibilant "'Tention!" jacked in a cartridge with a swift click, and poised the weapon over his forearm.

"I've got bus'ness here, first, gents," he mumbled with cautious hush in his tones. "You and me will have our talk all in good time. You jest wait right where you be!"

The deputy sheriff had his revolver clutched in his hand, but he kept the hand at his side. He had evidently trusted to numbers to overawe the man. Now he stood and gnawed his stubbly beard, his little gray eyes blinking angrily.

Minute after minute passed. A half-dozen times the officer shuffled his feet impatiently and opened his lips as though to speak, but something in the gaze of Murdock kept him silent. There was a bit of mystery in the whole thing, too, and the uncertainty as to what this might be impressed the none too ready wit of the sheriff.

At last the physician tiptoed to the door and softly closed it behind him while he spoke.

"If you are going to have any trouble, or disturbance, men, go away from here.

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Grogan is asleep. We've got the perspiration started and he's sound asleep. I guess we can save him—but it must be kept quiet around here—perfectly quiet, you understand!"

He had addressed no one in particular, but looked uneasily first at the posse and then at the man on the stoop.

Just as he withdrew, the wife came to the door, her trembling hands rolled in her apron. Her pitiful anxiety was still writ large on the countenance that her awful fright had stricken white when her husband had been borne in.

"Sam," she choked, "he's going to get well. The doctor says so. I said I'd come and tell you. He's going to get well, Sam. It's you that has done it for us, ain't it, Sam? Oh, I was only a girl when I first knowed you, Sam. I didn't realize what it meant to tell you and then not keep my word. But I've growed to be a woman awful quick. I understand—and that's because I—I—it's got to be said, Sam—it's because I love *him* in *there*. It's been terrible for you. I don't believe you ever meant to hurt the game warden."

He lowered the gun from his arm. The sheriff and his men began to back away cautiously and to take positions behind trees and the fence.

"I was in hopes that would be the way you'd look at it," he murmured, his face clearing of its grimness.

"Can't it all be explained to the judge?" she asked wistfully.

"P'raps it can," he replied. "I ain't seemed to be very well understood roundabouts lately. Wimmen can see furder into things than men can. But p'raps the judge can see, too."

"I can tell him—I can tell him!" she whispered, clinging to his arm, her hand caressing the ragged sleeve.

"I reckon it's all comin' out mostly right—pretty near right," he declared, trying to act cheery. "But don't you worry none now. You put your time right in here at home and put your mind on him. You'll have to nuss—nuss careful and patient, and he'll come out all right."

"You're the best man in all the world, Sam—except one." The tears were running down her cheeks.

"Wal, all I've tried to be is jest a man—jest plain man," he said, gratitude in his tones. "A man sech as the woods, that's pretty honest themselves, won't be ashamed of."

"I'll be there in court, Sam, to tell the truth to all of 'em," she declared, sobbing.

"Then I reckon it will be all right—little sister!" he gulped, and bent and kissed her forehead, muttering under his breath—"whichever way it goes for me!"

When he turned away, the deputy sheriff called from behind a tree, his revolver muzzle showing:

"If you're startin' now, and don't want trouble, Murdock, leave your gun."

He set the weapon inside the door and came down to meet them, his hands outspread and a half-bashful smile on his face.

"Why, sheriff and gents," he said, his voice breaking, "I ain't no wild looservee. I reckon I'm more coward than anything else. I'm jest an old cat that's dretful in need of"— he put his arm over the officer's shoulder in utter weariness of mind, soul, and body, and stumbled beside him along the snowy lane—"that's turrible in need of a place 'side of the fire, where I can curl up and sleep and—and kind of forgit things for a little while."

He turned his face to the wall in the village lockup, when they spread his couch for him, and they tiptoed away and left him there.

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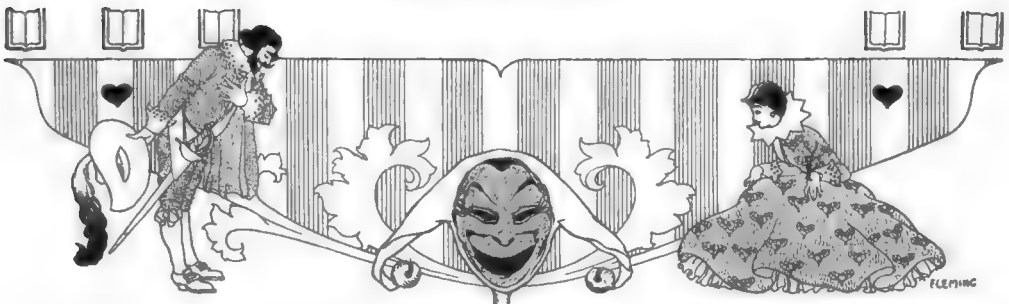
The Actor and the Manager

By HARTLEY DAVIS



"Sir," said Dr. Johnson to the faithful, receptive Boswell, "you have only two topics of conversation—yourself and myself."

YOU will remember that the crusty old scholar added that he was heartily sick of both.

I have never heard actors or theatrical managers express weariness of those two subjects. True eloquence in conversation can never be lost until actor and manager reach a state of peace and understanding. I fancy that will be a little beyond doomsday.

Active antagonism between them is, however, comparatively recent. In the old days the manager was usually himself an actor. When his relation to the members of his company was not paternal, it was fraternal. They feasted together in prosperity and starved together in adversity. The manager was no better off than his players. The rich manager is a development of the past twenty years.

"Augustin Daly was a showman, a great showman," said May Irwin not long ago. "Mr. Erlanger? He is a financier, a banker, not a real showman."

The astute Miss Irwin struck the head of the nail with force and precision. That is the distinction between the old and the new order. The manager of the elder days was a showman, who regarded his players as of the first importance. The modern manager is essentially a tradesman, who sells amusement. He considers the personality of the player—figure, voice, color of the hair, personal magnetism, acting ability—in pretty much the same light in which he considers costumes and scenery, as commodities to be exploited and sold. In theory, at least, his attitude toward his players is impersonal and practical.

The actor often pretends, when he is particularly *blasé*, to take this impersonal and commercial view of himself, but he never really succeeds. He is essentially the artist, interested primarily in the effects he produces upon his audience. He is self-conscious to his finger-tips, even, one might say, to his clothes. His ego fills his cosmos.

It is the introduction of the business idea into the theatre that has made actor and manager inimical to each other. The antagonism is not personal but is inherent in the situation. The artistic temperament recognizes no responsibilities, no laws that do not receive the sanction of its own consciousness and desires. It is the temperament that makes the greatest thieves and rascals as well as the greatest musicians, writers, and actors. The business idea and the artistic idea hold each other in profound contempt. This natural antagonism is intensified, so far as actor and manager are concerned, by the fact that each is absolutely dependent upon the other. And also there is added difficulty in the fact that most managers have adopted only so much of the business idea as is to their benefit, and still take advantage of all the old customs and traditions that they can manipulate to their own profit at the actor's expense.

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I have heard certain managers talk by the hour about the shortcomings of actors. But if you were to ask any of the big managers like Abraham Lincoln Erlanger, head of the so-called theatrical trust; Charles Frohman, the manager who has produced the largest number of plays; David Belasco, Charles Dillingham, Henry W. Savage, any of those who have grown rich and powerful, they would tell you that they have no particular trouble with their players. One of these gentlemen said to me:

"I have no more troubles with actors than any large employer has with his employees." If he had qualified his assertion by the use of the word "unorganized" before employees, his statement would have been much more exact. Incidentally, this attitude of the manager in regarding the player merely as an employee makes the "mummer" rage. The suggestion that he can be considered as a laborer rather than as an artist wounds his deepest, most sensitive feelings.

It is true, however, that the great managers have few really serious troubles with the actor. When one sifts down the charges, they are usually based on petty annoyances resulting from the unreasonable exactions and the imaginary ills of supersensitive creatures. For instance, a certain star threatened to abandon her engagement because a carriage had not been provided to take her from the theatre to the hotel, according to her contract. The fact that the hotel was just across the street, and that she couldn't have ridden more than twenty-five feet in a straight line, made no difference.

I suppose it has happened a thousand times that a star has refused to go on with a performance because the steam-pipes rattled, or because of other noises utterly beyond the control of the manager. And the troubles over dressing-rooms are legion. The jealousies, the vanities, the absurd trifles magnified into mountains with which the actor afflicts the manager are in number as the sands of the sea.

In the case of a few individuals this unreasonableness is truly serious. One of the best and most popular actors on the stage cannot stand prosperity. When he is down on his luck, he is charming and reliable. When he is prosperous, his colossal vanity fills his world, and he cannot be depended upon for five minutes. The big managers will have nothing to do with him, although if he were a sensible human being he would be enormously profitable. That is one way in which the big managers escape trouble—by elimination. Incidentally, this star doesn't have the slightest consideration for other players. More than once he has thrown a dozen actors out of employment in the middle of a season because of a foolish crotchet that found lodgment in his mind.

A familiar plaint of the manager is against the player who has risen out of obscurity to a place of prominence, has made what is called a big hit, and then deserted to accept a larger salary. The deserted manager always considers this an exhibition of rank ingratitude. He declares and believes that he has "made" the actor. As a matter of fact, there are a few cases on record of a manager's really making an actor, but they are exceeding few. There are, however, many instances of an actor's undeveloped or unappreciated ability being recognized by a manager who has given the player opportunity. David Belasco took David Warfield out of a music hall in which he was practically confined to Hebrew impersonations. Even Warfield's most intimate friends and warmest admirers were skeptical as to his "making good" as a star. That was only four or five years ago. Now David Warfield is recognized as our foremost actor.

Violation of a contract for the sake of a larger salary is by no means uncommon. The actor's viewpoint on the matter is curious. I have heard players earnestly advance the argument that this contract-breaking does not in the least reflect upon the actor, but rather upon the manager who has tempted him with a larger salary. In fact, this sort of incident is frequently cited as a proof of the turpitude of managers generally.

It is undoubtedly true that, when some actors feel that the manager cannot do without them, usually when the company is at a long distance from New York, where practically all engagements are made, they impose upon their employers. The players have a distinct advantage in that, if they choose to quit and the manager refuses to pay the week's salary due, they can attach the show and prevent it from keeping the next engagement. Of course the actor will lose in court, but in the meantime scenery and baggage cannot be moved, and performances must be missed that may entail not only a heavy immediate loss but may make the manager liable for damages if the theatre-owner elects to bring suit. A chorus girl can hold up a

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company of seventy-five people in order to collect a week's salary of $18. There is a good deal of this sort of blackmail.

A musical comedy was playing in the far Southwest. The leading man in the company, knowing that there was no understudy, became particularly outrageous. He refused to attend rehearsals, demanded special arrangements for his comfort in making the jumps from place to place more easily, and was otherwise obnoxious. Finally, the manager rebelled. The actor announced that he wouldn't go on unless the manager yielded. Both held out until eight o'clock, and the theatre was packed. There was more than $1,200 in the house. Then the manager had an inspiration.

"I will give you just three minutes to get into your dressing-room and begin making up," he said to the actor. "If you are not there by that time, I will go before the curtain and announce that there will be no performance. Also I will tell these somewhat excitable natives the reason. I will tell them where they can find you and I will make sure they do find you. I think——"

But the actor had started for his dressing-room on the run.

Photograph by Sarony, New York.

LILLIAN ALBERTSON IN "PAID IN FULL."

But what is the case of the actor against the manager? I should like to tell about the sufferings inflicted upon players seeking engagements, the rudeness and brutality, the actual insults that are far too common, particularly to women; but these are personal matters for which there is no attempt at justification. Rather is my object to set forth abuses that have the sanction of custom, and that managers regard as necessary business details.

The actor doesn't object to paying a dramatic agent a commission amounting usually to half of a week's salary, under ordinary conditions. But he does object when a manager who has the player's address sends for him through an agent—and this is a common practise. And it is not unfamiliar for a manager to conduct all the negotiations himself, settle upon all the arrangements, and then direct all the members of a company to call at the office of an agent and sign the contracts. Actors believe that this is simply a scheme to share the commissions with the agent, and the external evidence supports their conclusion.

The regard that the majority of players have for a theatrical contract is rather curious. For the most part they insist upon having one. Strangely enough—when one knows all the facts—it gives them a sense of security. It is a rare thing, however, for one of them to read a contract through. All they are usually interested in is the amount of salary and the date of opening, indefinitely fixed as "on or about" a certain day. Unless the actor is in a position to dictate, he knows that it will do him not the slightest good to object to any of the provisions of the contract. If he doesn't like them, he is dismissed for another who keeps his objections to himself.

The average theatrical contract fills most of a sheet of legal paper and it is printed in very fine type. It is chiefly remarkable for the skill with which it ties up the actor and leaves the manager all manner of loopholes. Of course there are exceptions, but the usual

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Photograph by The Misses Selby, New York.

DAVID BELASCO.

contract between actor and manager is only a little more amiable than highway robbery and a trifle more legal. I know of one contract in which an actor bound himself to a manager for three years. The manager was given the privilege of terminating the contract on two weeks' notice, whereas if the actor broke it, he was to pay the manager $1,000.

Nearly every contract gives either party the privilege of terminating it on two weeks' notice. This sounds equitable, but the practise is against the actor, for he knows that if he takes advantage of it, he will incur the ill-will of the manager and will become known and practically blacklisted as a contract jumper. There is no such thing as a written blacklist, but managers remember actors, and, besides, each one has a telephone at hand. And in a profession painfully overcrowded, it is much easier for a manager to secure an actor than it is for an actor to secure an engagement. Incidentally, the contracts that do not contain the two weeks' clause prove no restraint upon the average manager. If he wishes to be rid of his contract, he flatters the player into accepting an increase in salary, which breaks the contract, and the manager can then discharge the actor without any notice at all.

There is, indeed, very little security in such a contract. It is common to make engagements six months or a year in advance. Offhand, I can think of a dozen instances that have come under my personal knowledge of players who have been engaged for a certain production, months in advance, and who have refused other offers after signing contracts, only

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Photograph by Rockwood, New York.

ABRAHAM L. ERLANGER.

to be informed at the last moment that their services would not be required. Further, it happens very often that, after waiting six months for a manager to make a production, and rehearsing for three or four weeks, an actor is told at the last moment that his part has been cut out, or so changed that he will not be needed. While this article was in preparation, I learned that William Gillette, who occupies one of the highest positions on the American stage, both as actor and as playwright, rehearsed a company, which he had selected a long time previously for his new play. After three weeks of rehearsal Mr. Gillette became dissatisfied with his own work. He decided that the play would have to be rewritten. So the actors were dismissed. They received not a penny for their work, and they were left stranded in the middle of the season, a time when there is practically no chance of getting an engagement.

In connection with rehearsals, actors have a grievance even when production follows. Formerly, rehearsals were short and were usually carried on while the company was playing. Nowadays rehearsals continue from three weeks to three months, previous to production, and about half the time is wasted in dawdling along after a fashion which shows that in this respect, at least, the manager has no consideration whatever for the business idea. I know of only one producer who employs business methods, who knows how to save time. This is Julian Mitchell, who has no equal in handling large numbers of people on the stage.

Most of the work of rehearsal is concentrated in the last week. It is the rule to have

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Photograph by Matzene, Chicago.

LEE SHUBERT.

the dress rehearsal begin at eight in the evening, and it generally lasts until four or five o'clock the next morning. In musical shows there are frequent interruptions caused by the fainting of chorus girls who are unable to stand the strain, probably because of the lack of proper food.

For their work during rehearsals, whether it last three weeks or three months, the players receive not a penny. The stage director is paid, and the musical director is paid, but no one else. If the production fails—and ninety per cent of the productions do fail—a notice is posted stating that the company will close in two weeks. And two weeks' salary is all that the members of the company receive. Moreover, if the play is a modern one, the players have to supply their own "wardrobe," meaning the clothes they wear on the stage. A leading actress often spends several hundred dollars for her gowns.

You cannot convince managers that there is any injustice in this. Their familiar answer is that they cannot afford to pay salaries nor even half salaries during rehearsals because the expense of the productions, of the costumes, and the scenery is so great. Also they say that in cases of real necessity they advance money for food and lodging. But this is charity, not honest payment for honest work.

The beautiful spirit of fairness in the theatrical contract is further illustrated by the clauses providing for half salary for the weeks preceding Christmas, Easter, and a Presidential election. As a rule, business is bad during these weeks, but those that follow are the best of the whole season, more than bringing up the average. Does the manager

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Photograph by Marceau, Boston, Mass.

MARIE DORO AS *CARLOTTA* IN "THE MORALS OF MARCUS."

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Photograph by C. M. Brooks, New York.

LILLIAN LORRAINE IN "THE GAY WHITE WAY."

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share with his players the additional profits of these good weeks? No one ever heard of such an instance. Some managers, like Charles Frohman, do not pay half salaries; they lay the company off. And the others hold that they are acting as benefactors in paying half salaries during the dull weeks. But if it so happens that the show does a big business during those weeks, most of them take advantage of the half-salary clause just the same.

Managers of melodrama companies that play in the cheaper houses have evolved a simple and effective scheme for gouging their players, who receive small enough salaries at best. These companies now open about the middle of August. The contract sets forth that the first two or three performances shall be considered as dress rehearsals, so no payment will be made for them. Furthermore, it is nominated in the bond that the first two or three weeks shall be called a "preliminary season," really a summer season, and that the half salaries that are the rule for a summer season shall be paid.

I believe that practically all contracts provide that the number of performances shall be governed by the custom of the theatre in which the company is playing; but this is modified by certain stars who stipulate as to the number of appearances they will make each week. Under normal conditions, no company gives fewer than seven performances a week, and in those cities where Sunday shows are given, the number is usually nine. In the cheaper houses fourteen shows are given, two every day in the week. His contract empowers the manager to make the actor play practically as often as he pleases within the limits of possibility. There are almost always extra performances on holidays, and for these the actor receives not a single penny beyond his fixed salary.

Every contract, I am told, even that of the biggest star, contains a clause providing that "if, for any reason, non-playing nights occur, the actor shall have deducted from his salary one-seventh of the [total] amount." That means that the manager can lay the company off whenever he chooses. And it is the invariable rule, I believe, that when a company makes long jumps that compel it to miss performances, no salaries are paid. I happen at this writing to know of a company of excellent standing that jumped from Los Angeles to Tacoma. It was two nights on the road. Every member of the acting company had two-sevenths of his salary deducted.

Isn't this a cheerful method of easy swindling? The actor gets no pay for extra performances, but if for any reason he misses a performance, one-seventh of the whole salary is deducted, even if he gives eight performances in that week.

Sometimes the cheap manager is guilty of even balder swindling. He argues that an actor really works by the day, and the recognized number of working-days in a week is six. Therefore if the actor misses a performance, one-sixth of his salary shall be deducted. When Eben Plympton insisted upon his salary being fixed at so much a performance, his fellow players laughed at him until he pointed out the advantages of the arrangement. Mr. Plympton lives on Cape Cod when he is at home.

When the player receives a large salary, the hardship of these deductions isn't so great. But there are infinitely more actors working for $30 a week and less, than for a larger salary. And deductions mean actual suffering to them.

Add to these grievances the fact that players are compelled to dress in rooms not fit for anything that breathes to inhabit, rooms whose floors are often covered with half-frozen water, rooms that reek with vile odors, because no fresh air has entered them since they were built, and it will appear that on most counts the players have the worst of it.

Why do they endure, then, the injustices that could and should be remedied? For one reason: because of the ego that fills their cosmos; because there is no such thing as concerted action among them; because they are not a sensible, practical people, but artists, each ever looking forward to the time when he shall be famous and successful and himself able to command.

Photograph by Byron, New York.

WILLIAM NORRIS IN "TOM JONES."

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HE HALF LIFTED HIM TO THE GALLERY, WHILE SHE STROVE TO HOLD HIM BY THE KNEES.

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The Guest of Quesnay

By Booth Tarkington

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Illustration by Mary Greene Blumenschein

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS.—Three threads, later to be twisted together in the mystery of "The Guest of Quesnay," are spun in the first instalment. First, the American artist who tells the story, and his friend, George Ward, witness the wreck, near Paris, of an automobile in which are a Parisian dancer and Larrabee Harman, an American who is notorious for a career of dissipation. Harman, whose divorced wife is Ward's cousin, is seriously injured. Here this thread of the story is dropped. Two years later, the artist establishes himself at an inn in Normandy, where he learns that the neighboring Château de Quesnay, which has been leased by the sister of George Ward, is for the time in charge of her guest, a certain very charming Madame d'Armand. The third element is furnished by the arrival at the inn of Professor Keredec, a distinguished scientist, accompanied by a younger man, who is invested with an air of great singularity and deep mystery. The artist does not meet his fellow innsmen until one day in the woods when Madame d'Armand has just passed through the glade in which he is painting. A few moments later, the younger of the two strangers bursts from the forest, intent upon following the lady, whom he does not know and has seen but once before. While the painter, who detains him, is marveling at his simplicity and unconventionality, Professor Keredec appears, and, with apologies, takes the young man away. Some days afterward, when the painter is confined to the inn by a sprained ankle, Keredec seeks him out and, having partially explained to him the strange mental state of Oliver Saffren, his young charge, asks the painter's friendship for him. When the artist is again at work, Saffren often joins him in the forest; and there, one day, he comes upon Madame d'Armand and speaks to her; pale and startled, she hurries away. Upon the painter's berating Saffren for rudeness, the young man professes that he could not help speaking to her. The next morning, Miss Ward, who has returned to Quesnay, calls upon the painter to invite him to dinner, and in the course of the conversation she confirms his suspicion that "Madame d'Armand" is only the neighborhood rendering of "Mrs. Harman." After dinner that evening, Mrs. Harman asks the painter not to let Saffren, in whom she shows deep interest, know her real name. The second day after, Anne Elliott, one of the guests at the Château, tells the painter that she suspects Mrs. Harman is in love with Saffren. A few evenings later, Saffren, in an exalted mood, confides to him that he has seen and talked with Mrs. Harman several times and makes it clear that he loves her.

CHAPTER XV

THE rain of two nights and two days had freshened the woods, deepening the green of the tree-trunks and washing the dust from the leaves, and now, under the splendid sun of the third morning, we sat painting in a sylvan aisle that was like a hall of Aladdin's palace, the myriad traceries of branches and the filigreed arches of foliage above us glittering with pendulous rain-drops. But Arabian Nights' palaces are not to my fancy for painting; the air, rinsed of its color, was too sparklingly clean; the interstices of sky and the roughly framed distances I prized, were brought too close. It was one of those days when Nature throws herself straight in your face and you are at a loss to know whether she has kissed you or slapped you, though you are conscious of the tingle; a day, in brief, more for laughing than for painting, and the truth is that I suited its mood only too well, and laughed more than I painted, though I sat with my easel before me and a picture ready upon my palette to be painted.

No one could have understood better than I that this was setting a bad example to the acolyte who sat, likewise facing an easel, ten paces to my left; a very sportsmanlike figure of a painter indeed, in her short skirt and long coat of woodland brown, the fine brown of dead oak-leaves; a "devastating" selection of color that!—being much the same shade as her hair—with brown for her hat too, and the

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veil encircling the small crown thereof, and brown again for the stout, high, laced boots which protected her from the wet tangle underfoot. Who could have expected so dashing a young person as this to do any real work at painting? Yet she did, narrowing her eyes to the finest point of concentration, and applying herself to the task in hand with a persistence which I found, on that particular morning, far beyond my own powers.

As she leaned back critically, at the imminent risk of capsizing her camp-stool, and herself with it, in her absorption, some ill-suppressed token of amusement must have caught her ear, for she turned upon me with suspicion, and was instantly moved to thoughtful moralizations upon the reluctance I had shown to accept her as a companion for my excursions; taking as her theme, in contrast, her own present display of ambition; all in all a warm, if overcolored, sketch of the idle master and the industrious apprentice. It made me laugh again, upon which she changed the subject.

"An indefinable something tells me," she announced coldly, "that henceforth you needn't be so *drastically* fearful of being dragged to the château for dinners, or *déjeuner* either!"

"Did anything ever tell you that I had cause to fear it?"

"Yes," she said but too simply. "Jean Ferret."

"Anglicize that ruffian's name," I muttered, mirth immediately withering within me, "and you'll know him better. To save time: will you mention anything you can think of that he *hasn't* told you?"

Miss Elliott cocked her head upon one side to examine the work of art she was producing, while a slight smile, playing about her lips, seemed to indicate that she was appeased. "You and Miss Ward are old and dear friends, aren't you?" she asked absently.

"We are!" I answered between my teeth. "For years I have sent her costly jewels——"

She interrupted me by breaking outright into a peal of laughter, which rang with such childish delight that I retorted by offering several malevolent observations upon the babbling of French servants in general and the order of mind attributable to those who listened to them. Her defense was to affect inattention and paint busily until some time after I had concluded.

"I think she's going to take Cressie Ingle," she said dreamily, with the air of one whose thoughts have been far, far away. "It looks preponderously like it. She's been teetertottering these *ages* and ages between you——"

"Between whom?"

"You and Mr. Ingle," she replied, not altering her tone in the slightest. "But she's all for her brother, of course, and though you're his friend, Ingle is a personage in the world they court, and among the *multitudinous* things his father left him is an art magazine, or one that's long on art or something of that sort—I don't know just what—so altogether it will be a good thing for *dearest* Mr. Ward. She likes Cressie, of course, though I think she likes you better——"

I managed to find my voice and interrupt the thistle-brained creature. "What put this fantastic nonsense into your head?" I demanded.

"Not Jean Ferret," she responded promptly. "It's cruel of me to break it to you so badly—I know—but if you are ever going to make up your mind to her building as glaring a success of you as she has of her brother, I think you must do it now. She's on the point of accepting Mr. Ingle, and what becomes of you will depend on your conduct in the most immediate future. She won't ask you to Quesnay again, so you'd better go up there on your own accord. And on your bended knees, too," she added as an afterthought.

In my amazement (as much at her audacity as at her absurdity) I sought clumsily for something to say which might have some chance of impressing her—a desperate task on the face of it—and without much hope of accomplishing it, I mentioned that Miss Ward was her hostess.

One might as well have tried to impress Amédée. She "made a little mouth" and went on dabbling with her brushes. "Hostess? Pooh!" she said cheerfully. "My *infantile* father sent me here to be in her charge while he ran home to America. Mr. Ward's to paint my portrait, when he comes. Give and take—it's simple enough, you see!"

Here was frankness with a vengeance, and I fell back upon silence, whereupon a pause ensued, to my share of which I imparted the deepest shadow of disapproval within my power. Unfortunately, she did not look at me; my effort passed without any other effect than to make some of my facial muscles ache.

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"'Portrait of Miss E., by George Ward, H.C.,'" this painfully plain-speaking young lady continued presently. "On the line at next spring's Salon, then packed up for the dear ones at home. I'd as soon own an 'Art Bronze,' myself—or a nice, clean porcelain Arab——"

"No doubt you've forgotten for the moment," I said, "that Mr. Ward is my friend."

"Not in painting, he isn't," she returned quickly.

"I consider his work altogether creditable; it's carefully done, conscientious, effective——"

"Isn't that true of the ladies in the hairdressers' windows?" she asked with assumed artlessness. "Can't you say a kind word for them, good gentleman, and heaven bless you?"

"Why sha'n't I be asked to Quesnay again?" I said, feeling as if I had been detected in gross disloyalty and hoping to check her, for she evidently meant to continue the subject.

She laughed. "You haven't seemed frantically appreciative of your opportunities when you have been there; you might have carried her off from Cresson Ingle instead of vice versa. But after all, you *aren't*"—here she paused and looked at me appraisingly for a moment—"you *aren't* the most piratical dash-in-and-dash-out and leave-everything-upside-down-behind-you sort of man, are you?"

"No, I believe I'm not."

"However, that's only a *small* half of the reason," Miss Elliott went on. "She's furious on account of this."

These were vague words, and I said so.

"Oh, *this*," she explained, "my being here; your letting me come. Impropriety—all of that!" A sharp whistle issued from her lips. "Oh! the *excoriating* things she's said of my pursuing you!"

"But doesn't she know that it's only part of your siege of Madame Brossard's; that it's a subterfuge in the hope of catching a glimpse of Oliver Saffren?"

"No!" she cried, her eyes dancing; "I told her that, but she thinks it's only a subterfuge in the hope of catching more than a glimpse of you!"

I joined laughter with her then; she was the first to stop, and, looking at me somewhat doubtfully, she said:

"Whereas, the truth is that it's neither. You know very well that I want to paint."

"Certainly," I agreed at once. "Your devotion to 'your art' and your hope of spending half an hour at Madame Brossard's now and then are separable entities; which reminds me, wouldn't you like me to look at your sketch?"

"No, not yet." She jumped up and brought her camp-stool over to mine. "I feel that I could better bear what you'll say of it after I've had some lunch. Not a *syllable* of food has crossed my lips since coffee at dawn!"

I spread before her what Amédée had prepared; not sandwiches for the pocket to-day, but a wicker hamper, one end of which we let rest upon her knees, the other upon mine, and at sight of the *foie gras*, the delicate, deviled chicken, the truffled salad, the fine yellow cheese, and the long bottle of good red Beaune, revealed when the cover was off, I could almost have forgiven the old rascal for his scandal-mongering. As for my vis-à-vis, she pronounced it a "maddening sight."

"Fall to, my merry man," she added, "and eat your fill of this fair pasty, under the greenwood tree." Obeying her instructions with right good-will, and the lady likewise evincing no hatred of the viands, we made a cheerful meal of it, topping it with peaches and bunches of grapes.

"It is unfair to let you do all the catering," said Miss Elliott, after carefully selecting the largest and best peach.

"Jean Ferret's friend does that," I returned, watching her rather intently as she dexterously peeled the peach. She did it very daintily, I had to admit that—though I regretted to observe indications of the gourmet in one so young. But when it was peeled clean, she set it on a fresh green leaf, and, to my surprise, gave it to me.

"You see," she continued, not observing my remorseful confusion, "I couldn't destroy Elizabeth's peace of mind and then raid her larder to boot. That poor lady! I make her trouble enough, but it's nothing to what she's going to have when she finds out some things that she must find out."

"What is that?"

"About Mrs. Harman," was the serious reply. "Elizabeth hasn't a clue."

"'Clue'?" I echoed.

"To Louise's strange affair." Miss Elliott's expression had grown as serious as her tone. "It is strange; the strangest thing I ever knew."

"But there's your own case," I urged.

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"Why should you think it strange of her to take an interest in Saffren?"

"I adore him, of course," she said. "He is the most glorious-looking person I've ever seen, but on my word—" She paused, and as her gaze met mine I saw real earnestness in her eyes. "I'm afraid—I was half joking the other day, but now I'm really afraid Louise is beginning to be in love with him."

"Oh, mightn't it be only interest, so far?" I said.

"No, it's much more. And I've grown so fond of her!" the girl went on, her voice near the verge of tremulousness. "She's quite wonderful in her way—such an understanding sort of woman, and generous and kind; there are so many things turning up in a party like ours at Quesnay that show what people are really made of, and she's a rare, fine spirit. It seems a pity, with such a miserable first experience as she had, that this should happen. Oh, I know," she continued rapidly, cutting off a half-formed protest of mine. "He isn't mad—and I'm sorry I tried to be amusing about it the night you dined at the château. I know perfectly well he's not insane; but I'm absolutely sure, from one thing and another, that—well—he isn't *all there!* He's as beautiful as a seraph and probably as good as one, but something is *missing* about him—and it begins to look like a second tragedy for her."

"You mean, she really—" I began.

"Yes, I do," she returned, with a catch in her throat. "She comes to my room when the others are asleep. Not that she tells me a great deal, but it's in the air, somehow; she told me with such a strained sort of gaiety of their meeting and his first joining her; and there was something underneath as if she thought *I* might be really serious in my ravings about him, and—yes, as if she meant to warn me off. And the other night, when I saw her after their lunching together at Dives, I asked her teasingly if she'd had a happy day, and she laughed the prettiest laugh I ever heard and put her arms around me—then suddenly broke out crying and ran out of the room."

"But that may have been no more than overstrained nerves," I feebly suggested.

"Of course it was!" she cried, regarding me with justifiable astonishment. "It's the *cause* of their being overstrained that interests me! It's all so strange and distressing," she continued more gently, "that I wish I weren't there to see it. And there's poor George Ward coming—ah! and when Elizabeth learns of it!"

"Mrs. Harman had her way once, in spite of everything," I said thoughtfully.

"Yes, she was a headstrong girl of nineteen, then. But let's not think it could go as far as that! There!" She threw a peach-stone over her shoulder and sprang up gaily. "Let's not talk of it; I *think* of it enough! It's time for you to give me a *racking* criticism on my morning's work."

Taking off her coat as she spoke, she unbuttoned the cuffs of her manly blouse and rolled up her sleeves as far as they would go, preparations which I observed with some perplexity.

"If you intend any violence," said I, "in case my views of your work shouldn't meet your own, I think I'll be leaving."

"Wait," she responded, and kneeling upon one knee beside a bush near by, thrust her arms elbow-deep under the outer mantle of leaves, shaking the stems vigorously, and sending down a shower of sparkling drops. Never lived sane man, or madman, since time began, who, seeing her then, could or would have denied that she made the very prettiest picture ever seen by any person or persons whatsoever; but her purpose was difficult to fathom. Pursuing it, I remarked that it was improbable that birds would be nesting so low.

"It's for a finger-bowl," she said briskly. And rising, this most practical of her sex dried her hands upon a fresh serviette from the hamper. "Last night's rain is worth two birds in the bush."

With that, she readjusted her sleeves, lightly donned her coat, and preceded me to her easel. 'Now," she commanded, "slaughter! It's what I let you come with me for."

I looked at her sketch with much more attention than I had given the small board she had used as a bait in the courtyard of Les Trois Pigeons. To-day she showed a larger ambition, and a larger canvas as well—or, perhaps I should say a larger burlap, for she had chosen to paint upon something strongly resembling a square of coffee-sacking. But there was no doubt she had "found color" in a swash-buckling, bullying style of forcing it to be there, whether it was or not, and to "vibrate," whether it did or not. There was not much to be said, for the violent kind of thing she had done always hushes me; and even when it is well done I

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am never sure whether its right place is the "Salon des Independants" or the Luxembourg. It *seems* dreadful, and yet sometimes I fear in secret that it may be a real transition, or even an awakening, and that the men I began with, and I, are standing still. The older men called *us* lunatics once, and the critics said we were "daring," but that was long ago.

"Well?" she said.

I had to speak, so I paraphrased a *mot* of Degas (I think it was Degas) and said:

"If Rousseau could come to life and see this sketch of yours, I imagine he would be very much interested, but if he saw mine he might say, 'That is my fault!'"

"*Oh!*" she cried, her color rising quickly; she looked troubled for a second, then her eyes twinkled. "You're not going to let my work make a difference between us, are you?"

"I'll even try to look at it from your own point of view," I answered, stepping back several yards to see it better, though I should have had to retire about a quarter of the length of a city block to see it quite from her own point of view.

She moved with me, both of us walking backward. I began:

"For a day like this, with all the color in the trees themselves and so very little in the air——"

There came an interruption, a voice of unpleasant and wiry nasality, speaking from behind us.

"*Well, well!*" it said. "So here we are again!"

I faced about and beheld, just emerged from a by-path, a fox-faced young man whose light, well-poised figure was jauntily clad in serge, with scarlet waistcoat and tie, white shoes upon his feet, and a white hat, gaily beribboned, upon his head. A recollection of the dusky road and a group of people about Père Baudry's lamplit door flickered across my mind.

"The historical tourist!" I exclaimed. "The highly pedestrian tripper from Trouville!"

"You got me right, m'dear friend," he replied with condescension; "I rec'leck meetin' you perfect."

"And I was interested to learn," said I, carefully observing the effect of my words upon him, "that you had been to *Les Trois Pigeons* after all. Perhaps I might put it, you had been through *Les Trois Pigeons*, for the maître d'hôtel informed me you had investigated every corner—that wasn't locked."

"Sure," he returned, with rather less embarrassment than a brazen Vishnu would have exhibited under the same circumstances. "He showed me what pitchers they was in your studio. I'll luk 'em over again fer ye one of these days. Some of 'em was right gud."

"You will be visiting near enough for me to avail myself of the opportunity?"

"Right in the Pigeon House, m'friend. I've just come down t'putt in a few days there," he responded coolly. "They's a young feller in this neighborhood I take a kind o' fam'ly interest in."

"Who is that?" I asked quickly.

For answer he produced the effect of a laugh by widening and lifting one side of his mouth, leaving the other, meantime, rigid.

"Don' lemme int'rup' the conv'sation with yer lady-friend," he said winningly. "What they call 'talkin' High Arts,' wasn' it? I'd like to hear some."

CHAPTER XVI

Miss Elliott's expression, when I turned to observe the effect of the intruder upon her, was found to be one of brilliant delight. With glowing eyes, her lips parted in a breathless ecstasy, she gazed upon the newcomer, evidently fearing to lose a syllable that fell from his lips. Moving closer to me she whispered urgently:

"Keep him. Oh, keep him!"

To detain him, for a time at least, was my intention, though my motive was not merely to afford her pleasure. The advent of the young man had produced a singularly disagreeable impression upon me, quite apart from any antagonism I might have felt toward him as a type. Strange suspicions leaped into my mind, formless—in the surprise of the moment—but rapidly groping toward definite outline; and following hard upon them crept a tingling apprehension. The reappearance of this rattish youth, casual as was the air with which he strove to invest it, began to assume, for me, the character of a theatrical entrance of unpleasant portent—a suggestion just now enhanced by an absurdly obvious notion of his own that he was enacting a part. This was written all over him, most legibly in his attitude of the knowing amateur, as he surveyed Miss Elliott's painting patronizingly,

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his head on one side, his cane in the crook of his elbows behind his back, and his body teetering genteelly as he shifted his weight from his toes to his heels and back again, nodding meanwhile a slight but judicial approbation.

"Now, about how much," he said slowly, "would you expec' t' git f'r a pitcher that size?"

"It isn't mine," I informed him.

"You don't tell me it's the little lady's—what?" He bowed genially and favored Miss Elliott with a stare of warm admiration. "Pretty a thing as I ever see," he added.

"Oh," she cried with an ardor that choked her slightly. "*Thank* you!"

"Oh, I meant the *pitcher!*" he said hastily, evidently nonplussed by a gratitude so fervent.

The incorrigible damsel cast down her eyes in modesty. "And I had hoped," she breathed aside, "something so different!"

I could not be certain whether or not he caught the whisper; however, I thought he did. At all events, the surface of his easy assurance appeared somewhat damaged; and, perhaps to restore it by performing the rites of etiquette, he said:

"Well, I expec' the swagger thing now is to pass the cards, but mine's in my grip an' it ain't unpacked yet. The name you'd see on 'em is Oil Poicy."

"Oil Poicy," echoed Miss Elliott, turning to me in genuine astonishment.

"Mr. Earl Percy," I translated.

"Oh, *rapturous!*" she cried, her face radiant. "And *won't* Mr. Percy give us his opinion of my daubing?"

Mr. Percy was in doubt how to take her enthusiasm; he seemed on the point of turning surly, and hesitated, while a sharp vertical line appeared on his small forehead; but he evidently concluded, after a deep glance at her, that if she was making game of him it was in no ill-natured spirit—nay, I think that for a few moments he suspected her liveliness to be some method of her own for the incipient stages of a flirtation.

Finally he turned again to the easel, and as he examined the painting thereon at closer range, amazement overspread his features. However, pulling himself together, he found himself able to reply—and with great gallantry:

"Well, on'y t' think them little hands cud 'a' done all that rough woik!"

The unintended viciousness of this retort took her so ludicrously aback, that, except for my growing uneasiness, I might have enjoyed her discomfiture.

As it was, I saved her face by entering into the conversation with a question, which I put quickly:

"You intend pursuing your historical researches in the neighborhood?"

The facial contortion which served him for a laugh, and at the same time as a symbol of unfathomable reserve, was repeated, accompanied by some vocal manifestations of mirth in the nature of a sharp and taunting cackle, which seemed to indicate a conviction that he had had much the best of it in some conflict of wits.

"Them fairy tales I handed you about ole Jeanne d'Arc an' William the Conker," he said, "say, they must 'a' made ye sore after-*woids!*"

"On the contrary, I was much interested in everything pertaining to your too brief visit," I returned; "I am even more so now."

"Well, m'friend"—he shot me a sidelong, distrustful glance—"keep yer eyes open."

"That is just the point!" I laughed, with intentional significance, for my suspicions had begun to take more definite form, and I meant to make Mr. Percy talk as much as I could. To this end, remembering that specimens of his kind are most often indiscreet when carefully enraged, I added, simulating his own manner:

"Eyes open—and doors locked! What?"

At this I heard a gasp of astonishment from Miss Elliott, who must have been puzzled indeed; but I was intent upon the other. He proved perfectly capable of being insulted.

"I guess they ain't much need o' lockin' *your* door," he retorted darkly; "not from what I saw when I was in yer studio!" He should have stopped there, for the hit was palpable and justified; but in his resentment he overdid it. "Ye needn' be scared of anybody's cartin' off *them* pitchers, young feller! *Whoosh!* An' f'm the luks of the *clo'es* I saw hangin' on the wall," he continued, growing more nettled as I smiled cheerfully upon him, "I don' b'lieve ye gut any worries comin' about *them*, neither!"

"I suppose our tastes are different," I said, letting my smile broaden. "There might be protection in that."

His stare at me was protracted to an unseemly length before the sting of this remark reached him; it penetrated finally, however, and in his sharp change of posture there was

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a lightning-like flicker of the experienced boxer; but he checked the impulse as quickly, and took up the task of obliterating me in another way.

"As I tell the little lady here," he said, pitching his voice higher and affecting the plaintive, "I make no passes at a friend o' hers—not in front o' her, anyways. But when it comes to these here ole, ancient curiosities"—he cackled again, loudly—"well, I guess them clo'es I see, that day, kin hand it out t' anything they got in the museums! 'Look here,' I says to the waiter, '*these* must be'n left over f'm ole Jeanne d'Arc herself,' I says. 'Talk about yer relics,' I says. Whoosh! I' like t' died!" He laughed violently, and concluded by turning upon me with a contemptuous flourish of his stick. "You think I d'know what makes *you* so raw?"

The form of repartee necessary to augment his ill humor further was, of course, a matter of simple mechanism for one who had not entirely forgotten his student days in the Quarter; and I delivered it airily, though I shivered inwardly that Miss Elliott should hear.

"Everything will be all right if, when I dine at the inn, you'll sit with your back toward me."

To my shamed surprise, this roustabout wit drew a nervous, silvery giggle from her; and that completed the work with Mr. Percy, whose face grew scarlet with anger.

"You're a hot one, you are!" he sneered, with shocking bitterness. "You're quite the teaser, ain't ye, s'long's yer lady-friend is lukkin' on! I guess they'll be a few surprises comin' *your* way, before long. P'raps I cudn't give ye one now 'f I had a mind to."

"Pshaw," I laughed, and, venturing at hazard, said, "I know all *you* know!"

"Oh, ye do!" he cried scornfully. "I reckon ye might set up an' take a little notice, though, if you knowed 'at I know all *you* know!"

"Not a bit of it!"

"No? Maybe ye think I don't know what makes you so raw with *me?* Maybe ye think I don't know who ye've got so thick with at this here Pigeon House; maybe ye think I don't know who them people *are!*"

"No, you don't. You have learned," I said, trying to control my excitement, "nothing! Whoever hired *you* for a spy lost the money. *You* don't know *any*thing!"

"I don't!" And with that his voice went to a half-shriek. "Maybe ye think I'm down here f'r my health; maybe ye think I come out f'r a pleasant walk in the woods right now; maybe ye think I ain't see no other lady-friend o' yers besides this'n to-day, and maybe I didn't see who was with her—yes, an' maybe ye think I d'know no other times he's be'n with her. Maybe ye think I ain't be'n layin' low over at Dives! Maybe I don' know a few real *names* in this neighborhood! Oh, no, *maybe* not!"

"You know what the maître d'hôtel told you; nothing more."

"How about the name—*Oliver Saffren?*" he cried fiercely, and at that, though I had expected it, I uttered an involuntary exclamation and stepped back.

"How about it?" he shouted, advancing toward me triumphantly, shaking his forefinger in my face. "Hey? *That* stings some, does it? Sounds kind o' like a *false* name, does it? Got ye where the hair was short, that time, didn' I?"

"Speaking of names," I retorted, "'Oil Poicy' doesn't seem to ring particularly true."

"It'll be gud enough fer you, young feller," he responded angrily. "It may belong t' me, an' then again, it maybe don't. It ain' gunna git me in no trouble; I'll luk out f'r that. *Yer* side's where the trouble is; that's what's eatin' into you. An' I'll tell you flat-foot, yer gittin' rough 'ith me and playin' Charley the Show-Off in front o' yer lady-friends'll all go down in the bill. These people ye've got so chummy with—*they'll* pay f'r it all right, don't you shed no tears over that!"

"You couldn't by any possibility," I said deliberately, with as much satire as I could command, "you couldn't possibly mean that any sum of mere money might be a salve for the injuries my unkind words have inflicted?"

Once more he seemed upon the point of destroying me physically, but, with a slight shudder, controlled himself. Stepping close to me, he thrust his head forward and measured the emphases of his speech by his right forefinger upon my shoulder, as he said:

"You paint *this* in yer pitchers, m'dear friend; they's jest as much law in this country as they is on the corner o' Twenty-thoid Street an' Fif' Avenoo! You keep out the way of it, or ye'll git run over!"

Delivering a final tap on my shoulder as a last warning, he wheeled deftly upon his heel, addressed Miss Elliott briefly, "Glad t' know

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ye, lady," and striking into the by-path by which he had approached us, was soon lost to sight.

The girl faced me excitedly. "What *is* it?" she cried. "It seemed to me you insulted him deliberately——"

"I did."

"You wanted to make him angry?"

"Yes."

"Oh! I thought so!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "I knew there was something serious underneath. It's about Mr. Saffren?"

"It is serious indeed, I fear," I said, and turning to my own easel, began to get my traps together rapidly. "I'll tell you the little I know, because I want you to tell Mrs. Harman what has just happened, and you'll be able to do it better if you understand what *is* understandable about the rest of it."

"You mean you wouldn't tell me so that I could understand for myself?" There was a note of genuine grieved reproach in her voice. "Ah, then I've made you think me altogether a harebrain!"

"I haven't time to tell you what I think of you," I said brusquely, and, strangely enough, it seemed to please her. But I paid little attention to that, continuing quickly: "When Professor Keredec and Mr. Saffren came to *Les Trois Pigeons*, they were so careful to keep out of everybody's sight that one might have suspected that they were in hiding—and, in fact, I'm sure that they were—though, as time passed and nothing alarming happened, they've felt reassured and allowed themselves more liberty. It struck me that Keredec at first dreaded that they might be traced to the inn, and I'm afraid his fear was justified, for one night, before I came to know them, I met Mr. 'Percy' on the road; he'd visited Madame Brossard's and pumped Amédée dry, but clumsily tried to pretend to me that he had not been there at all. At the time, I did not connect him even remotely with Professor Keredec's anxieties. I imagined he might have an eye to the spoons; but it's as ridiculous to think him a burglar as it would be to take him for a detective. What he is, or what he has to do with Mr. Saffren, I can guess no more than I can guess the cause of Keredec's fears, but the moment I saw him to-day, saw that he'd come back, I knew it was *that*, and tried to draw him out. You heard what he said; there's no doubt that Saffren stands in peril of some kind. It may be inconsiderable, or even absurd, but it's evidently imminent, and no matter what it is, Mrs. Harman must be kept out of it. I want you to see her as soon as you can and ask her from me—no, persuade her yourself—to keep out of the way for a day or two. I mean, that she absolutely ***must not*** meet Mr. Saffren again until we know what all this means. Will you do it?"

"That I will!" And she began hastily to get her belongings in marching order. "I'll do anything in the world you'll let me—and oh, I hope they can't do anything to poor, poor Mr. Saffren!"

"Our sportsman friend had evidently seen him with Mrs. Harman to-day," I said. "Do you know if they went to the beach again?"

"I only know she meant to meet him—but she told me she'd be back at the château by four. If I start now——"

"Wasn't the phaeton to be sent to the inn for you?"

"Not until six," she returned briskly, folding her easel and strapping it to her camp-stool with precision. "Isn't it shorter by the woods?"

"You've only to follow this path to the second crossing and then turn to the right," I responded. "I shall hurry back to Madame Brossard's to see Keredec—and here"—I extended my hand toward her traps, of which, in a neatly practical fashion, she had made one close pack—"let me have your things and I'll take care of them at the inn for you. They're heavy, and it's a long trudge."

"You have your own to carry," she answered, swinging the strap over her shoulder. "It's something of a walk for you, too."

"No, no, let me have them," I protested, for the walk before her *was* long and the things would be heavy indeed before it ended.

"Go your ways," she laughed, and as my hand still remained extended she grasped it with her own and gave it a warm and friendly shake. "Hurry!" And with an optimism which took my breath, she said, "I know you can make it come out all right. I'll help you!"

With that she turned and started manfully upon her journey. I stared after her for a moment or more, watching the pretty brown dress flashing in and out of shadow among the ragged greeneries, shafts of sunshine now and then flashing upon her hair. Then I picked up my own pack and set out for the inn as fast as I could walk.

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CHAPTER XVII

KEREDEC was alone in his salon, extended at ease upon a long chair, an ottoman, and a stool, when I burst in upon him; a portentous volume was in his lap, and a prolific pipe, smoking up from his great cloud of beard, gave the final reality to the likeness he thus presented of a range of hills ending in a volcano. But he rolled the book cavalierly to the floor, limbered up by sections in his pitiable haste to receive me, and offered me a hearty welcome.

"Ha, my dear sir," he cried, "you take pity on the lonely Keredec; you make him a visit. I could not wish better for myself. We shall have a good smoke and a good talk."

"You are improved to-day?" I asked, it may be a little slyly.

"Improve?" he repeated inquiringly.

"Your rheumatism, I mean."

"Ha, yes; that rheumatism!" he shouted, and throwing back his head, rocked the room with sudden laughter. "Hew! But it is gone—almost! Oh, I am much better, and soon I shall be able to go in the woods again with my boy." He pushed a chair toward me. "Come, light your cigar; he will not return for an hour perhaps, and there is plenty of time for the smoke to blow away. So! It is better. Now we shall talk."

"Yes," I said, "I wanted to talk with you."

"That is a—what you call?—ha, yes, a coincidence," he returned, stretching himself again in the long chair, "a happy coincidence; for I have wished a talk with you; but you are away so early for all day, and in the evening Oliver, he is always here."

"I think what I wanted to talk about concerns him particularly."

"Yes?" The professor leaned forward, looking at me gravely. "That is another coincidence. But you shall speak first. Commence then."

"I feel that you know me at least well enough," I began rather hesitatingly, "to be sure that I would not, for the world, make any effort to intrude in your affairs, or Mr. Saffren's, and that I would not force your confidence in the remotest——"

"No, no, no!" he interrupted. "Please do not fear I shall misinterpretate whatever you will say. You are our frien'. We know it."

"Very well," I pursued; "then I speak with no fear of offending. When you first came to the inn I couldn't help seeing that you took a great many precautions for secrecy; and when you afterward explained these precautions to me on the ground that you feared somebody might think Mr. Saffren not quite sane, and that such an impression might injure him later—well, I could not help seeing that your explanation did not cover all the ground."

"It is true—it did not." He ran his huge hand through the heavy white waves of his hair, and shook his head vigorously. "No; I knew it, my dear sir, I knew it well. But, what could I do? I would not have telled my own mother! This much I can say to you: we came here at a risk, but I thought that with great care it might be made little. And I thought a great, good thing might be accomplish if we should come here, something so fine, so wonderful, that even if the danger had been great I would have risked it. I will tell you a little more: I think that great thing is bein' accomplish!" Here he rose to his feet excitedly and began to pace the room as he talked, the ancient floor shaking with his tread. "I think it is *done!* And ha! my dear sir, if it *should* be, this big Keredec will not have lived in vain! It was a great task I undertake with my young man, and the glory to see it finish is almost here. Even if the danger should come, the *thing* is done, for all that is real and has true meaning is inside the soul!"

"It was in connection with the risk you have mentioned that I came to talk," I returned with some emphasis, for I was convinced of the reality of Mr. Earl Percy and also very certain that he had no existence inside or outside a soul. "I think it necessary that you should know——"

But the professor was launched. I might as well have swept the rising tide with a broom. He talked with magnificent vehemence for twenty minutes, his theme being some theory of his own that the individuality of a soul is immortal, and that even in perfection, the soul cannot possibly merge into any Nirvana. Meantime, I wondered how Mr. Percy was employing his time, but after one or two ineffectual attempts to interrupt I gave myself to silence until the oration should be concluded.

"And so it is with my boy," he proclaimed, coming at last to the case in hand. "The spirit of him, the real Oliver Saffren, *that* has *never* change! The outside of him, those thing that *belong* to him, like his memory, *they* have change, but not himself, for himself is eternal and unchangeable. I have taught him, yes, I have helped him get the small

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things we can add to our possession—a little knowledge, maybe, a little power of judgment. But, my dear sir, I tell you that such things are *only* possessions of a man. They are not the *man!* All that a man *is* or ever shall be, he is when he is a baby. So with Oliver; he had lived a little while, twenty-six years, perhaps, when *pft*—like that!—he became almost as a baby again. He could remember how to talk, but not much more. He had lost his belongings—they were gone from the lobe of the brain where he had store them; but *he* was not gone, no part of the real *himself* was lacking. Then presently they send him to me to make new his belongings, to restore his possessions. Ha, what a task! To take him with nothing in the world of his own and see that he get only *good* possessions, *good* knowledge, *good* experience! I took him to the mountains of the Tyrol—two years—and there his body became strong and splendid while his brain was taking in the stores. It was quick, for his brain had retained some habits; it was not a baby's brain, and some very small part of its old stores had not been lost. But if anything useless or bad remain, we empty it out—I and those mountain with their pure air. Now, I say he is all good and the work was good; I am proud! But I wish to restore *all* that was good in his life; your Keredec is something of a poet—you may put it: much the old fool! And for that greates' restoration of all I have brought my boy back to France; since it was necessary. It was a madness, folly, and I thank the good God that I was mad enough to do it. I cannot tell you yet, my dear sir; but you shall see, you shall see what the folly of that old Keredec has done! You shall see, you shall, and I promise it, what a Paradise, when the good God helps, an old fool's dream can make!"

A half-light had broken upon me as he talked, pacing the floor, thundering his pæan of triumph, his Titanic gestures bruising the harmless air. Only one explanation, incredible but possible, sufficed. Anything was possible, I thought—anything was probable—with this dreamer whom the trump of Fame, executing a whimsical fantasia, proclaimed a man of science!

"By the wildest chance," I gasped, "you don't mean that you wanted him to fall in love——"

He had reached the other end of the room, but at this he whirled about on me, his laughter rolling out again, till it might have been heard at Père Baudry's.

"Ha, my dear sir, you have said it! But you knew it; you told him to come to me and tell me."

"But I mean that you—unless I utterly misunderstand—you seem to imply that you had selected some one now in France whom you planned that he should care for—that you had selected the lady whom you know as Madame d'Armand."

"Again," he shouted, "you have said it!"

"Professor Keredec," I returned, with asperity, "I have no idea how you came to conceive such a preposterous scheme, but I agree heartily that the word for it is madness. In the first place, I must tell you that her name is not even d'Armand——"

"My dear sir, I know. It was the mistake of that absurd Amédée. She is Mrs. Harman."

"You knew it?" I cried, hopelessly confused. "But Saffren still speaks of her as Madame d'Armand."

"He does not know. She has not told him."

"But why haven't you told him?"

"Ha, that is a story, a poem," he cried, beginning to pace the floor again—"a ballad as old as the oldest of Provence! There is a reason, my dear sir, which I cannot tell you, but it lies within the romance of what you agree is my madness. Some day, I hope, you shall understand and applaud! In the mean time——"

"In the mean time," I said sharply, as he paused for breath, "there is a keen-faced young man who took a room in the inn this morning and who has come to spy upon you, I believe."

"What is it you say?" He came to a sudden stop.

I had not meant to deliver my information quite so abruptly, but there was no help for it now, and I repeated the statement, giving him a terse account of my two encounters with the rattish youth, and adding:

"He seemed to be certain that 'Oliver Saffren' is an assumed name, and he made a threat referring to the laws of France."

The effect upon Keredec was a very distinct pallor. He faced me silently until I had finished, then asked quickly, but in a voice grown suddenly husky:

"Do you think he came back to the inn? Is he here now?"

"I do not know."

"We must learn; I must know that, at once." And he went to the door,

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"Let me go instead," I suggested hurriedly.

"It can't make little difference if he see me," said the professor, swallowing with difficulty and displaying, as he turned to me, a look of such profound anxiety that I was as sorry for him now as I had been irritated a few minutes earlier by his galliard air-castles. "I do not know this man, nor does he know me, but I have fear"—his beard moved as though his chin were trembling—"I have fear that I know his employers. Still, it may be better if you go. Bring somebody here that we can ask."

"Shall I find Amédée?"

"No, no, no! That babbler? Find Madame Brossard."

I stepped out to the gallery, to discover Madame Brossard emerging from a door on the ground floor on the opposite side of the courtyard; Amédée, Glouglou, and a couple of carters deploying before her with some light trunks and bags, which they were carrying into the passage she had just quitted. I summoned her quietly; she came briskly up the steps and into the room, and I closed the door.

"Madame Brossard," said the professor, "you have a new client to-day."

"That monsieur who arrived this morning," I suggested.

"Monsieur, he was an American," said the hostess, knitting her dark brows—"but I do not think that he was exactly a monsieur."

"Bravo!" I murmured. "That sketches a likeness. It is this 'Percy' without doubt."

"That is it," she returned. "Monsieur Poissy is the name he gave."

"Is he at the inn now?"

"No, monsieur, but two friends for whom he engaged apartments have just arrived."

"Who are they?" asked Keredec quickly.

"It is a lady and a monsieur from Paris. But not married: they have taken separate apartments and she has a domestic with her, a negress, Algerian."

"What are their names?"

"It is not ten minutes that they are installed. They have not given me their names."

"What is the lady's appearance?"

"Monsieur the Professor," replied the hostess demurely, "she is not beautiful."

"But what is she?" demanded Keredec impatiently; and it could be seen that he was striving to control a rising agitation. "Is she blonde? Is she brunette? Is she young? Is she old? Is she French, English, Spanish——"

"Yes, Monsieur the Professor," said Madame Brossard. "I think one would call her Spanish, but she is very fat, not young, and with a great deal too much rouge——"

She stopped with an audible intake of breath, staring at my friend's white face. "Eh! it is bad news?" she cried. "And when one has been so ill——"

Keredec checked her with an imperious gesture. "Monsieur Saffren and I leave at once," he said. "I shall meet him on the road; he will not return to the inn. We go to —to Trouville. See that no one knows that we have gone until to-morrow, if possible; I shall leave fees for the servants with you. Go now, prepare your bill, and bring it to me at once. I shall write you where to send our trunks. Quick! And you, my friend"—he turned to me as Madame Brossard, obviously distressed and frightened, but none the less darkly intelligent for that, skurried away to do his bidding—"my friend, will you help us? For we need it sorely!"

"Anything in the world!"

"Go to Père Baudry's; have him put the least tired of his three horses to his lightest cart and wait in the road beyond the cottage. Stand in the road yourself while that is being done. Oliver will come that way; detain him. I will join you there; I have only to see to my papers—at the most, twenty minutes. Go quickly, my friend!"

I strode to the door and out to the gallery. I was half-way down the steps before I saw that Oliver Saffren was already in the courtyard, coming toward me from the archway with a light and buoyant step.

He looked up, waving his hat to me, his face lighted with a happiness most remarkable, and brighter, even, than the strong, midsummer sunshine flaming over him. Dressed in white as he was, and with the air of victory he wore, he might have been, at that moment, a figure from some marble triumph; youthful, conquering—crowned with the laurel.

I had time only to glance at him, to "take" him, as it were, between two shutter-flicks of the instantaneous eyelid, and with him, the courtyard flooded with sunshine, the figure of Madame Brossard emerging from her little office, Amédée coming from the kitchen bearing a white-covered tray, and, entering from the road, upon the trail of Saffren but still in the shadow of the archway, the lurid fineries

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and hatchet-face of the ex-pedestrian and tourist, my antagonist of the forest.

I had opened my mouth to call a warning. "Hurry" was the word I would have said, but it stopped at "hur—." The second syllable was never uttered.

There sounded a violent outcry, raucous and shrill as the wail of a captured hen, and out of the passage across the courtyard floundered a woman, fantastically dressed in green and gold. Her coarse blue-black hair fell disheveled upon her shoulders, from which her gown hung precariously unfastened, as if she had abandoned her toilet half-way.

She was abundantly fat, double-chinned, coarse, greasy, smeared with blue pencilings, carmine, white enamel, and rouge—a figure for mirth, or for pity, as you chose.

At the scream Saffren turned. She made straight at him, crying wildly:

"*Enfin! Mon mari, mon mari—c'est moi! C'est ta femme, mon cœur!*"

She threw herself upon him, her arms about his neck, with a tropical ferocity that was a very paroxysm of triumph. "*Embrasse moi, Larrabee! Embrasse moi!*" she cried.

Horrified, outraged, his eyes blazing, he flung her off with a violence surpassing her own, and with loathing unspeakable. She screamed that he was killing her, calling him "husband," and trying to fasten herself upon him again. But he leaped backward beyond the reach of her clutching hands, and, turning, plunged to the steps and staggered up them, the woman following.

From above me leaned the stricken face of Keredec; he caught Saffren under the arm and half lifted him to the gallery, while she strove to hold him by the knees.

"O Christ!" gasped Saffren. "Is *this* the woman?"

The giant swung him across the gallery and into the open door with one great sweep of the arm, strode in after him, and closed and bolted the door.

The woman fell in a heap at the foot of the steps, uttering a cracked simulation of the cry of a broken heart. The stranger who had been with Madame Brossard ran to support her.

"Name of a name of God!" she wailed. "After all these years! And my husband strikes me!"

Then it was that what had been in my mind as a monstrous suspicion became a certainty. For I had recognized the woman; she was Mariana—*la belle Mariana la Mursiana*.

"Oliver Saffren" was Larrabee Harman.

CHAPTER XVIII

I DO not like to read those poets who write of pain as if they loved it; the study of suffering is for the cold analyst, for the vivisectionist, for those who may transfuse their knowledge of it for the ultimate good of mankind. And although I am so heavily endowed with curiosity concerning the people I find about me, my gift (or curse, whichever it be) knows pause at the gates of the house of calamity. So, if it were possible, I would not speak of the agony of which I was a witness that night in the apartment of my friends at Madame Brossard's. I went with reluctance, but there was no choice. Keredec had sent for me.

. . . When I was about fifteen, a boy cousin of mine, several years younger, terribly injured himself on the Fourth of July; and I sat all night in the room with him, helping his mother. Somehow he had learned that there was no hope of saving his sight; he was an imaginative child and realized the whole meaning of the catastrophe; the eternal darkness. . . . And he understood that the thing had been done, that there was no going back of it. This very certainty increased the intensity of his rebellion a thousandfold. "I *will* have my eyes!" he screamed. I *will!* I *will!*"

Keredec had told his tragic ward too little. The latter had understood but vaguely the nature of the catastrophe which overhung his return to France, and now that it was indeed concrete and definite, the guardian was forced into fuller disclosures, every word making the anguish of the listener more intolerable. It was the horizonless despair of a child; and yet that profound protest I had so often seen smoldering in his eyes culminated, in its crisis, in a wild flame of revolt. The shame of the revelation passed over him; there was nothing of the disastrous drunkard, sober, learning what he had done. To him, it seemed that he was being forced to suffer for the sins of another man.

"Do you think that you can make me believe *I* did this?" he cried. "That I made life unbearable for *her*, drove *her* from me, and took this hideous, painted old woman in *her* place? It's a lie. You can't make me believe such a monstrous lie as that! You *can't!* You *can't!*"

His voice broke, and he threw himself violently upon the couch, face downward, shuddering from head to foot.

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"My poor boy, it is the truth," said Keredec, kneeling beside him and putting a great arm across his shoulders. "It is what a thousand men are doing this night. Nothing is more common, or more unexplainable—or more simple. Of all the nations it is the same, wherever life has become artificial and the poor, foolish yo'ng men have too much money and nothing to do. You do not understand it, but our friend here, and I, we understand because we remember what we have been seeing all our life. You say it is not you who did such crazy, horrible things, and you are right. When this poor woman who is so painted and greasy and dreadful first caught you, when you began to give your money and your time and your life to her, when she got you into this horrible marriage with her, you were blind—you went staggering, in a bad dream; your soul hid away, far down inside you, with its hands over its face. If it could have once stood straight, if the eyes of your body could have once been clean for it to look through, if you could have once been as you are to-day, or as you were when you were a little child, you would have cry out with horror both of her and of yourself, as you do now; and you would have run away from her and from everything you had put in your life. And now, in your suffering you must rejoice: the triumph is that your mind hates that old life as greatly as your soul hates it. You are as good as if you had never been the wild fellow—yes, the wicked fellow—that you were. For a man who shakes off his sin is clean; he stands as pure as if he had never sinned. But though his emancipation can be so perfect, there is a law that he cannot escape from the result of all the bad and foolish things he has done, for every act, every breath you draw, is immortal, and each has a consequence that is never ending. And so, now, though you are good and purified, the suffering from these old actions is here, and you must abide it. Ah, but that is a little thing—nothing!—that suffering, compared to what you have gained, for you have gained your own soul!"

The desperate young man on the couch answered only with the sobbing of a broken-hearted child.

I came back to my pavilion after midnight, but I did not sleep, though I lay upon my bed until dawn. Then I went for a long, hard walk, breakfasted at the inn at Dives, and begged a ride back to Madame Brossard's in a peasant's cart which was going that way.

I found George Ward waiting for me on the little veranda of the pavilion, looking handsomer and more prosperously distinguished and distinguishedly prosperous and generally well-conditioned than ever—as I told him.

"I have some news for you," he said after the hearty greeting—"an announcement, in fact."

"Wait!" I glanced at the interested attitude of Mr. Earl Percy, who was breakfasting at a table significantly near the gallery steps, and led the way into the pavilion. "You may as well not tell it in the hearing of that young man," I said, when the door was closed. "He is eccentric."

"So I gathered," returned Ward, smiling, "from his attire. But it really wouldn't matter who heard it. Elizabeth's going to marry Cresson Ingle."

"That is the news—the announcement—you spoke of?"

"Yes, that is it."

To save my life I could not have told at that moment what else I had expected, or feared, that he might say, but certainly I took a deep breath of relief. "I am very glad," I said. "It should be a happy alliance."

"On the whole, I think it will be," he returned thoughtfully. "Ingle's done his share of hard living, and I once had a notion"— he glanced smilingly at me—"well, I dare say you know my notion. But it is a good match for Elizabeth and not without advantages on many counts. You see, it's time I married, myself; she feels that very strongly and I think her decision to accept Ingle is partly due to her wish to make all clear for a new mistress of my household, though that's putting it in a rather grandiloquent way." He laughed. "And as you probably guess, I have an idea that some such arrangement might be somewhere on the wings of the wind on its way to me, before long."

He laughed again, but I did not, and noting my silence he turned upon me a more scrutinizing look than he had yet given me, and said:

"My dear fellow, is something the matter? You look quite haggard. You haven't been ill?"

"No, I've had a bad night. That's all."

"Oh, I heard something of a riotous scene taking place over here," he said. "One of the gardeners was talking about it to Elizabeth. Your bad night wouldn't be connected

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with that, would it? You haven't been playing Samaritan?"

"What was it you heard?" I asked quickly.

"I didn't pay much attention. He said that there was great excitement at Madame Brossard's, because a strange woman had turned up and claimed an insane young man at the inn for her husband, and that they had a fight of some sort——"

"Damnation!" I started from my chair. "Did Mrs. Harman hear this story?"

"Not last night, I'm certain. Elizabeth said the gardener told her as she came down from the château gates to meet me when I arrived—it was late, and Louise had already gone to her room. In fact, I have not seen her yet. But what difference could it possibly make whether she had heard it or not? She doesn't know these people, surely?"

"She knows the man."

"This insane——"

"He is not insane," I interrupted. "He has lost the memory of his earlier life—lost it through an accident. You and I saw the accident."

"That's impossible," said George, frowning. "I never saw but one accident that you——"

"That was the one. It's best for you to know at once: the man is Larrabee Harman."

George had struck a match to light a cigar; but the operation remained incomplete: he dropped the match upon the floor and set his foot upon it. "Well, tell me about it," he said.

"You haven't heard anything about him since the accident?"

"Only that he did eventually recover and was taken away from the hospital. I heard that his mind was impaired. Does Louise—" he began; stopped, and cleared his throat. "Has Mrs. Harman heard that he has been here?"

"Yes; she has seen him."

"Do you mean the scoundrel has been bothering her? Elizabeth didn't tell me of this——"

"She doesn't know," I said, lifting my hand to check him. "I think you ought to understand the whole case, if you'll let me tell you what I know about it."

"Go ahead," he bade me. "I'll try to listen patiently, though the very thought of the fellow has always set my teeth on edge."

"He's not at all what you think," I said. "There's an enormous difference, almost impossible to explain to you, but something you'd understand at once if you saw him. It's such a difference, in fact, that when I found that he was Larrabee Harman the revelation was inexpressibly shocking and distressing to me. He came here under another name; I had no suspicion that he was any one I'd ever heard of, much less that I'd actually seen him twice, two years ago, and I've grown to—well, in truth, to be fond of him."

"What is the change?" asked Ward, and his voice showed that he was greatly disquieted. "What is he like?"

"As well as I can tell you, he's like an odd but very engaging boy, with something pathetic about him; quite splendidly handsome——"

"Oh, he had good looks to spare when I first knew him," George said bitterly. "I dare say he's got them back if he's taken care of himself, or been taken care *of*, rather! But go on; I won't interrupt you again. Why did he come here? Hoping to see——"

"No. When he came here he did not know of her existence except in the vaguest way. But to go back to that, I'd better tell you first that the woman we saw with him, one day on the boulevard, and who was in the accident with him——"

"La Mursiana, the dancer; I know."

"She had got him to go through a marriage with her——"

"*What?*" Ward's eyes flashed as he shouted the word.

"It seems inexplicable; but as I understand it, he was never quite sober at that time; he had begun to use drugs, and was almost always in a half-stupefied condition. As a matter of fact, the woman did what she pleased with him. There's no doubt about the validity of the marriage. And what makes it so desperate a muddle is that since the marriage she's taken good care to give no grounds upon which a divorce could be obtained for Harman. She means to hang on."

"I'm glad of that!" said George, striking his knee with his open palm. "That will go a great way toward——"

He paused, and asked suddenly: "Did this marriage take place in France?"

"Yes. You'd better hear me through," I remonstrated. "When he was taken from the hospital, he was placed in charge of a Professor Keredec, a madman of whom you've probably heard."

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"Madman? Why, no; he's a member of the Institute; a psychologist or metaphysician, isn't he?—at any rate of considerable celebrity."

"Nevertheless," I insisted grimly, "as misty a vaporer as I ever heard; a poetic, self-contradicting, and inconsistent orator, a blower of bubbles, a seer of visions, a mystic, and a dreamer—about as scientific as Alice's White Knight! Harman's aunt, who lived in London, the only relative he had left, I believe—and she has died since—put him in Keredec's charge, and he was taken up into the Tyrol and virtually hidden for two years, the idea being literally to give him something like an education—Keredec's phrase is 'restore his soul'! But what must have been quite as vital was to get him out of his horrible wife's clutches. And they did it, for she could not find him—though a fair allowance was sent to her regularly. But she picked up that rat in the garden out yonder—he'd been some sort of stable-manager for Harman once—and set him on the track. He ran the poor boy down, and yesterday she followed him. Now it amounts to a species of sordid siege."

"She wants more money, of course."

"Yes. Keredec has interviewed her notary and she wants a settlement, naming a sum actually larger than the whole estate amounts to. There were colossal expenditures and equally large shrinkages; what he has left is invested in English securities and is not a fortune, but of course she won't believe that and refuses to budge until this impossible settlement is made. You can imagine about how competent such a man as Keredec would be to deal with the situation. In the mean time, his ward is in so dreadful a state of horror and grief that I am afraid it is possible that his mind may really give way, for it was not in a normal condition, of course, though he's perfectly sane, as I tell you. If it should," I concluded, with some bitterness, "I suppose Keredec will be still prating upliftingly on the saving of his soul!"

"When was it that Louise saw him?"

"Ah, that," I said, "is where Keredec has been a poet and a dreamer indeed. It was his *plan* that they should meet."

"You mean he brought this wreck of Harman, these husks and shreds of a man, down here for Louise to see?" Ward cried incredulously. "Oh, monstrous!"

"No," I answered. "Only insane. Not because there is anything lacking in Oliver—in Harman, I mean—for I think that will be righted in time, but because the second marriage makes it a useless cruelty that he should have been allowed to fall in love with his first wife again. Yet that was Keredec's idea of a 'beautiful restoration,' as he calls it!"

"There is something behind all this that you don't know," said Ward slowly. "I'll tell you after I've seen this Keredec. When did the man make you his confidant?"

"Last night. Most of what I learned was as much a revelation to his victim as it was to me. Harman did not know till then that the lady he had been meeting had been his wife, or that he had ever seen her before he came here. He had mistaken her name and she did not enlighten him."

"Meeting?" said Ward harshly. "You speak as if——"

"They have been meeting every day, George."

"I won't believe it of her!" he cried. "She couldn't——"

"It's true. He spoke to her in the woods one day; I was there and saw it. I know now that she knew him at once; and she ran away, but—not in anger. I shouldn't be a very good friend of yours," I went on gently, "if I didn't give you the truth. They've been together every day since then, and I'm afraid—miserably afraid, Ward—that her old feeling for him has been revived."

I have heard Ward use an oath only two or three times in my life, and this was one of them.

"Oh, by God!" he cried, starting to his feet; "I should like to meet Professor Keredec!"

"I am at your service, my dear sir," said a deep voice from the veranda. And opening the door, the professor walked into the room.

"*The Guest of Quesnay*" will be concluded in the April number.

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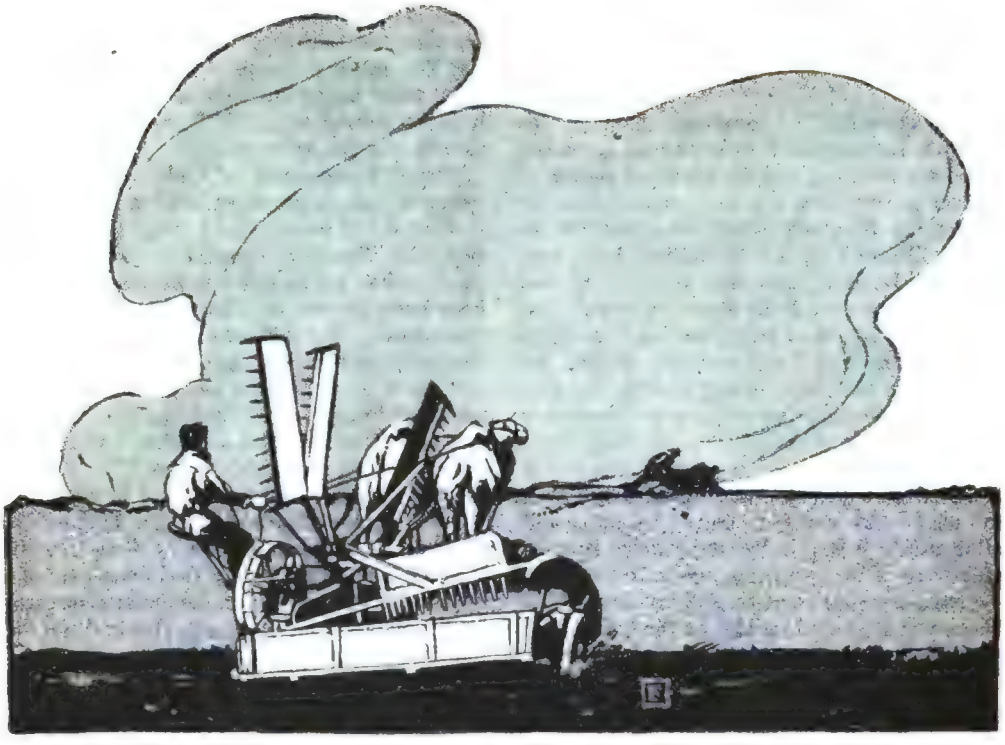

The Romance of the Reaper

By HERBERT N. CASSON

Author of "The Romance of Steel and Iron in America," etc.

IV

The Harvester Abroad

THE first American reapers that went to Europe were given a royal welcome. There were two of them—one made by McCormick and one made by Hussey, and they were exhibited before Albert Edward, the Prince Consort of England, at a World's Fair in London in 1851.

There had been reapers invented in England before this date, but none of them would reap. All the inventors were mere theorists. They designed their reapers for ideal grain in ideal fields. One of them was a preacher, the Reverend Patrick Bell; another, Henry Ogle, was a school-teacher. James Dobbs, an actor, invented a machine that cut artificial grain on the stage. And a machinist named Gladstone made a reaper that also worked well until he tried it on real grain in a real field.

But the exhibition of the American reaper in London did not result in its immediate adoption. There was little demand for harvesters in England fifty years ago; and in other European countries there was none at all. Farm labor was cheap—forty cents a day in England and five cents a day in Russia; and the rush of laborers into factory cities had not yet begun.

In the years following 1851, the American reaper did, however, become popular among the very rich. It became the toy of kings and titled landowners. By 1864 Europe was buying our farm machinery to the extent of $600,000. This was less than she buys to-

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day in a week; but it was a beginning. Several foreign manufacturers began at this time to make reapers, notably in Sheffield, Paris, and Hamburg, and also in Toronto, Canada. This competition spurred on the American reaper agents, who were already taking advantage of the interest shown by royalty in the American reaper. And from the close of the Civil War on, there was an exciting race, generally neck and neck, between Cyrus H. McCormick, Sr., and Walter A. Wood, to see who could vanquish the most of these foreign imitators, and bag the greatest number of kings and nobilities.

It was a contest that not only resulted in the triumph of the American reaper, but also brought the Reaper Kings recognition and reputation abroad. In 1867 both McCormick and Wood were decorated with the badge of the Legion of Honor by Napoleon III.; and later they stood side by side to receive the Imperial Cross from the hand of the Austrian Emperor. Numerous medals and honors were showered upon these two inventor mechanics; and the French Academy of Science, in a blaze of Gallic enthusiasm, elected McCormick one of its members, because he had "done more for the cause of agriculture than any other living man."

Many and strange were the exploits of the American Reaper Kings at the courts and royal farms of the real kings. Unable to speak any language but their own, unused to pomp and pageantry, breezily independent in the American fashion, the Reaper Kings plunged from adventure to adventure, absolutely indifferent to everything but their reapers and success.

"There is to be a trial of reapers at Rome next June," wrote David M. Osborne, a New Yorker who began to export reapers to Europe in 1862. "Think of invading the sacred precincts of that ancient place with Yankee harvesters. We will wake up the dry bones of these old countries, and civilize and Christianize them with our farm machinery."

C. W. Marsh, inventor of the Marsh harvester, made a sensational début in Hungary in 1870. Several grand dukes had arranged for a great contest of the various sorts of reapers on one of the royal farms in Hungary, so that the Minister of Agriculture might take notice. When the day arrived, there were nine reapers at the farm, mostly of European design.

Marsh's strange-looking machine seemed to be a combination of reaper and workbench. But ten minutes after the contest began, Marsh had the race in his own hands. His machine was a new type, the forerunner of the modern self-binder. It was so made that two men could stand upon it and bind the grain as fast as it was cut. But on this occasion Marsh could hire no farmer to help him and was obliged to do the work alone. The judges were stunned with amazement, therefore, when they found that he had bound three-quarters of an acre in twenty-eight minutes. Here was a man who could do in half an hour what few Hungarian peasants could finish in less than a day!

"He is an athlete," said one. "A wizard," said another.

Before they could recover from their astonishment, Marsh had stored his harvester, pocketed the prize of forty golden ducats, and hurried away to his hotel, eager for a bath and a chance to pick the thistles out of his hands.

But the grand dukes and miscellaneous dignitaries were not to be escaped so easily. An officer in gorgeous uniform was sent to find Marsh and bring him forthwith to the public banqueting-hall of the city. Here a dinner was prepared, and a throng of high personages sat down, with Marsh at the head of the table, cursing his luck and nursing his sore fingers.

At the close of the banquet, amid great applause, a medal was pinned upon his coat, and the whole assemblage hushed to hear his reply. Now Marsh, like two-thirds of the Reaper Kings, could no more make a speech than walk a rope. On only one previous occasion had he faced an audience, and that was at the age of twelve, when he had recited a scrap from the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" at a school entertainment. As he rose to his feet, this poetic fragment came into his mind; and so, half in fun and half in desperation, he assumed the pose of a Demosthenes and addressed the banqueters as follows:

> "O Caledonia! Stern and wild,
> Meet nurse for a poetic child!
> Land of brown heath and shaggy wood;
> Land of the mountain and the flood,
> Land of my sires! What mortal hand
> Can e'er untie the filial band,
> That knits me to thy rugged strand!"

"That was the first and only speech of my life," said Mr. Marsh, when I saw him in his home at De Kalb, where he has retired from business. "But it certainly established my

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BISMARCK HAVING HIS FIRST VIEW OF AN AMERICAN SELF-BINDER.

reputation as an orator in that region of Hungary."

At one famous competition near Paris, in 1879, three reapers were set to work in fields of equal size. The French reaper led off and finished in seventy-two minutes. The English reaper followed and lumbered through in sixty-six minutes. Then came the American machine, and when it swept down its stretch of grain in twenty-two minutes, the judges were inclined to doubt either their watches or their eyesight.

Another of these tournaments, which also did much to advertise the United States as the only genuine and original reaper country, took place on an English estate in 1880. There was only one American reaper in the race, and in appearance it was the clown of the circus. The ship that carried it had been wrecked on the Irish coast, so that when it arrived the machine was rusted and dingy.

Cyrus H. McCormick, Jr., had it in charge. He was then a youth of twenty-one, and equally ready for an adventure or a sale. There was no time to repaint and polish the machine, so he resolved to convert its forlorn appearance into an asset.

"Oil her up so she'll run like a watch," he said to his experts. "But don't improve her looks. If you find any paint, scrape it off. And go and hire the smallest, scrubbiest, toughest pair of horses you can find."

The next day five or six foreign reapers were on hand, each glittering with newness and drawn by a stately team of big Norman horses. The shabby American reaper arrived last, and met a shout of ridicule as it rolled into its place. But in the race, "Old Rusty," as the spectators called it, swept ahead of the others as though it were an enchanted chariot, winning the gold medal and an enviable prestige among British farmers.

In Germany, as in England, the reaper was introduced into general use through royalty. This was in 1871, when a New York Reaper King named Byron E. Huntley gave the German Emperor and Empress their first view of harvesting on the American plan. The exhibition took place in a grainfield that lay near the royal residence at Potsdam. At first the empress watched the machine from a window; but soon she became so keenly interested that she went into the field to study it at closer range.

"I admire you Americans," she said to the delighted Huntley. "You are so deft—so ingenious, to make a machine like this."

The present Emperor of Germany is not merely interested in American harvesters; he is an enthusiast. On several occasions he has held harvester matinées for the benefit of his cabinet ministers, so that they might see with their own eyes the superiority of machinery to hand-labor. The first of these matinées was given on one of the Kaiser's farms, near the ancient city of Bonn, in 1896; and I was told the story by Sam Dennis, the Illinois Irishman who was in charge of the harvester.

Dennis arranged a contest between his one

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machine and forty Polish women who cut the grain with old-fashioned sickles. As soon as the emperor and his retinue had arrived, all on horseback, a signal was given and the strange race began. On one side of the field were the forty women, bent and browned by many a day's toil under the hot sun. On the other side was Sam Dennis, sitting on his showy harvester.

"Get ap!" said Dennis to the big German horses, and the grain fell in a wide swath over the clicking knife, swept upward on the canvas elevator into the swift steel arms and fingers, and was flung to the ground in a fusillade of sheaves, each bound tightly with a knotted string.

The emperor was radiant with delight. Being somewhat of an expert himself, he rode here and there and showed, with many gestures, the differences between the old way and the new. Some of the grain had been blown down. Nothing but a sickle could cut it, in the belief, at that time, of the average German farmer. On the contrary, as the emperor pointed out to his ministers, the harvester was raising the fallen grain and cutting it without the waste of a handful, while the women were trampling much of it under their bare feet, as they jostled one another in the stubbled field.

Most wonderful of all, the one machine was soon seen to be doing more work than the whole mob of women drudges. The field had been evenly divided before the race began, and there was some wheat still uncut on the women's side when Sam Dennis said "Whoa!" to his horses, and condescended to enter into a free and easy conversation with the distinguished onlookers.

For the forty Polish women, the new harvester meant a better life finally, although at the time they hated the red monster of a machine that was about to take their jobs. In payment for the long, sweating work of the harvest-field they received only twenty-five cents a day. Probably what some of those women did, when they saw themselves displaced, was to buy a steerage ticket to the country where the red harvester was made; at any rate I found two thousand women in the harvester factories of Chicago, earning $9 a week, and most of them, as it happened, were Polish.

Even Bismarck, the grim old unifier of Germany, yielded to general opinion a short time before his death, and bought an American self-binder. I was told the story by C. H. Haney, who made the sale, and who is to-day the head of the Foreign Department of the Harvester Trust.

"Bismarck sat in his carriage," said Haney, "but he ordered his driver to follow the harvester as closely as possible. He looked very old and feeble. For quite a while he watched me operating the machine. Then he made a sign to me to stop.

"'Let me see the thing that ties the knot,' he said.

"I took off the knotter and brought it to his carriage. With a piece of string I showed him how the mechanism worked, and gave him a bound sheaf, so that he could see a knot that had been tied by the machine. The old man studied it for some time. Then he asked me—'Can these machines be made in Germany?'

"'No, your Excellency,' I said. 'They can be made only in America.'

THE FIRST AMERICAN SELF-BINDER IN AUSTRALIA, 1879.

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"'Well,' said Bismarck, speaking very good English, 'you Yankees are ingenious fellows. This is a wonderful machine.'"

In still other countries, the American reaper has been popular with kings and potentates. President Fallières, of France, has two American harvesters on his farm; and ex-President Loubet has four. The Sultan of Turkey and the Shah of Persia each bought one during the Chicago World's Fair. And the young King of Spain, who ordered a mower in 1903, narrowly escaped being minced up by its knives. Being an impulsive youth, he gave a cry of joy at sight of the handsome machine, sprang upon the seat, and lashed the horses without first laying hold of the reins. The horses leaped, and the seventeen-year-old Alphonso went sprawling. Twenty workmen ran to his help, and one level-headed American mechanic caught the reins; so the worst penalty that the boy king had to pay for his recklessness was a tumble and a bad scare.

In Russia, the Czar and the grand dukes at first bought reapers partly as toys and partly as strike-breakers. If the laborers on their estates demanded more pay than fifty cents a week, the manager would drive them in a body to his barn, then throw open the doors and show them five or six red harvesters.

AN AMERICAN HARVESTER IN A GRAINFIELD NEAR RODEZ, FRANCE.

"Do you see those American machines?" he would say. "Unless you go back to work at the same wages, I will reap the grain with these machines, and you will have no work at all, and no money." A look at these machine-devils would usually send the cowed serfs back to their sickles. But here and there it has set them to wondering whether or not a fifty-cent-a-week job was worth having, and so has given them an A B C lesson in American doctrines.

Many of the Russian nobility, too, have begun to learn a trifle about democracy from the American harvester agents. There is a certain young baron, for example, whose estate is not far from Riga. Last year, to be in fashion, he bought a Chicago self-binder. When it ar-

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A DEERING SELF-BINDER IN SCOTLAND. IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE WALLACE MONUMENT.

rived, there came with it, as usual, an expert mechanic to set it up and start it in the field. In this case, the mechanic was a big German-American named Lutfring, born in Wisconsin of "Forty-Eighter" stock.

The baron was evidently impressed by the manly and dignified bearing of Lutfring, who stood erect while the native workmen were bowing and cringing in obeisance. And when Lutfring said to him, "Now, Baron Hahn, we are all barons in my country, but you'll pardon me if I do this work in my shirt-sleeves," the baron was so taken by surprise that he offered to hold Lutfring's coat. Half an hour later he was at work himself, doing physical labor for the first time in his life. And when the harvester had been well launched upon its sea of yellow grain, he took Lutfring—the baron from Wisconsin—to dinner with him in the castle, and spent the greater part of the afternoon showing him the family portraits.

From such beginnings the harvester has advanced, to make in Russia the greatest conquests it has achieved anywhere. More business is now being done in the land of the Czar than was done with the whole world in 1902. One recent shipment, so large as to break all records, was carried from Chicago to New York on 3,000 freight-cars, and transferred to a chartered fleet of nine steamships, —$5,000,000 worth of hunger-insurance.

During the Russo-Japanese War, a striking incident occurred that showed the respect of the Russian government for American harvesters. Several troop-trains that were on their way to the front were suddenly side-tracked, to make way for a long freight-train, loaded with heavy boxes. The war generals and grand dukes in charge of the troops were furious. Why should their trains be pushed to one side and delayed, to expedite a mere consignment of freight? They telegraphed their indignation to St. Petersburg, and received a reply from Count Witte. "The freight-train must pass," he said. "It is loaded with American harvesters. It means bread."

As a result of this attitude, there are now some provinces in southern Russia where not even Secretary of Agriculture James Wilson

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KING ALPHONSO OF SPAIN ON THE SEAT OF AN AMERICAN SEEDER.

would find much fault with the farming. I have secured the figures for the Province of Kuban, in the Caucasus. Here there are 3,500 thrashing-machines, 5,000 grain-drills, 37,000 harvesters, 50,000 harrows, 70,000 grain-cleaners, and 65,000 cultivators. This is a region where, one generation ago, were only the wooden plow, the sickle, and the flail.

There is still, to be sure, a dense mass of Russians whose yearly habit it is to wait until their wheat is dead ripe, then in a few days of frantic labor to cut down half of it with sickles, leaving the rest to rot in the fields. And in one Caucasian province, richer in its soil than Iowa, it is the custom of the wandering natives to move every three years to a new tract of land, in order to avoid the trouble of fertilizing the soil.

"I have seen farmers plowing in Russia with a piece of board," said one agent. "And I have seen their thrashing done by the feet of oxen." But the new idea has been planted and is growing. "Russia is the land of to-morrow," said another expert. "We have been educating the farmers there for seventeen years, yet we have only scratched the surface. We who have lived among the Russian peasants expect great things from them."

They have succeeded, then, in their campaign for the supremacy of the American reaper—the Reaper Kings who enlisted the crowned heads and the nobility of Europe in their service. By 1899, Europe was a customer at our farm machinery factories to the extent of twelve millions a year. This figure was doubled in 1906, and is now increasing by leaps and bounds. All told, this one industry has brought us $150,000,000 of foreign money in less than fifty years.

Europe has sent us immigrants—twenty-five million in the past seventy-five years. But we have more than replaced them with labor-saving farm machinery. There were in 1907 as many American harvesters in Europe as would do the work of eleven million men.

If our foreign trade goes ahead at its present rate of speed, we shall soon have Europe hopelessly in our debt, in this exchange of men for machinery. In the past four years, for instance, Europe has sent us less than four million immigrants, but we have sent to Europe, in that time, enough agricultural

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automata to equal the labor of five million men.

And this means much to Europe. What with her 4,500,000 soldiers and her 4,000,000 public officials, she has to serve more than twenty-five million meals a day to men who are non-producers. She has to clothe and house these governmental millions and their families. How could she do this if it were not for the eleven million man-power of her American harvesters, and the half billion bushels of reaper-wheat that she can buy from other countries?

France must have our harvesters, because she has been short of men since the wars of Napoleon. She has half a million soldiers and nine-tenths of a million officials. Even now, with harvesters clicking merrily in all their largest grainfields, she and Germany cannot feed themselves. Spain at one time exported wheat, but at present is buying ten million bushels a year. England grows less than a quarter as much as will feed her people. And Russia would be famine-swept from end to end, in spite of her 30,000,000 farmers and her illimitable acres, if she had to depend wholly upon the sickle and the scythe.

But the story is by no means ended with Europe. To-day the sun never sets and the season never closes for American harvesters. They are reaping the fields of Argentina in January, Upper Egypt in February, East India in March, Mexico in April, China in May, Spain in June, Iowa in July, Canada in August, Sweden in September, Norway in October, South Africa in November, and Burma in December. It is always harvest somewhere. The ripple of the ripened grain goes round the world and the American harvester follows it.

Even from this incomplete list one may begin to understand how tremendous is the task that the Harvester Trust has assumed, in undertaking to cater to the farmers of fifty countries — to adapt itself to their various customs.

In Holland, for instance, where the grass is short and thick, a mower must cut as close as a barber's clippers; and in Denmark, where moss grows under the grass, it must cut so high as to leave the moss untouched. The

AN AMERICAN REAPER IN CENTRAL SIBERIA.

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A GROUP OF WOMEN FIELD-WORKERS IN ITALY.

careful Germans of Wisconsin will buy a light harvester, such as the "Milwaukee"; but in Argentina a light machine would be racked into junk in a season. The Argentinians, having raised cattle for generations, rush to the harvest in cowboy fashion. It is the joy of their lives to hitch six or eight horses to a big "header," crack the long whip, and dash at full gallop over the rough ground.

There are small horses in Russia, big ones in France, oxen in India, and camels in Siberia, and the harvesters must be adapted to each. Certain backward countries demand a reaper without a reel. Australia must have a monster machine called a "stripper," which combs off the heads of the grain. California and Argentina, because of their dry climate, can use "headers," a combination of reaper and thrashing-machine. And so the American harvester has become a citizen of the world, adopting the national dress of each country.

The men who are dealing hand to hand with these problems are no longer the Reaper Kings, personally introducing their harvesters through royalty and nobility. These have been succeeded by an army of fifteen hundred American harvester experts. They are all salaried, most of them by the International; and their work is to put the farmers of the world to school. They are the teachers of a stupendous kindergarten. As an example of the rapidity with which they are sometimes able to teach, take the Philippines. Nine years ago the Filipinos spent nothing

AMERICAN SELF-BINDERS GATHERING IN AN ITALIAN HARVEST.

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whatever for farming machinery; in 1905 they bought $90,000 worth. Even yet, however, they do not raise enough rice to feed themselves; and although half of them are farmers, only one-twentieth of their land is cultivated.

In Chicago, I met two of the leaders who are in control of this army of teachers. One was a strong-faced young Illinoisan named Couchman, who from Hamburg handles several nations; and the other was a courteous commercial diplomat named La Porte, who supervises France, Spain, Italy, and Northern Africa from his office in Paris. Each is in charge of several hundred American mechanics, who are exiled from home for the sake of our harvester trade.

No renown comes to these men. No medals are pinned upon their coats. They are only one regiment in the great pay-envelope army of American mechanics. But they are on the firing-line of the greatest battle against ignorance and famine that has ever been fought. They are the pioneers of the new farmer. To show the world's peasantry how to work with brains and machinery, to bring them up to the American farmer's level—that is their task. What could be more essentially American, or more profitable to the human race?

Many European farmers, of course, are easily up to the Kansas level; but the vast majority have been mistaught that the path of the farmer must forever be watered with sweat. Many of them are so cramped by the shackles of drudgery that they cannot even conceive of the value of leisure.

"Why don't you use a scythe? Then you could cut twice as much," said Horace Greeley, who was deeply interested in farm machinery and agriculture, to a French peasant. The peasant scratched his head. This was a new idea.

"Because," he answered stolidly, "I haven't got twice as much to cut."

The quick, handy ways of American farmers are seldom found in other countries. A Swiss will put a big stone upon a land-roller, to give it weight, and then walk behind it. To ride on the roller himself does not occur to him. A South German will usually take the reel off his reaper and handle the grain by hand. Operating five levers is too great a tax upon his mind. An Argentinian wastes his pesos by hiring two drivers—one on the seat and another astride one of the horses.

"A Spanish farmer sent for me on one occasion," an expert told me, "and I found him in great trouble. He had bought a new harvester, and put it together *inside* his barn, which had only one narrow door. He had to choose between taking the machine to pieces and pulling his barn down."

Next to Russia, in the list of countries that this army of experts has won to the harvester, comes Canada. Like the trek of the Boers into the Transvaal, and of the Japanese into Korea, there has been a trek of three hundred thousand American farmers into Western Canada—into the new forty-bushel-to-the-acre wheat-lands of Alberta. Most of these emigrants were Minnesotans and Dakotans; therefore they are not poor. They carried two hundred million dollars across the border. And they are now uprearing a harvester-based civilization in a vast region that will probably some day have a population of twenty-five million people.

That billiard-table country—Argentina—stands third among the foreign patrons of our Harvester Kings. As a wheat nation, it is not a great deal older than Alberta. It was only about eighteen years ago, after three centuries of revolution, that Argentina settled down to raise wheat and be good.

To-day the Argentinians raise more wheat than Germany, and their country has become a land of milk and honey. It is a South American Minnesota, but eleven times larger, made fertile by the slow-moving Platte River—a hundred miles wide when it reaches the sea—which moves through its plains like an irrigating canal.

The fourth in rank of our harvester buyers is Australia, which is now sending a yearly tribute of two millions of its gold to the International Company. This profitable reciprocity between Chicago and the island continent was greatly furthered when the Trust bought the sixty-five-acre Osborne plant, at Auburn, New York, which had been remarkably successful in its Australian, as well as its French, trade.

There is not space to carry the list further in detail. But ride along almost any of the historic roadways of the world and you will see the painted automata from Chicago in the fields and barn-yards. "On the road to Mandalay," along the Appian Way, and on the trail of death that marks the flight of Napoleon from Moscow, you will find these indispensable machines. They are cutting grass and wheat on the battle-fields of Austerlitz and Sedan and Waterloo.

Scutari, near the Adriatic Sea, bars out for-

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eign machinery by law; but Roumania has been using our reapers and mowers for more than fifteen years. Once in a while a reaper is sent over the Andes on muleback; or into Central China via the wheelbarrow express. And now that there are irrigation pumps at the base of the Sphinx, that ancient female who has been staring at sand-hills for three thousand years, may soon look across yellow fields in which American binders are clicking cheerfully. They are for sale, too, in the holy cities of Rome, Jerusalem, Mecca, and Benares—almost everywhere but Lhasa, the sacred capital of Tibet. So far as I can learn, not one harvesting machine of any kind has entered that land of mystery and superstition. In a few other countries harvesters are not numerous. Very few have been sold, or will be, in Japan. Here are the smallest farms in the world. A fork and a pair of scissors would seem much more appropriate implements for such tiny plots. Take the whole arable area of Japan, multiply it by three, and you will have only the state of Illinois.

In India, where a family "lives" on fifty cents a week, where one acre makes three farms and an entire farm outfit means no more than a ten-dollar bill, a harvester is still almost as great a curiosity as an Indian tiger is to us. One of the Harvester Kings tells of a rich Hindoo who bought a complete set of American farm machines, and had them set in a row near his house, apparently regarding them only as curios from a foreign land. They have never been used, and a mob of starving laborers reap his grain by hand within sight of his idle machines.

There are few harvesters in Asia Minor, where farmers live almost like groundhogs—a whole family in one windowless hut of burnt clay. And there are fewer still in Africa, where five million idle acres of fertile land will some day be made to work for the human race.

"The world is mine oyster," says the International Harvester Company. In the first five years of its career, it has sent to foreign countries 920,000 harvesters of all sorts, for which it has been paid $70,000,000. It has doubled its foreign sales and now makes two-thirds of the harvesters of the world.

What with the profits, and the big orders, and the medals, and the appreciation of monarchs, the Harvester Kings have found their foreign trade from the first a business *de luxe*. In fact, one of the two principal reasons why they quit fighting and got Morgan to merge them was that they might handle this world commerce in an organized way.

To-day they are not battling with one another on the royal farms of Europe, like gladiators who make sport for emperors. There is more business and less adventure. They have a geography of their own, and have divided the whole world into eight provinces. The "Domestic" Department comprises the United States and Canada and is managed from Chicago. Central Europe, with Russia and Siberia, has its headquarters at Hamburg; Western Europe and Northern Africa are handled from Paris; Great Britain is directed from London; South America from Buenos Ayres; Australia from Melbourne; New Zealand from Christchurch; and Mexico from Mexico City. Such is the commercial empire that has its seat at the foot of Lake Michigan.

Either one of the two immense harvester plants of Chicago is larger than the combined plants of England, Germany, and France. France recently made a brilliant dash toward success in the harvester business. M. Racquet, a journalist, built a great factory at Amiens. He bought the best American machinery. He allied himself with a savings-bank and sold stock to the farmers. He was protected by a high tariff. But, alas for his eloquent prospectus! His selling force was too small. His American machinery made more reapers in a month than he could sell in a year. And in 1904 he fell into bankruptcy under a debt of ten million francs.

An American harvester is practically above competition in foreign countries, and commands an exceptional price. As for tariffs, there is a wide-open door in Great Britain, Holland, Norway, Bulgaria, Brazil, Servia, and South Germany. But there is a toll-gate fee of $25 per harvester in Hungary, and $20 in France; and for lack of a commercial treaty, the tax has lately been increased in part of Germany, in Hungary, Switzerland, and Roumania. The Harvester Kings feel that they have a substantial grievance against a government that allows them to be not only hazed and harried at home by tariffs on raw material, but driven out of foreign markets as well. "The whole world is doing business on a single street to-day," said one of the directors; "but the trouble is that there are two hundred tariff toll-gates along that street."

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In self-defense, against these tariffs, the International has been forced to build two foreign factories, one in Canada and one in Sweden. The Swedish plant is a small affair as yet, making rakes and mowers only; but the Canadian enterprise supports one-tenth of the city of Hamilton, and holds about half the Canadian trade. Its worst vexation, so far as I could tell from a hasty visit, is a lack of Canadian raw materials. Its chains, bolts, nuts, and canvas aprons come from Chicago, its steel and coal from Pittsburg, and three-fourths of its lumber from the southern states.

The country that perhaps most disturbs the dreams of our Harvester Kings is as far as possible from being one of the great nations. It is scarcely a country at all—only a scrap of coral reef uprisen at the foot of Mexico—Yucatan. Yet this is the land on which the Harvester Trust depends for binder-twine. Manila fiber we can now get from our new co-Americans—the Filipinos; but there is never enough of it to supply the millions of self-binders. Only sisal-hemp yields abundantly enough. And Yucatan is the only spot in the world where sisal can be grown in commercial quantities.

Yucatan is smaller than South Carolina, with not quite the population of Milwaukee. It was once the poorest of the Central American states; but since the arrival of the twine-binder it has become the richest. It sells from fifteen to eighteen million dollars' worth of sisal a year, and the United States buys it all. Three-fourths of this money is clear profit; and it is an almost incredible fact that the forty Sisal Kings of Yucatan have a larger net income than the owners of the immense International Harvester Company. Capitalists demand 300 per cent. profit in Yucatan.

Roughly speaking, the American farmer pays Yucatan twelve million dollars a year for string—mere string, that is used once and then flung away. It is an extortion and a waste, besides being the only un-American factor in the whole harvester business.

How can we save these twelve millions and completely Americanize the trade? This is a problem that William Deering toiled at for twenty years. The Harvester Trust has a solution. I saw it at St. Paul—a new factory, which twists twine from flax. A farmer's son named George H. Ellis has found a quick and cheap way to clean the flax fiber; and at the time I visited the factory, there were more than three hundred workers at the spindles. Two million pounds of the twine were sold in 1906, so that the enterprise is no longer an experiment. This means, probably, that the farmer of the future will grow his own twine. Instead of yielding tribute to the forty Sisal Kings of Yucatan, he will pay no more than the charges of the railroad and the factory. The flax will be his own.

Yucatan is the only cheap-labor country that has been enriched by the harvester. Elsewhere it is the rule that the common people of the nation must reach a certain high level before the harvester trade can begin. Where human labor has little value, it is plainly not worth saving.

For this reason, the harvester is the best barometer of civilization. It is not found where slavery and barbarism exist. There is no call for it in a land where the luxury of the city is built on the plunder of the men and women who work in the fields. Whoever operates a harvester must not only be intelligent; he must be free.

And so, the American harvester is much more than a handy device for cutting grain. It is the machine that makes democracy possible. It reaches the average man, and more—it pushes the ladder of prosperity down so far that even the farm laborer can grasp the lowest rung and climb. *It has become one of our national emblems. It is as truly and exclusively American as the Stars and Stripes or the Declaration of Independence.*

THE END

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The Pursuit of the American Heiress

BY AN EXPATRIATE

WHAT are the experiences of an American heiress whose fortune is sought by foreign men? Is she appealed to through her affections or only through her ambition for title and position? Wherein lies the allure of the European alliance, which induces so many daughters of the Great Republic to surrender not only their immense fortunes, but their personal independence as well? What problems do they who marry abroad have to face? What do they gain? What do they lose?

For fifteen years I have lived in Italy as the wife of the Prince S——. So that perhaps my long association with the customs of the Old World and my gradual assimilation of them make it difficult for me to appreciate without bias the attitude of the American woman. But I can tell you something at least of the pursuit of an heiress over here in Europe as it was brought home to me.

I never went back to New York after my marriage, and so I had seen my niece, Nora Townsend (of course the names I use are fictitious), only from time to time when I met her traveling with her family through Europe in midsummer—the season that is too warm in Italy.

Nora had grown up and "come out" in New York. The Paris *Herald* often had accounts of the great heiress, lavish descriptions of her motors, her hunters, her clothes, her jewels, details of her private life, from the gold-bound prayer-book she carried on Sundays to the offers of marriage she refused daily. The accounts were untrue for the most part, but their reiteration made her name conspicuous even in Rome, where her income (which is in truth close to half a million of dollars a year) was regarded as fabulous.

It was in the early part of last October that I received a letter from my sister asking if she might send Nora over to me for the winter. Of course she might send her! I cabled at once.

When I carried the news of her intended visit to my husband, his first words were disturbing. "La bella Nora!" he raised his eyebrows, "with her fortune! What a prize for Carlo!" Now, nothing could be more suitable than a match between Nora and Carlo, my attractive young brother-in-law, but I did not like the cold-blooded way in which Pietro considered her bank-account a possible asset for the family of the S——. Though, had we been speaking of any other rich girl, I realize that I should have had no more qualms than he.

My husband naturally holds the Continental view of marriage as an alliance arranged by those who have the practical interests of the principals at heart. To balance Nora's great wealth, we must find her a great estate and title. The idea of a mere love-match such as is customary in America never occurred to him. Even in his own case, although I am satisfied that he fell in love with me, he would never have asked me to marry him had not my fortune in some measure counterbalanced his title.

We were still in the country when Nora arrived. The magic charm of gardens, the soft colors and proportions of architecture—creations of age and genius—threw her into ecstasies. My husband lost no time in sending for Carlo, as a more perfect setting for the comedy of a match-maker could not be imagined. On the terrace of an Italian villa a romantic girl would fall in love with a gargoyle, and Carlo is as perfect a type of Italian beauty as one could wish—young, lithe, graceful, with an ardent, sunny nature, improvident and lavish, and dangerously attractive.

Whether Nora was romantic or not, or how much she was stirred by the beauty and the appeal of Carlo's dark-fringed eyes, the

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sweetness of his voice, the extravagant yet subtle flattery that only European leisure can bring to perfection, I could not determine. But her flushed cheeks and merry laughter showed that she was not indifferent.

However, it was evident that the beauty of the surroundings had not blinded her to certain inconveniences. For two mornings after her arrival she came into my room wrapped up in the eider-down comforter of her bed. She wondered how one took a bath in winter, and I had to acknowledge that heating a room sufficiently to be comfortable for bathing was a difficult matter. She had left the country of steam, electric light, and running hot and cold water, and had come over to the land of romance. I ordered a brazier put in her room, and confessed that I wore fur-lined boots over my slippers in the house.

She also found it desolate that most of the rooms in our great palace were shut off, and inquired why we lived in one wing. I explained to her that during the greater part of the year we have only the servants that are necessary; my husband's valet, one butler, the porter who stands at the entrance to the palace, and a general utility country boy who in the afternoon puts on a livery and acts as footman. The women servants are a cook, a scullery maid, a laundress, and two maids besides my own personal one. This list is not as extravagant as the same would be in America. Wages are nothing by comparison; one can get a good lady's maid for $10 a month, a competent butler for $10, a cook for $10, a chambermaid for $6. Their fare would seem coarse to the spoiled servant of America, consisting, as it does, chiefly of bread, soup, macaroni and fruit, with tea and coffee of an inferior grade, and fresh meat once a week. We spend nothing that we can possibly help until the Roman season. Then we have enough surplus to get an additional number of maids and a long row of footmen (these for the most part young women and men from the village of our own estate), and both in our country villa and in our Roman palace we open all the rooms that for eight months have been closed, and for four months live in luxury.

Then she asked the one question that I did not want to answer—the reason for my diminished fortune. Yet it was not fair to deny her the truth. All men have some failing—gambling was my husband's. I suffered untold misery on that account during the first years of my marriage, but the outcome is less disastrous than I had reason to expect. He has overcome this vice in a way that not one man in a hundred would have had the power to do; almost half of my original property remains (my money is entirely in his control), and for ten years he has not made a bet.

Nora said nothing when I explained, but she looked thoughtfully out of the window over the orange and lemon groves to the purple, grape-laden hills beyond.

A week after her arrival we moved to Rome. She dragged me breathless in her wake, through the Forum and the Vatican, and from the first day the Immortal City claimed her as its own. So absorbed was she with galleries that when I suggested a party for the evening in order that she might meet some of the people, she pleaded "not yet"!

I finally decided to introduce her by giving a ball. My invitations were sent out only the day before, partly by telephone, partly by a few words written on my visiting-card, to the effect that the Princess S—— would be at home the next evening. Nora seemed much impressed by this informality in a princely household. "But how delicious!" she cried. "Do you mean to tell me that you will get anybody to come at this late hour? And the decorations? and favors? and supper? However can you do it all for to-morrow night?"

I laughed. "You must not think you are in New York and living on Fifth Avenue. Can you imagine these walls, which for centuries have looked down upon every great personage of Rome, being decked up like a Christmas tree, merely because a number of people, most of whose names are not yet illustrious, are coming for an hour or two?" I felt a pride, as I spoke, in the family that I had entered, for I seemed by the assumption of the great name myself to have become also one of the S——, to have become a part of the last link in the chain of history whose first link was forged in the days of Rome's grandeur. The spell of antiquity seems at such times to surge through one's very veins and all things modern seem trivial and worthless by comparison.

This, too, may perhaps in a measure explain why the buying of new things plays so small a part over here. Houses are never refurnished to suit a new fashion. We do not think we must change the setting of our jewels, neither do we get new carriages merely because we are tired of the shape of those we

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have. We like new toilets as do all women the world over, but we are countesses or princesses—what real difference can half a dozen ball-dresses make? Two new ball-gowns a year and my old one remodeled are ample for me, while Nora had at least twenty, many of them elaborately embroidered and spangled.

For the ball, I chose for her from among them a simple corn-colored gauze trimmed only with satin folds of the same shade, a color that matched her hair. I remembered that the first M. Worth delighted in dressing blondes in pale yellow. I allowed her no jewels except a very small string of pearls. And, of course, no rings. A ring on a young girl's finger means an engagement. Her hair was arranged in loose puffs with a satin ribbon run through. I presented her to every lady present as my niece who was to spend the winter with me. Before the evening was over, at least a dozen dowagers promptly announced that they would like to arrange a marriage between her and their sons.

That Nora enjoyed her evening was evident. And her simple and unaffected manners won immediate approval. The Italians, the most natural people in the world themselves, cannot tolerate affectation in others. Nora herself was deeply impressed by the simplicity of society. That invitations should be sent out the day before a party; that a great lady of fashion would not care in the least if she wore the same dress twenty nights in succession; that for supper a duchess should give her guests sandwiches, claret-cup, and cakes, and yet that the party should have an elegance that millions cannot buy—all this surprised and charmed her.

Soon after this Nora was presented at Court, where she appeared to even greater advantage. It is with reason that the American woman is famed for her ability to adapt herself to the most exalted social requirements; I had told Nora exactly what she must do and say, but I was amazed at the ease and completeness with which she carried out my instruction. In the midst of this Old-World pomp and ceremony, her composure was instinctive and not a self-conscious suppression; she was as free from embarrassment as though she had been used to making genuflections before royalty all her life.

When the ordeal of presentation and the quadrille of honor were over, the general dancing began. Twice Nora danced with Carlo, and more than one person noticed what a charming couple they made. They had the same lithe, supple grace, and her fair hair was but little below the sleek blackness of his.

I was much interested in Nora's first impressions of that night. She was enchanted to find that the Italians dance as do Americans, not revolving around like the Germans and Austrians. She found the personal remarks of her partners astonishing. Men told her that she was not exactly pretty, but that she had a charming smile or that she was graceful. One pointed out the principal defects of her features. It is curious, this audacious candor, in which their manner of offending palliates the offense.

She met the Austrian, Count Larzeski, that night. Larzeski is an unusual type. Apparently contemptuous of etiquette, he gives the effect of rudeness by his bored and indifferent manner, yet long familiarity with Court life has stamped its mark upon him, and he actually fulfils the obligations of his position as well as others do. His attention to Nora, in marked contrast with his utter indifference to every one else, attracted and flattered her. There is often tremendous magnetism in the man who cares not a rap for any woman—except you!

From the first Nora was really a success. The Romans opened not only their houses but their hearts to her, which, in a way, is the same thing. For they would never have asked her if they hadn't liked her. My having a party every night in the week would not have helped in the least, excepting in the case of those who had unmarried sons. By these "Miss Millions" would be received with open arms until "Cæsar" or "Ulrico" had the millions, and she had the title of princess or duchess or whatever went in exchange. After that, if she were liked for herself, she would find the family and friends of her husband kindly and cordial; but if they did not like her, she must realize that, notwithstanding their outward punctilious courtesy due to her position she was far from her own people, with nothing but memories of the happy home that she had been foolish enough to leave for the metaphorical doorstep of the high nobility.

For fear that this may give an erroneous impression I must in justice to my adopted country add that international marriages are often happy. It is a very usual thing for the European who marries a rich woman to realize his debt to her who has reestablished his family, and to give her all that devotion

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can give in payment. Even though that devotion may not be animated by any particular tenderness for the woman herself, the fact that she bears his name is enough to create in him a deep consideration; for she has become part of his family, and his family means more to a European than anything else in the world. In America a man's treatment of his wife is a question of personal will; he treats her well or badly as he loves her, or not, or as he is good, or bad. In Europe there are several hundred years of tradition respecting what is due to the lady of the castle.

Nora saw every phase of society, and went into every sort of Roman house. And she took in the whole picture perfectly—the differences between American and Italian social standards; the rigid adherence to family obligations and traditions; the mixture of grandeur and poverty. She visited palaces filled with treasures beyond price and, because of the Italian export laws, beyond the reach of the American millionaire. Yet she saw princes with titles that would cover two lines of type in a book and that reach from one end to the other of the history of Italy, going about in threadbare coats, and doubtless many a time hungry for want of sufficient food. And she saw these same people driving every afternoon to the Pincio, preferring to keep their own carriage rather than buy fuel and proper food.

In the meantime my position in regard to Nora and Carlo was becoming difficult. My husband was arguing everything in favor of the match. Carlo was evidently creating a favorable impression in Nora's mind, and my own feelings were mixed. As a brother-in-law, Carlo left nothing to be desired. Also as a husband for any one of nine women out of ten, I thought him suitable; but the tenth was my Nora. Nora was proud—proud as the family of the Carpagnas! Higher than that pride cannot go. But Nora's pride in a man I felt would be American in spirit rather than European. Nora could adore one who had accomplished something by his own efforts, but I did not think a man could hold her devotion very long who was content to wear the mantle of fame that an illustrious ancestor had prepared centuries before.

Nevertheless, for the time being she was deeply under the spell that illustrious ancestors had cast over the palace of the S—— and their present descendants. Carlo was only too eloquent in the double capacity of suitor and guide. Every room in the palace had some history linking the family with Rome. I saw her many times walking through the picture-gallery, crowded with masterpieces such as are not known outside of Italy, and I knew she was thinking of their romantic value, added to their intrinsic worth. She told me that it made her light-headed to think that Michael Angelo's own hand once had touched these very walls, or that Pinturicchio and Raffaelle had stood in the flesh within the four-walled enclosure that is called "home" by her own aunt!

This *allure* of *noblesse* is very difficult indeed to describe; especially to you who read this—you who are so rightly proud of your own great country and who wonder how your compatriots can bring themselves to marry titles—sell themselves for titles, perhaps you call it. But come over here to Rome—not merely as a tourist, but with friends living here.

You are invited to take tea with the Duchess of A——. You get into an ordinary little open carriage and drive to the entrance of a palace; the façade is plain and promises nothing; the walls are old, stained, and crumbling. The doorway shows a worn stone staircase beyond; neither elaborate nor inviting. The first suggestion of impressiveness is the majordomo at the door, with his huge silver-headed cane, like a drum-major's, and his three-cornered hat with a duke's cockade at the side. He moves so ceremoniously that his long coat hangs like a piece of metal as he walks. He conducts you up three of the stone steps and hands you over to a footman, who in turn passes you on to others stationed at intervals up the stairway. By the time you reach the anteroom of the first salon, the dingy plainness of the lower entrance has given place to wonderful stone carvings and tapestries. You walk through eight or ten galleries carved in marble, hung with tapestries, brocades, or pictures, all beyond the possibility of a modern collector. At the end of the rooms is a doorway covered by a curtain. One footman stands ready to lift it, another to announce the visitors' names to the duke and duchess receiving in the room beyond. A lady in an old-fashioned black velvet dolman and a younger one in plain tailored dress precede you. One footman lifts the tapestry while the other cries: "Signora la Duchessa di Verosini! Excellenza la Principessa di Primoli!" and as you follow he shouts: "Mees Smeet!" You feel a faint resentment against—something, somebody—

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fate, perhaps; perhaps it is very faint, or perhaps to you Miss Smith may be just as good a name as all the long strings of titles that continue to arrive. However that may be, you notice that the duke and duchess make a charming picture of domesticity. Their manner to you and to their other guests is gracious and natural. You are presented to the people who bear these high-sounding names and you find them the most simple, unaffected men and women in the world.

You go into other palaces, where you find the same high-sounding names and titles, but also the same perfect family harmony. Gradually, insidiously, but surely, your outlook upon life is changed. The achievements of the American man, success, wealth, power in the financial world, all seem to fade into the background with other unimportant things. Mr. and Mrs. Smith with their millions of dollars seem of no value beside the Duchess of A—— or the Princess of V——.

Nora had gradually fallen under this same spell—the allure of *noblesse*. It only needed a word in the balance to make her decide in favor of Carlo—and to become also a princess of the house of S——.

Yet I felt driven by some force to hold her back from doing the very thing I most wished. I had to impress upon her that traditions and works of art and a long title would not fill her heart and make up for the loss of home and country.

Constantly the bidding for her fortune went on. One afternoon a certain countess came with no other object in view than to arrange a marriage with Nora and a son of one of the famous houses of Italy. Nora was present. The Countess talked of her as though she were a piece of furniture. "There is the Prince of V——," she said to me. "His properties take an immense amount of money to keep up. And the fortune of Signorina would be such a relief to the whole family."

Nora could not stand this. "Please tell me, Madame," she said, "what am I offered for the large amount of gold I am asked to put in the illustrious coffers?"

The Countess turned to her and through her lorgnette looked at her as though it were the first time that she had observed her. "You are altogether suitable; you are the very wife for V——."

"And what have the Prince of V—— and I to do with the arranging of our own future?"

"Ah, but the Prince danced with you at Court, and he finds you sympathetic. It is a great name, Signorina, and a great family; and we all would receive you with open arms. Your position would be in every way as though you had been born into the nobility of Italy."

"Thank you," Nora answered quietly. "Your proposal is altogether overwhelming, but of course we Americans are not used to such titles—I fear I should not know how to wear one so illustrious as that of the Prince of V——!"

The Countess took Nora's words at their face value and said that she and the other members of the family would train her in every requirement necessary. Nora suddenly choked and, excusing herself, left the room.

Later I found her in tears.

In spite of her apparent coolness, Nora was in truth a child who was very much disturbed and perplexed by things that she did not understand. Indeed, in general, the European girl, shy and unsophisticated as she seems, is in many ways far less so than the American, whose cool-headedness makes her appear mistress of the situation, when in truth she may be puzzled and bewildered.

The European man thinks he knows the American girl, but he judges her by the girls of his own country and therefore entirely misunderstands her. He cannot comprehend the healthy unromantic friendships that exist in America between boys and girls, who see each other under all sorts of informal circumstances and yet need have no thought of love or sentiment. He thinks the American girl has had long experience in the ways of men, and that she is as well versed in the manner of lovers as the experienced married flirts of Parisian and Roman society. Used to men she is; but not to the sort of men she meets for the first time abroad. She is used to the type of boy "that she has known all her life." She can fathom what he thinks on pretty much any subject, and whether he is in love with her or not is a matter that she can decide without much danger of mistake. Above all, the American youth is outspoken and frank. He has no hidden or ulterior motives; he spends little time in discussing what he thinks. He likes best to show his muscle and his skill in athletics, and the intimacy between boys and girls is founded on doing things together, riding, swimming, playing tennis, or coasting and skating; not on talking of ideas.

In Europe she meets a type she has never known. The European is much more sub-

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tle, and the study of women is a part of his education. He likes to talk of all the trivial things interesting to women. He talks personalities, but he does it skilfully, his manner carrying more significance than the words he speaks. I don't say he is the truest, but he is the most accomplished lover in the world, as indeed he should be, since love is the chief subject of the thought as well as the conversation of the European; as athletics and business are the chief interests of the American.

Yet—and this is very important and also very difficult to express: In the minds of American young men love and marriage are synonymous. To the European, love is love, and marriage is marriage; the two have not of necessity any connection. Wooing, therefore, is no essential preliminary to marriage; though many men, of course (like Carlo and Larzeski), pay their addresses to a girl much as do the men in America. But in Nora's case, the greater number who wanted to marry her thought it more dignified and fitting to stay in the background and allow a representative of their family to negotiate for her hand.

The spirit of this cold, calculating matrimonial market in which she figured as chief buyer wounded Nora deeply.

"In my place you would feel as I do, Aunt Eleanor," she said. "You couldn't help it. Suppose you had offers of marriage handed to you like charity petitions and advertisements! Just think what that old countess said to me just now, and see if you don't find a startling likeness between proposals and advertisements. Only the advertisements are more promising, as they offer 'money refunded if commodity not as represented.'"

"She did not mean any discourtesy," I answered. "You must remember, dear, that all marriages in good society in Europe are 'arranged'. Older and wiser heads are put together, and decide that such and such a match is suitable. And strange as it may seem to you, most of them turn out well. It is a very serious question for debate whether the European alliance does not in the end turn out better than the American marriage for love."

But Nora was highly indignant, and no amount of argument could make her look calmly upon a "marriage of arrangement." Nearly every day brought her a proposal. It seemed as though there was not a house in Italy left that had not sought an alliance with the Townsend heiress. Yet there was one! And that was one of the greatest, as it was also the poorest of all. So poor it was that the eldest son had the gaunt look that comes from lack of proper nourishment. His clothes were threadbare, and he lived in the attic rooms of the decaying palace that had borne the name and arms of his family over the door since the ninth century. How he lived no one knew—by what means he had ever procured the coat of shiny black that was put on evening after evening, month after month, year after year. But he did *not* ask Nora to marry him. He had the soul of a poet, and his dream love was a daughter of sunny Italy—one poor as himself. Tears came to Nora's eyes as she talked of him. He was so splendid! Should she never, never have anyone to love her like that? She would never know—if anyone did! She might as well marry a title in cold blood and be done with it!

Nearly every day Nora saw Carlo or the Austrian Larzeski or both. Both were wooing her assiduously. Then there was an American who also seemed to be included in the list of possibilities. This was one Edward Churchill, whom Nora called "Ned." Every time she received a letter from this "Ned," she seemed to be slightly detached from Rome. But when I asked if she were in love with him, she very firmly answered, "No."

Finally, she told me that she had about decided to marry Carlo.

I did not tell my husband; as I did not want him to think the engagement was a fact accomplished, and then perhaps have him doubly disappointed. Besides, I could not make up my mind whether Carlo was really as much in love with her as he said he was. I thought it best to let the matter drift. Things were going very well. Mr. "Ned," the American, for the moment had ceased writing his disturbing letters; Larzeski seemed to be sinking more and more into the background behind the warmer and more seductive charm of Carlo, when—smash! the whole structure fell.

Nora went out to lunch one day with a young married woman and came back in a state impossible to describe. It is difficult to say whether hurt feelings, anger, or hard self-control were uppermost as she came into my room and announced that she wanted to leave Rome. I must take her away at once!

"What has happened?" I demanded anxiously.

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"Tell me the truth!" she cried. "Did *you* know about Carlo?"

She saw by my face that I really did not. "Then I'll tell you! All the time that he has been paying me attention he has been spending every spare moment with La Favorita, the ballet dancer!"

For a moment I was dumfounded—but again I had the consciousness that I was chiefly shocked because the girl interested was my Nora. I was disappointed in Carlo; though, had I stopped to think, I really need not have been surprised. He was not yet engaged to Nora; he was not violating the conventions of his class. But I saw that her point of view demanded more than that, and I wondered how, if finding out about a man's bachelor life so shocked her, she would stand irregularities in a husband, should she choose one from the society in which she now was. Whether Italy and France are any more lax in these matters than any other country, I am not prepared to say. But I thought it only fair to tell her that should she marry any Italian with the idea that he would never again look upon the beauty of another woman, she would lead a very miserable life.

I don't like to put it so baldly, yet I think it is no exaggeration to say that practically every woman over here must make up her mind to accept her husband's infidelity. Not open infidelity; he will never force the fact upon your notice, and if you choose to see no farther than you are intended to see, you may remain where ignorance is—soothing to your pride. The infidelity of your husband may be a hard thing to determine, even if you try, because all you ask of him, all the time that you want him to spend with you, he gives you. His evenings are invariably spent with you, whether you go out or stay at home. He never neglects you in any way that you can take exception to. If he is having "an affair," it is most likely to be with a woman who is intimate at your house, and nothing in the manner of either ever will give an inkling of the state of things. Italians as a rule do not care for women of the stage; they prefer women in their own sphere of life, women of title and position. Once in a great while there is a scandal—a wife repudiates her husband or a man refuses to be complaisant to the frequent visits of his wife's friend. But as a rule, the innocent wife shuts her eyes in order to see as little as possible. The bride who carries to an older woman a tale of broken faith and forgotten marriage vows finds little consolation or sympathy. "Don't cry, my dear," she will be counseled. "It will pass. You think your heart is broken and that you will never live through it; but you will—many times. It hurts at first, I know, my child—it hurt me too, once. But one gets over it, and one ceases to think of it. In Turkey a man may have as many wives as he pleases; in Italy he has only one—yet all men are polygamous. What would you have, my dear! He'll be a good husband otherwise. Dry your eyes, come! Lift up your head—so. Life has many compensations and still holds much in store for you."

That is what the European matron says. She herself has taken this pain much as she has taken the physical pains that nature has sent her. It is harder for us whose early training in no way prepares us for these conditions, and I saw that Nora never would be able to accept them. Nor indeed would I have her go through the inevitable heartache.

Nora wanted to leave Rome; she wanted to go to England. She wanted to go where men did not say things they did not mean, and where making love to a woman was not a species of elocution taught them from their babyhood. I sat up half the night talking over the situation with my husband. He was furious with Carlo—but because he had been stupid enough to blunder, and not at all on the ethical ground that Carlo's life was not all that might be desired. From my own point of view, though, I could understand Nora's feelings so well that old wounds of my own throbbed again; old hurts to pride and sensibilities that must come to every American-born woman who casts in her lot with one of an alien race. We are fundamentally different, and that difference is bridged only by hardening of heart and natural impulses, and at the end of a long road of pain.

Thinking that four made a better number than three, I got Nora's consent to ask Larzeski to go with us. She wrote Carlo a letter. She didn't show it to me, and I have naturally never asked her about it. We left Rome by noon the next day, and stopped at the Hermitage in Monte Carlo. Three days were sufficient for the American heiress to acquire a long string of followers. And three days were also sufficient to end the chances of Larzeski.

On the third morning Nora came into my bedroom transformed with excitement. She had received a telegram from "Ned" saying

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that he had arrived in France, and would reach Monte Carlo that evening. She was overwrought all day. Larzeski and her new train found her enchanting—she had an added sparkle. She bubbled, she rippled, until I, who alone knew the cause of all this, became hourly more anxious for a sight of Mr. Churchill.

He made his first appearance at dinner. There was a strength in the clear, frank gaze, in the way he shook hands, in his cheerful "How do you do" that was like the sweeping of a fresh sea-breeze through the open windows of an overheated house. The very first sight of him woke in me—European though I have become—a twinge of the blank unhappiness that I had felt as the ship sailed fifteen years before. I thought I had learned to forget; but I suddenly found myself longing keenly for a sight of the Goddess of Liberty, the ferry-boats, the elevated railroad, Washington Square, the lights of Broadway, Jersey flats, the Hudson Palisades, white wooden farmhouses and red barns, even suburban villas—lopped-off corners, added turrets, and all!

The stringed orchestra under tropic palms, the scene of light and gaiety around me, seemed to have no connection with my life. The past fifteen years were wiped out, and the fact that I could not transform the marble railing against which my elbow rested into a picket fence was an actual grief. I knew in that moment what Lewis Carroll must have had in mind when Alice in Wonderland cried, "You are only a pack of cards after all!"

This Mr. "Ned" took my thoughts back even to a playmate who, had he lived—I don't know. My Pietro looked over at me with his intuitive understanding, and the dream vanished (or the reality faded?) and I was again the Princess S——.

Larzeski and my husband left us early; later, Nora and I went over to the gaming-rooms with Mr. Churchill and some English friends. As we entered, we saw Larzeski and Pietro. The sight of my husband at a roulette table was one to bring back terror to my soul. I prayed that he might not have been induced to break his vow given many years ago—when his gambling debts had cut my very generous dot in half. Then I saw to my great relief that he was merely watching. But—Larzeski was altogether different. His whole face was transformed; his usually indifferent manner had given place to feverish excitement, as with the drawing-in grasp of the gold lover his shaking fingers closed around 12,000 francs—the largest bet allowed in Monte Carlo. My husband did not see us for a moment. As for Larzeski, I doubt if he would have known we were there had we shaken him. An outsider said of him: "There is one of the largest plungers here. He is striking luck to-night!" "That is as one looks at it!" my thoughts answered the comment of the outsider, as I noted the hard look around Nora's mouth.

The next morning she parted with her suitor. They said little to each other, and the man left in anger rather than in grief. Nora and I went down on the quay, and there we were joined by Lady C——. "Good Heavens," cried Nora, as she saw her coming, "whoever is this macaw?—beak, feathers, and all!" I had just time to explain that she was a peeress both in her own right and by marriage, when her "Ah, *dear* Eleanor!" stopped further explanation. Announcing to us that she was here on a visit to some "*enormously, disgustingly* rich Americans," she launched into a tirade on the present day. It was really quite shameful whom we got down to associating with, and yet they were so overloaded with dollars that one might as well, she supposed, gather in some of the surplus! She told us London gossip till she was breathless, and then asked Nora's name, which she had not caught. It had the effect of an electric battery.

"The Earl of Egan is looking for a wife," she exclaimed, and then as though the idea of Nora's wealth were still more felt she continued enthusiastically: "And there is the Duke of Norchester—his estates need a fortune to keep up, but there are none finer in England."

"And the Duke?" inquired Nora, quite as though her heart were set on him.

"Well, my dear," she said, "you must not set your mind on too handsome a man; still he has a most distinguished air, a most distinguished air—and then—he is the Duke of Norchester!"

"And how do you know the Duke would consent to marry me?"

"You come and stop at our place down in Northshire, and I'll wager there will be no trouble to fix the match," Lady C—— assured her.

"You are very kind," said Nora.

"Oh, not at all," said the match-maker, with astounding coolness. "I am sure that in lots of ways you will more than requite me

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when it is settled that you are to become Your Grace——"

"When it is settled that I am to marry the Duke—y-es." Nora's voice had a curious little note that I never had heard in it. It made me want to pick her up and carry her far away out in the country somewhere—somewhere in the springtime, and lay her hand in that of a young man whose image came up before me, a man who had much the same type of face as the boy I had known in my youth—long ago!

A grand duchess summoned Lady C——, and Nora and I returned to our hotel. She remarked that from the accounts of English society there seemed no difference between the English and the Italians in the things to which she took exception.

"Still, dear," I urged, "you must not take a few examples as a full picture of the whole. England is a wonderful country, and the Englishmen are the finest in the world, that is, after our own men."

"Do you mean the Italians, Aunt Eleanor?"

"No, dear, I was thinking—I was thinking of American men."

"Ah!" sighed Nora. Did she blush, or was it the reflection of the red silk curtains? I had no chance to tell, for she left the room precipitously.

Truly, this being chaperon to a girl whose romances occurred as frequently as thrills in a dime novel was using up all of my own nerve force; I felt like a limp rag. And no sooner had Nora gone out by one door than Mr. Edward Churchill came in by the other.

We sat down together on the sofa and had a good, old-fashioned, straight-out American talk. Indeed, I almost lived my youth over again as my mind traveled back over the years before I became a princess, before all the metamorphosis in my own point of view had taken place. After a long time—"Do you *love* Nora?" I asked.

The expression that came into his face left me no room for doubt.

"What answer did she give you?" I queried.

"Answer! I've never asked her. What would be the use, Princess? You know Nora. Nothing on earth would ever convince her that I did not want her money. Nora is the best friend, the squarest pal a boy ever had—when we were children she seemed much nearer to me, but as soon as she came out and the money-chasers began their pursuit, she grew cold, and suspicious of the very word marriage. Love her! Would to God I didn't! I couldn't possibly ask her to marry me—unless some unknown, and suddenly produced, rich relative should leave me a colossal fortune to prove that I don't want hers! If I loved her less, I might be willing to risk it, but she would doubt me and add up two and two and make five, and be unhappy, and that would break my heart."

I answered him very deliberately: "You are a dear, but you are also a bit of a goose. In asking the girl you *love* to marry you, and in marrying that girl if you can, you are perfectly, entirely, ethically right, my young friend! Unhappiness cannot come of *that*."

"Tell me something, will you?—truthfully!"

"Truthfully, yes—if I can answer at all."

"Do you think Nora *could* be happy with me—I am only an American without any string to my name! Tell me, could she, honestly, seriously?"

"Honestly, seriously, I think she will never find happiness in"—it was mean of me perhaps, but I could not resist holding him in suspense—"the string to a name."

He looked at me with the straight, hopeful look of youth; his eyes lit with the real light. "I wonder if Nora is out on the balcony," he said. And he went to look for her.

How long I sat day-dreaming in the corner of the sofa I don't know. Suddenly I was aroused by the opening of a door and like a whirlwind Nora threw herself into my arms. Her eyes, her smile, her voice were full of such gladness that an echoing thrill went through my own heart. Then from the radiant girl I looked up at the tender, frank face and straight, manly figure of her "Ned"—I doubt if even Pietro could have helped being glad too!

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Little Stories of Real Life

Butch Panner's Gold-Mine

By Bessie R. Hoover

"WELL, here we are ag'in," said Pa Flickinger in a grumbling voice, as the family sat down to Thanksgiving dinner at the home of Mandy Panner, his eldest daughter.

For various reasons not all of the family could be present; but there were Ma and Pa Flickinger with their half-grown children, Jed and Opal; their married daughter Jule and her meek husband Milo, also their twins, Janice and Jasper, making a crowded table in the stuffy little sitting-room where meals were served on special occasions.

"Of all celebrations this here is the dangdest," went on Pa Flickinger. "Jest because Mandy's man sent her a dirty scrap of paper from Klondike two year or more ago, sayin' he'd be home Thanksgivin', then Mandy must git up a swell dinner annual in Butch Panner's honor, expectin' every minute that Butch'll walk in. If women ain't the most curious——"

"I dunno a thing to be thankful for," broke in Ma Flickinger, her thin face lined with anxious thought. "Here's Mandy—her man's dead probably—if he ain't, why don't he write? And the feller that runs Panner's butcher-shop, he's a cheatin' her all the time. And now Milo's laid up with a sprained foot for six weeks."

"And it ain't only havin' a cross man under foot for six weeks," worried her daughter Jule, "but what bothers me most is havin' no money for rent, no money for doctor's bill, no money for nothin'; and Christmas a-comin' and the twins expectin' Santa Claus."

"Mebbe your Pa can squeeze out a little money for you to come and go on," consoled Ma.

"Pa needn't do no such thing," dissented Jule, "'cause Pa's got all he can do to keep his own family goin'."

"I don't think much of this here idea of givin' thanks for nothin'," growled Pa, dishing out great plates of mashed potatoes and turkey and gravy for the family; "I ain't so much of a hypocrite that I can thank the Lord for what I ain't got."

"What's the matter with the turkey? Ain't you thankful for that?" struck in Jed, vigorously attacking a drumstick.

"That only comes along of Mandy's ownin' a butcher-shop—nothin' great in that," answered his father.

"It don't make things no better, though, to fret over 'em continual," said Milo, a trifle querulously. He was a drab little man with a mild, self-deprecating manner, but what he lacked in initiative was fully supplied by his strenuous wife.

"Who frets in this family, I'd like to know," cried Jule in an aggrieved tone, "if you don't? Pa, the twins'll take a little turkey meat—no knowin' when they'll ever see any at home."

"Turkey meat's too rich for 'em," broke in Ma Flickinger; "best spoon 'em out a little broth, Pa; babies ain't ostriches."

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"When I'm blue, I'm blue," said Pa pessimistically; "I don't care if it is Thanksgivin' Day," and he helped himself to an unusually large supply of mashed potatoes and turkey.

"Nobody's bluer than I be," sniffed Mandy; "here's my man been gone 'most three years — and me a-waitin' and a-watchin'."

"Panner always was a queer chap," asserted Pa, "sorter loony, visionary feller—always a-talkin' about his gold-mine afore he went to Klondike. He'll never show up ag'in."

"I DON'T THINK MUCH OF GIVIN' THANKS FOR NOTHIN'," GROWLED PA.

"He'll never come home *poor*," declared Mandy, whose fat, freckled face was blowzy with crying. "But it's worse'n a funeral not to know whether he's alive or dead."

"Panner always had the foolishest plans, and thought he could carry 'em out, too—that's what plays hob with a man," maintained Pa, who felt no delicacy in speaking of his absent son-in-law's peculiarities.

"He was a good-hearted man, though," spoke up Milo.

Curiously enough, they all, with the exception of Mandy, spoke of Panner in the past tense. William Panner, commonly called Butch, was to them no longer anything but a subject for conversation.

"But what gits me was Butch Panner a-runnin' off with our fifty dollars the way he did," complained Jule indignantly. "There me and Milo scraped and saved them fifty dollars and give to Panner to invest in his gold-mine, and he never writ one word about it."

"Land!" exclaimed Ma Flickinger, "wouldn't that fifty come handy now?"

"It'd 'a' been spent long afore this," remarked Milo dismally.

"Any married man does wrong to run off on a wild-goose chase for a gold-mine," stated Pa with gloomy authority. "If Panner could leave his wife and his business, I don't see how he could leave his kid."

"But a feller never can tell what he can do till he tries," said Milo quietly. "There wa'n't nothin' criminal in Panner goin' to Klondike to see if he couldn't better himself."

"'Twa'n't nothin' bright, neither," snapped Jule. "Whatever makes you so contrary, Milo?"

"Let Milo alone," reproved Ma. "Havin' his foot tied up like a lame bear don't tend to make him feel extra pert."

"Butch is a-stayin' away till he makes a fortune," said Mandy. "But land knows—and he knows, too—that I'd ruther have him back than all the gold-mines on earth; but it's jest his pride."

"'Twouldn't hurt him none to write where he was," commented Jule.

"He's waitin' to write good news," affirmed Mandy.

"I'd laugh if your man'd come sneakin' home without a cent," said Jule.

"He'll never do it," replied Mandy.

"The first thing I'd say to him would be, 'How about that gold-mine, Panner?'" laughed Pa; "he was sure he'd locate one."

"He never even seen the picture of a gold-mine," sneered Jed; "he was a kinder shiftluss guy."

"And I nagged him every day of my life," lamented Mandy; "I pestered the life out'n him about little things."

"A woman's got jest as much right to talk as a man has," sharply informed Jule.

"I don't see what you've got *two* extra plates on the table for, Mandy," said Ma critically.

"For the land sakes!" cried Mandy, "where's that young one? One plate's for little Butch, and t'other's for his father. I supposed Butchie was in here eatin' with the rest of us."

"I thought things was unusually quiet," remarked Ma.

"You might know that when things is ca'm in the house Butch is out'n it," observed Pa.

Just then the outside door burst open, and a small boy ran into the room, blubbering and wailing with an ardor that speedily did away with any idea that he had gotten up a series of vocal exercises for stage effect.

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"What ails you, Butch?" asked Pa, stopping between bites to cast an inquiring eye on his small grandson.

"The Black Man-n," sobbed Butch; "I see the Black Man."

"Shucks, Butch," laughed Jed, "ain't you old enough to know better than that?"

"I saw the Black Man by Snather's hedge," claimed Butch; "he lives there."

"He don't neither live there," contradicted his mother.

"He does too," disputed Butch.

"Who said so?" questioned Opal, humoring him.

"Gramma said so," triumphantly returned Butch.

"Maybe it was a colored man," suggested Opal.

"'Twa'n't no nigger," denied Butch.

"What'd he say, Butch?" inquired Mandy.

"He gobbled—jest gobbled—I couldn't understand nothin', his teeth chattered so."

"I dunno," said Pa Flickinger solemnly, "whatever'll come to Butch, his seein' the Black Man in broad daylight, and the Black Man a-gobblin'. That looks like summat was the matter with Butch; the next time the Black Man'll git that boy—sure."

At this Butch blubbered afresh, but was hurried down to the table and his sobs were checked with mashed potatoes and turkey.

Jed pushed back his chair unceremoniously from the table and got up.

"What's struck you, Jed?" inquired Pa.

"I'm goin' out to find what scared the kid," answered Jed.

"Jed can't set still long enough to eat," commented Ma Flickinger, as her son left the house.

"He ain't got no manners, gettin' up afore the toothpicks is passed," criticized Jule.

"There'll be swell doin's if William Panner ever does come home," declared Mandy, reverting to the previous theme of discussion; "we'll hike off'n this old street and buy a swell place first thing."

"If he'd 'a' found a gold-mine, there might have been," reluctantly admitted Ma.

"If he came home an' hadn't found a gold-mine," grinned Pa, "we'd give him the laugh; but you can take my word for what it's worth, Panner's a goner."

The back door was noisily opened, and some one was heard in the kitchen.

"It's Jed a-returnin' with the Black Man," remarked Pa confidently to the apprehensive Butch.

"Here's the Black Man, Mandy," shouted Jed in a husky, important voice, at the same time pushing a gaunt, bearded, poorly dressed man into the little sitting-room.

"William, O William!" cried Mandy.

"Land! I thought you was dead and buried long afore this," exclaimed Ma in an awed voice.

"Shake!" shouted Pa Flickinger, pounding the man excitedly on the back; and Milo hobbled over on his crutch with outstretched hand.

For there was William Panner, scarcely recognizable by the astounded family, looking like a common tramp, embracing his wife and the surprised and disgruntled Butch, who still half believed that his father was really the Black Man that lived in Snather's hedge.

Ma Flickinger, who was crying with joy, ran to the kitchen to stir the fire and warm the remainder of the turkey dinner, while Pa and Milo openly wiped their eyes. And Jule took occasion during the confusion to divide her piece of mince pie with the twins.

"And how Opal's growed," spoke up Panner, "and Jed, too; I thought first he was his big brother Bill—only he ain't so freckled."

"In the summer he is," informed Opal.

"No more'n you," retorted Jed gruffly.

"Freckles runs in the family," remarked Ma, coming in with a steaming platter of meat; "they git 'em from Pa."

"And the twinses, how they've growed," said Panner.

"They can walk, they're under foot all the time; and they can say things," Jule proudly informed him.

"We've been a-keepin' Thanksgivin' Day for you pretty nigh ever since you went away, Panner, in this 'ere house; and Mandy's been as constant to your memory as a hen on a glass egg—and I can't say more," confided Pa warmly.

"Did you find a gold-mine, Butch? How much did you bring home?" inquired Jule boldly.

Panner, who was by this time eagerly finishing the remains of the turkey dinner that had been prepared in his honor, looked helplessly about the room at his wife's folks, and the high elation of his happy return died out of his face, leaving it old and worn and blank.

Then they all felt sure that he had brought nothing home with him from Klondike.

"Jule," burst out Ma, in a flare of sympathy for the returned miner, "ain't you got no

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sense, let alone manners, askin' such personal questions?"

"We don't care what Butch Panner's brought back," thundered Pa.

"Didn't expect me to bring back much, did you, after that last letter?" asked Panner anxiously.

"Bring back nothin'!" cried Pa heartily; "sure we did—bring yourself back, that's what Mandy wanted to see worst. Why, say, Panner, gold ain't nothin' alongside of folks."

"Not to me," answered Panner, brightening, "but outsiders'll say, 'He come home without a cent.'"

"Do you live for outsiders?" inquired Pa scornfully. "Is it outsiders that help a man when he's down?"

"If anybody asks *me* about Butch Panner's gold-mine ag'in, I'll tell 'em to shut up," declared Jule loyally. "I hate folks that's always a-screwin' things out'n you by main force."

"I've been mostly a-gettin' up to Klondike and a-comin' back," Panner explained; "I've never had a chanst to dig gold—not a smell. And I saw I wa'n't cut out for the frozen North; I wa'n't prepared for it. And I had no idee of what I was a-goin' to run up against; but I *am* cut out for Michigan. And I says to myself, as I was clearly out'n my place I'd better make tracks to git back into it."

"You showed sense," cut in Ma Flickinger, nodding her head approvingly.

"When I got up there and saw there wa'n't no chanst for a greeny like me," continued Panner, "I blamed myself for comin' till I was on the p'int of suicide. And then I got scairt for fear I *would* kill myself, and I jest talked sense to number one, and I says to myself, 'Butch Panner, you was a blamed fool to come up here, but what of that? You're here. And now's the time you want friends.' And I says, 'Gimme your paw, Butch Panner; I'm your friend if the whole world goes ag'in you.' And I jest made myself cheer up."

"HERE'S THE BLACK MAN, MANDY," SHOUTED JED.

"You talk," said Pa, "as if you'd done a criminal act in goin' off to t'other end of the world to see if you couldn't better yourself."

"I allers kinder thought," resumed Panner, "that there wa'n't no chanst for a poor man in Michigan; but, say, I've learned a pile up there. Pretty nigh every other man I met thought *he* hadn't had a chanst in his home state, and them dissatisfied fellers didn't all come from Michigan, neither."

"It takes a *man*, Panner, to do what you've done," said Pa, curiously moved from his usual stoical indifference by the returned traveler's story, "to come right home plumb in the face of *failure;* but, shucks, you're jest a young man yet, not more'n forty; you'll soon make good ag'in."

"Oh, I ain't discouraged, Lord, no!" said Panner heartily. "I'm encouraged. Here's my home, here's my wife and the little feller to work for—what more could a decent man want?"

"And the meat market's jest a-spoilin' for you. That man won't fool Mandy no more," chuckled Pa.

"I'll run the meat market with profit," promised Panner confidently. "I always did; that's where I got enough to go North on. And I come home," he added with conscious pride, "sound in body—hands, feet, eyes, limbs, orgins—all here. Why, I've saw men a-stringin' home from Klondike, maimed, froze, off in their minds, 'most blind, knocked out in a dozen ways. Say, it's worse'n war up North; for if you do git hurt in battle there's a kinder glory and honor tied on to it; but up there it's all up with you if you fail. But I'm as hard as a knot from travel and exposure."

"Was you long on the way back?" inquired Milo, who sat nursing his lame foot on a stool.

"Long on the way?" cried Panner. "Say, folks, I sweat my way back from Klondike—every step. It's been jest fourteen

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months since I started, right after my last letter. I worked my way on the boat and tramped a good deal of the road after I struck the States."

"You've wonderful endurance, Panner," admired Pa.

"You sure come out on top," grinned Jed appreciatively.

"You saw something besides Michigan, anyway," said Jule, a little enviously.

"I should say *yes*," remarked Panner with emphasis; "I met all kind of fellers; but though I mixed in queer company I never was what you'd call a *bum*, never touched liquor nor cards, nor worse; but if temptations did git a-loomin' up through my bein' extra blue, I'd say, 'Panner, there's your folks.' Then I'd work to git a little nearer 'em."

"What a mind you've got, Panner," approved Pa; "if it hadn't been for your plannin' things out the way you did, you'd 'a' dropped by the wayside — sure."

"I never doubted for a minute but what you was a-doin' the right thing," said Mandy loyally.

"I ALWAYS KEPT IT HERE," SAID PANNER.

"We all knowed you was a-doin' your best," testified Ma generously; "leastways, if we didn't quite exactly know it while you was away," she qualified truthfully, "we know it now. And I always said moral courage was the highest there is, and, William, you've got it."

"Ma Flickinger," cried the returned gold hunter, with a radiant look that no grizzly beard nor travel stains could quite conceal, "them's the best words I ever heard. I never knew what it was to have *folks* afore this experience; of course I had 'em, but I didn't appreciate 'em. I'm a poor man, but I'm rich in folks.

"And there ain't but one blot on this here reunion," he added, his face lengthening dismally, "and that's the fifty dollars of Milo's that I ain't had the face to speak of till now. Milo, I'm awful sorry about your money."

"Never mind that," said Milo kindly; "it's all past and gone."

"It was Milo's fault in the first place," accused Jule; "I never wanted it put into mines, and I told Milo a thousand times he'd lose it."

"I always kept it here," said Panner, feeling in an inner pocket. "And I never saw no good chanst to invest it. I couldn't put your money in a wildcat scheme that I wa'n't sure of, like I did the three hundred of my own that I lost. You might 'a' had it out a-earnin' interest all this time," and he handed over a small roll of bills to the astonished Milo.

"Land o' Goshen! is this a joke?" cried Ma incredulously.

"Cast your greenbacks on the waters," shouted Pa excitedly.

"Didn't you need it, Panner? It might 'a' helped you home," said Milo.

"'Twa'n't mine," answered Panner simply.

"It'll pay the rent," shrilled Jule hysterically.

"And the doctor's bill," added Milo, with a happy face.

"And the twinses can have a Santa Claus now," exulted Jule.

"Say, folks," inquired Pa jovially, "ain't this a regular story-book Thanksgivin'?—a returned traveler, a large, unexpected sum of money come to a laid-up man, and a whole family chirked up by entertainin' the Black Man unawares!"

"You ain't a-missin' your gold-mine much, be you?" inquired Milo kindly of Butch Panner, who was grinning at Pa Flickinger's enthusiasm.

"My gold-mine is the Flickinger family, includin' Mandy and the little feller, and I never knew it afore," returned Panner heartily. "Land! how I dreaded to come in; but I might 'a' knowed how you folks'd act."

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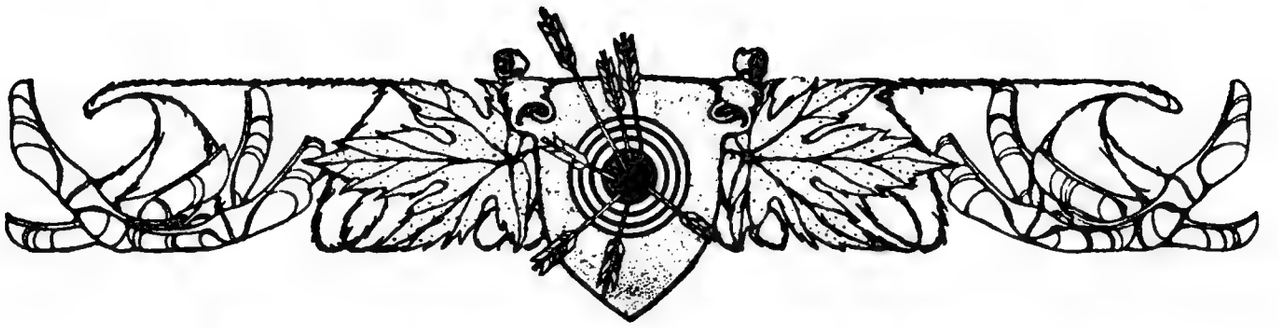

STRAIGHT TALK

If at any time there are statements in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE which you believe to be incorrect, or views expressed to which you take exception, or subjects discussed upon which you can throw additional light, write to us. We shall not be able to publish all the letters. Do not write at too great length. We may use excerpts from your letter and sign your initials unless otherwise instructed. For every letter which we are able to publish we will present the writer, as evidence of our appreciation and in no sense as compensation, with a year's subscription to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, to be sent to the writer of the letter, or to any one selected by the writer.—THE EDITOR.

BELIEVES IN LAWSON

I HAVE just read yours and Mr. Lawson's letters in the February EVERYBODY'S. I have been a careful reader of EVERYBODY'S since "Frenzied Finance" began. I have no word of fault for either you or Mr. Lawson. But I sincerely thank you both for the work you have done the past four years. Keep at it. In our country is a mighty army of people who are rapidly being prepared to put their life into an effort for better conditions. I believe in you and I believe in Lawson. Yours for victory,

Anna, Ohio. W. N. R.

FROM A GRATEFUL ONE

To allow Mr. Lawson at this time to abandon his fight, or even to change his manner and method of fighting that Satanic "System," would, to my mind, be the most colossal mistake the American people could be guilty of.

I know there is a limit to all human endurance, and Mr. Lawson has gone farther in that direction than any saint or sinner could dare to hope. We have no fault to find with him. He has acted the part of a man, but we, the common people, have not. It is the height of folly and the depth of stupidity for a free-born, liberty-loving people to stand by, grinning in its apathy and staring in its idiocy, when the good God of all sends a leader of the caliber of Lawson to deliver us from a slavery that is worse than the slavery of the negro.

Let Ridgway do something at once to enlist the enthusiasm of the millions who believe in Lawson, to uphold his hands and to follow him in the thickest of the fray. If his decision to abandon the cause of the people is final, let us at least be civil to him and not withhold our expression of gratitude for what he has already done. Call upon those who believe in Lawson for a vote of confidence or an expression of loyalty in the columns of your magazine. W. F. R.

Fremont, Ohio.

HE CAN'T QUIT

IT came as a shock to me to hear that the greatest fighter we have ever had against the "System" had apparently quit the fight.

I say *apparently* quit, for I do not believe that one who has fought the good fight, as Mr. Lawson has, who understands the System's methods, and sees as clearly as he does, can quit. He may change his mode of attack, but he will be ever on the firing line.

I was surprised at the reasons he gave (non-appreciation and lack of support). He has shown such a full knowledge of so many other phases of life, that I can scarcely believe that he was ever in expectation of appreciation by the masses. I cannot realize that he did not know that gratitude does not exist in them. He quotes from history to that effect in his letter, and students of character are unanimous on that point.

Yet is it fair for Mr. Lawson to say he has found *no* support? Where then does he place those quiet, earnest people who do their own thinking, and do not let the papers and subsidized press perform that office for them?

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I have formed my opinion of Mr. Lawson without having ever seen him. I have always believed and always shall, that he is honest and sincere in his effort to overthrow the menace to our country. I was in Butte (an honest worker for F. A. Heinze, who I thought was the people's friend) when Mr. Lawson portrayed his character. So great was my faith in Mr. Lawson that I then and there renounced the man; who has proved himself all that Mr. Lawson asserted.

At times I have thought that Mr. Lawson's methods were not the best, but never have I thought that he was not fighting earnestly. The points on which I differed from him were that he depended too much on the public at large, and that he showed his hand too plainly to his opponents.

Had he instead appealed only to the thinking class, and attempted in some manner to combine them, in an order, or association, to help him carry out his ideas, I believe he would have fared better. If he wishes present appreciation and support, I believe he can readily find it in an order of grades, organized by his adherents, as a secret society, each grade to be assigned the work that it is capable of performing intelligently.

I do not blame Mr. Lawson for wishing to avoid the reward for his efforts in the people's favor that is coming to President Roosevelt! But he has made too good a fight and done too much up-to-date to quit now. He is the ablest general we have ever had, and I can only hope that, after the keen edge of his disappointment has worn off, he will enter the lists again.

But if he does not, I can only say that I thank him for a good fight, well fought; and may he succeed in all he undertakes.

An American working mechanic,
Salt Lake City, Utah. R. F. S.

TOO OPTIMISTIC

It would be wrong perhaps to question the sincerity of purpose that inspired Lawson in his efforts for reform. Yet his words, "Once an Indian, always an Indian," are peculiarly apt, and lead to suspicion.

What occasions surprise is the fact that he was so hurt when he failed to accomplish his purpose of reform as he pictured it, and did not get to apply his "Remedy."

Could a man of his ability (for ability he must have) actually expect to tear down the "System," a growth of years, the product of our greatest money jugglers, fortified and entrenched behind its heaps of gold and its special privileges—I repeat—could he actually expect to destroy this in a few months or a few years? If so, he is to be pitied. Such optimism can only lead to pain.

His exhibition of rage and hatred toward the public is childish and hysterical. Does not history show that all reforms are gradual, and that he has done as much, relatively, in the same time as any other man in any other cause?

For his real sorrows and losses there is sympathy; for the things he has done for the people's sake, gratitude (in time); and for his weaknesses, regret. Let him go back to the life for which he is fitted. The public is not yet ready to be rescued. Nor are his verbal pyrotechnics likely to harm the "System" even at close range.

Conover, Ohio. F. H. McG.

LIKE TO BE HUMBUGGED

I have just finished reading Mr. Lawson's letter as to why he gave up the fight on the "System," and must say that I agree with him that it is a very thankless task that he undertook, and while his work and yours along the lines on which you conducted it was the greatest educational work that has ever been done for the public of this or any other country, you both undertook a task that the "dear public" will not thank you for. For in the words of the late P. T. Barnum, "the American people like to be humbugged," and they will not work and help the man that wants to help them. T. McD. S.

Seneca, S. C.

NEEDED A LEADER

There must be many like myself, who have followed "Frenzied Finance" and thoroughly believe in Mr. Lawson, who are fully grateful for what he has done for us, and regret his having become discouraged. Though I have had no money to invest, in taking out life insurance lately I was careful it was not in a "System's" company. I voted for Hisgen instead of Whitney, and in all ways try to follow his advice. It seems to me there is something lacking, that we need in the shape of orders. What can we do? We need a wise, powerful leader to point out the way and show us how to work in unison.

Don't give up "Russellism." You are doing a noble work. O. D. C.

West Newton, Mass.

A GIRL'S OPINION

Do you care for a girl's opinion? Although not on your subscription list, I have never missed a number since first Everybody's came into your hands, and have eagerly read each issue, from cover to cover.

Being a girl, the subject of Lawson's articles did not appeal to me, but I endeavored to digest his writings, as a matter of education.

Mr. Lawson taught me much of public affairs. His "excuse" in this month's (February) number has taught me much of himself—and I am *not* proud of my teacher. Many great men are egoists—Lawson is simply a great egoist. His

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eloquent pity of himself, his glowing praise for himself, and his embittered abuse of one who rises far above him in public opinion, move one to laughter. He rails because the people—the poor mortals who must try to bear his immortal (?) displeasure as best they may—doubt his sincerity—yes, they do—and he has proven that their doubt is justified. To mention Lawson and Lincoln together is a sacrilege, and all moral considerations aside, let me say that, in the opinion of many, our altruistic Thomas has "played you a shabby trick." Your magazine deserves loyalty. It should not be deserted, and you will see that it will not be—by the people.

Cincinnati, O. (Miss) S. H. M.

ENGLISH IDEAS OF AMERICA

I have just read with much interest Mr. Blythe's article in the February number of your delightful magazine upon "An American in London." Having spent some time in Europe myself, I realize only too well that what he says is quite true.

Especially in regard to the average Englishman's or Englishwoman's idea of America. Their ignorance is simply appalling. I remember being much amused by having a young English girl ask me if I was not afraid to live in a place where wild buffaloes pranced through the streets.

Worse still, it is amazing the number of people who believe we have Indians loose in our streets, as far east as my own city. I was asked quite gravely, in all good faith, by an apparently clever woman, if I were not afraid to go out after dark. On my inquiring the reason, she answered quite simply: "Why, fancy how dreadful it would be if you were to be scalped by an Indian, and they do it quite often, I'm told." Now, I appeal to you, isn't such ignorance colossal? I would be willing to state that almost any American child, who has had any education, would never make such remarks about things in Europe. E. W.

Buffalo, N. Y.

"DEADLY HALF-TRUTHS"

Mr. Samuel G. Blythe's article, "An American in London," which appeared in your number for February, is probably not intended to be taken literally, but as the author has incorporated many of those deadly half-truths, so hard to combat, I ask your indulgence while I mention a few facts overlooked by the writer.

People who look like conventional duchesses are not duchesses, but then the author was uncertain himself.

English station-masters on duty are always attired in uniform, usually dark blue. Englishmen, yes, even Englishmen sometimes "guy" a foreigner; the more inquisitive, the greater the temptation.

Properly plumbed baths were widely used in England many years before the American invasion.

Any one brought up in the average English way, used to outdoor sports, cannot bear steam-heat. What sense is there in heating buildings so that, to be comfortable, men must remove their coats and waistcoats, and women wear transparent blouses?

Englishmen of taste never wear short coat and silk hat together, and I very much doubt if such a combination can be seen in London off the music-hall stage.

Englishwomen wear clothing devised for special uses. You never see a ball-dress in the London parks, nor a walking-dress in a ballroom. You do not see school misses attired like princesses in state costume. Rubbers are not much worn in England on account of the high quality of the leather there, so during the damp season (of which there is too much) stout shoes are used, but among the carriage class you will see as nice evening shoes as in other countries.

Afternoon tea in decent society usually consists of very thin bread and butter, a slice of cake, and perhaps a biscuit. It is merely a slight incident in social chat, and when with the right people it is a pleasant little function.

Tipping undoubtedly is a nuisance, but Mr. Blythe has made a mistake when he takes the innate courtesy of Englishmen for servility. Compare for an instant the courtesy and thoughtfulness of the employees of English public service corporations with the "Public-be-damned" conduct of the same class here.

Hat sizes are different in the two countries: 7½ English equals 8 American; 6⅞ English corresponds with 7 American.

Mr. Blythe evidently has written like the Englishman who visited New York for one day, saw Niagara, and then wrote a book, "America and its People," including therein South America as well as North. The article is distinctly amusing, very, but not at all in the manner intended. It reminds one rather of the cocoanut ammunition of the monkeys, containing food and drink for the attacked. R. P. W.

Everett, Wash.

SOOTHING TO THE WEST

The article "An American in London" was a godsend to us wild-mannered westerners, who, upon reading Shaw's "A Nation of Villagers," simply lost our breath, saw red, and forgot the English language except the one word Damn—while we twisted our fingers and looked for some one to support his theory and a fight. In other words, Mr. Blythe's article prevented us from exploding and gave us a chance to laugh, which is the passing of the danger point with the people of our Great Northwest. R. D. L.

St. Paul, Minn.

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Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

According to Samuel Hopkins Adams, who wrote "A Balanced Account," in the January EVERYBODY'S, jury-bribing has its amusing as well as its tragic side.

"The other day I heard of a judge," said Mr. Adams, "who, disgusted with a jury that seemed unable to reach an agreement in a perfectly evident case, rose and said, 'I discharge this jury.'

"One sensitive talesman, indignant at what he considered a rebuke, obstinately faced the judge.

"'You can't discharge me!' he said in the tones of one standing upon his rights.

"'And why not?' asked the surprised judge.

"'Because,' announced the juror, pointing to the lawyer for the defense, 'I'm being hired by that man there!'"

A grizzled old Colonel, who is a veteran of the Civil War and who has since seen hard active service in several Indian campaigns, the Arctic regions, the Spanish War, and the Philippine insurrection, did not view with pleasure the recent promotions of younger and almost unknown officers who were jumped over his head. Strolling about his camp in the Philippines one day, he came upon one of his officers fondling a monkey.

"Colonel," said the officer, "this is the most remarkable monkey I ever saw. Why, he can take a stick and go through the manual of arms almost as well as one of the soldiers."

"Sh!" cautioned the Colonel, glancing about in great alarm. "Don't tell anybody. Supposing the War Department heard of it? They'd make him a brigadier general!"

A one-armed man entered a restaurant at noon and seated himself next to a dapper little other-people's-business man. The latter at once noticed his neighbor's left sleeve hanging loose and kept eying it in a how-did-it-happen sort of a way. The one-armed man paid no attention to him but kept on eating with his one hand. Finally the inquisitive one could stand it no longer. He changed his position a little, cleared his throat, and said: "I beg pardon, sir, but I see you have lost an arm."

The one-armed man picked up his sleeve with his right hand and peered anxiously into it. "Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, looking up with great surprise. "I do believe you're right."

The self-made millionaire who had endowed the school had been invited to make the opening speech at the commencement exercises. He had not often had a chance of speaking before the

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public and he was resolved to make the most of it. He dragged his address out most tiresomely, repeating the same thought over and over. Unable to stand it any longer a couple of boys in the rear of the room slipped out. A coachman who was waiting outside asked them if the millionaire had finished his speech.

"Gee, yes!" replied the boys, "but he won't stop."

Norah, the "green" cook, poked her head in at the dining-room door.

"Please, ma'am," she asked, "an' how will I be knowin' when the puddin' is cooked?"

"Stick a knife into it," said her mistress, recalling the cook-book instructions. "If the knife comes out clean, the pudding is ready to serve."

"Yis, ma'am."

"And, oh, Nora!" The mistress had had an afterthought. "If the knife *does* come out clean, you might stick all the rest of the knives into the pudding."

A Northerner riding through the West Virginian mountains came up with a mountaineer leisurely driving a herd of pigs.

"Where are you driving the pigs to?" asked the rider.

"Out to pasture 'em a bit."

"What for?"

"To fatten 'em."

"Isn't it pretty slow work to fatten them on grass? Up where I come from we pen them up and feed them on corn. It saves a lot of time."

"Yaas, I s'pose so," drawled the mountaineer. "But, h—, what's time to a hawg?"

"Fool!" exclaimed a fop at his club, throwing down the morning paper. "Jones, you voted for Roosevelt. Won't you admit now that he's made a pretty bad mess of things trying to mix in on Wall Street?"

"Well," said Jones advisedly, "that seems to be the general impression that prevails among the masses."

"I'll have you understand, sir, that I am not one of the masses!"

"I know that," yawned Jones, getting up. "I prefixed the 'm' merely out of consideration for your feelings."

A peasant named Ali, according to a good old Oriental chestnut, needing badly a donkey for some urgent work, decided to apply to his neighbor Mehmed, whose donkey Ali knew to be idle in the stable that day.

"I am sorry, my dear neighbor," said Mehmed, in reply to Ali's request, "but I cannot please you. My son took the donkey this morning to the next village."

"I assure you," insisted Ali, "I shall take the very best care of him, my dear neighbor."

"Can you not take my word?" demanded Mehmed with a show of anger. "I tell you the donkey is out."

"But"—at this point the donkey began to bray loudly. "There. That is the donkey braying now."

"Well," said the justly indignant Mehmed, "if you would rather take my donkey's word than my word, we can be friends no longer, and under no circumstances can I lend you anything."

A weary guest at a small and not very clean country inn was repeatedly called, the morning after his arrival, by the colored man-of-all-work.

"See here," he finally burst forth, "how many times have I told you I don't want to be called? I want to sleep!"

"I know, suh, but dey've got to hab de sheets, anyhow. It's almos' eight o'clock, an' dey's waitin' fo de tableclof."

"I want some collars for my husband," said a lady in a department store, "but I am afraid I have forgotten the size."

"Thirteen and a half, ma'am?" suggested the clerk.

"That's it. How on earth did you know?"

"Gentlemen who let their wives buy their collars for 'em are almost always about that size, ma'am," explained the observant clerk.

"Please, ma'am," said the maid, "there's a colored man and his wife at the door in answer to your advertisement."

"But I advertised only for a laundress."

"Yes, ma'am, they are her."

"What's become ob dat little chameleon Mandy had?" inquired Rufus.

"Oh, de fool chile done lost him," replied Zeke. "She wuz playin' wif him one day, puttin' him on red to see him turn red, an' on blue to see him turn blue, an' on green to see him turn green, an' so on. Den de fool gal, not satisfied wif lettin' well enough alone, went an' put him on a plaid, an' de poor little thing went an' bust himself tryin' to make good."

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Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President* JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE *Editor* WM. L. JENNINGS, *Sec'y and Treas.*
RAY BROWN, *Art Director* ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, *Adv. Mgr.*

31 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

With "Everybody's" Publishers

WE have always intended to tell our readers how we came to arrange with Mr. Lawson for the "Frenzied Finance" series. No other question has been asked us so many times. We wanted to tell the story last month, but there seemed no place for it in the correspondence. Perhaps you will be interested in just a word about it at this time when Mr. Lawson's work in the magazine is just concluded.

About five years ago, Mr. Thayer and the writer, with the financial aid of George W. Wilder, President of the Butterick Company, bought EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. Mr. Cosgrave had been editor of the magazine for a couple of years and came over with us, taking a substantial interest in the company. At that time EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE had a circulation of 150,000 copies a month; 75,000 on the news stands and 75,000 subscribers. The subscribers had been secured by cut-rate combination offers, which, when we came to renew, failed us, so that it seems fair to say that the legitimate circulation of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE when we bought it was less than 100,000 copies a month. In one year we had run the circulation up to 300,000 a month, just three times what it had been, and had also trebled the receipts from advertising. It had been a hard, happy year for the three of us—Mr. Thayer, Mr. Cosgrave, and the writer—actually engaged in the work. The magazine was on a money-making basis. Our one object was to make a successful magazine, to get a big circulation; just as the first object with us at present must be to keep a big circulation. In that lies our effectiveness. All that first year we were searching for some star feature to which we could hitch our wagon. Strangely enough, the feature we were working hardest to secure was the autobiography of John D. Rockefeller. Can you think of anything that would be such a circulation maker, even now?

In the original plans, Mr. Wilder's connection with the enterprise was to be that of business adviser and financial angel. We had not been at the work very long before he began to give ideas to the editor, some of them surprisingly good, considering that we had set him down as a hard-headed business man and let it go at that. One morning, near the end of our first year's work, Mr. Wilder got the writer on the 'phone: "Have you seen that Associated Press despatch in the New York *Times* to the effect that Lawson is going after Standard Oil?"

"No; what about it?"

"I think it may be the star feature you have been hunting for."

We held a hurried conference over the despatch, with the result that Mr. Thayer and Mr. Cosgrave took the first train for Boston. As Mr. Thayer was born in Boston and had spent a great many years there, he knew personally many of the substantial business men, who gave him letters to Mr. Lawson. But Mr. Lawson refused to be interviewed. It was decided that Mr. Cosgrave should remain in Boston until Mr. Lawson changed his mind, and word to that effect was conveyed to Mr. Lawson. It is a pity to have to tell this story so briefly: finally Cosgrave's persistence won. Mr. Lawson said he had looked us up and decided we were game; if we would give him the audience, he would give us the story without charge, providing we would agree to offer a prize of $50,000 to the person who, after

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reading the entire story, should write the best essay about it. Mr. Wilder, the angel, said we could have the $50,000, if, after looking into it, we found the story all right, but he thought we could persuade Mr. Lawson there was a better way to spend the $50,000. Mr. Thayer, Mr. Cosgrave, and the writer went to Boston and heard the story of "Frenzied Finance" practically as Mr. Lawson told it in the magazine, with a mountain of documents and proofs. We believed the story, believed that it was the feature we had been looking for, believed that in publishing it we should be doing a public service. We regarded publishing it as a serious risk to our property, but decided—not without some qualms—to take the risk. Mr. Cosgrave took rooms adjoining Mr. Lawson's and remained in Boston during the entire period the story was running in the magazine. We believe that Mr. Lawson has not made a single move that had the slightest bearing on his campaign that he did not discuss with Cosgrave. From the very start, all his relations and dealings with us have been characterized by the highest sense of honor, and he has been flagrantly generous with his favors. We spent a good deal more than $50,000 ourselves in advertising the story, but Mr. Lawson spent easily five times as much, besides giving us the story. The writer does not hesitate to say that no story was ever better exploited, credit for which is due to Mr. Thayer, who had charge of the advertising.

To rake up dead issues, may we say once more that Mr. Lawson never offered the story to any other magazine and that Mr. Lawson never has owned any stock in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. So far as the magazine is concerned, the credit of the story belongs to Mr. Wilder, who suggested it; to Mr. Cosgrave, who secured and developed it; and to Mr. Thayer, who exploited it. After the story got well under way, the rest of us around the shop here were as busy as beavers making a magazine that would not sag when "Frenzied Finance" was finished. During this period, in addition to strengthening the fiction, the general articles, and the departments of the magazine, we developed Russell's series, "The Greatest Trust in the World" and "Soldiers of the Common Good." The magazine did not sag.

GOOD WORK TO GO ON

OUR correspondence with Mr. Lawson which appeared in this department last month —if we can judge by the numbers and the earnestness of the letters we are receiving—has furnished a good deal of food for thought. In public movements, as in business enterprises, it pays to take stock at least once a year, in order to discover wherein the lines are right and wherein wrong, so that the emphasis and effort may be put where they will do the most good. The correspondence published last month seems to have served that purpose. Speaking for ourselves, as we take up the work again, we believe that we have a better perspective than before, and can more intelligently concentrate our energies on those lines that promise the best results. We trust that our readers see more clearly what they and we have been trying to do. We cannot doubt on the face of these letters their serious intention to proceed with the good work.

LINGO, MO.

Gentlemen: Have just finished reading Lawson's "Why I Gave Up the Fight." We (the common people, of whom I am one) certainly get some lovely names. I read the latter part of "Frenzied Finance" in your magazine, and I am one who "did nothing to help," and did not know that I could do anything. I only wish now to say: We did not all grin. We still have faith in Lawson and wish him success in the future and give him thanks for what he has done in the past, and we will try to hold up the hands of EVERYBODY'S publishers and show them that we appreciate their work.

Sincerely,
E. D. O.

ELLINGTON, N. Y.

Dear Sir: Whatever Lawson may do, surely you will not lack support. EVERYBODY'S will stand on its merits. In a few months after my arrival in this country in 1905, I became a subscriber. When you issued your bonds, I took as many as my modest capital would allow. My subscription to the magazine is paid to 1911. Thus have I expressed my confidence in you. And I believe you will continue to hearten the soldiers of the common good. The cause you are pledged to is the noblest on God's earth. But EVERYBODY'S, as a literary production month by month, is worth very much more than the price asked for it, and February's number was the best ever.

Go on! Lawson's connection with you had nothing dishonorable in it, and if he has severed it, that is no reproach to you.

Yours, etc.,
L. R.

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